INTRODUCTORY MUSIC

MUSIC EDUCATION SERIES

COLUMBIA COUNTY
RURAL NORMAL SCHOOL
COLUMBUS, WISCONSIN

MUSIC EDUCATION SERIES

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC

BY

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INTRODUCTORY MUSIC

Sing, sing! Children, sing!
Fresh and free as a bird a-wing;
    Of Maytime and playtime,
    Of work and sleep,
    Of flowers and hours
    When our dreams are deep;
Sing of laughter, of hope and mirth,
Of home and heaven, and God's sweet earth,—
    Songs of today
    Or from far away,
    With the simple art
    Of the childlike heart;
Songs that dance and songs that dream,
Songs out of history's mighty stream.
Sing of tomorrow, of what we shall do,
And of what we shall be when our dreams come true!

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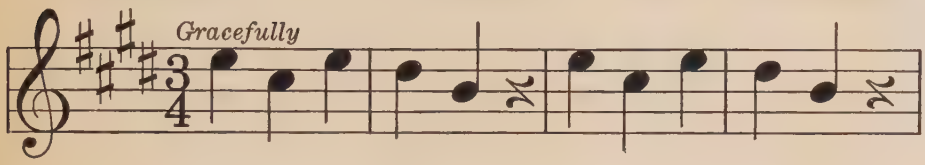
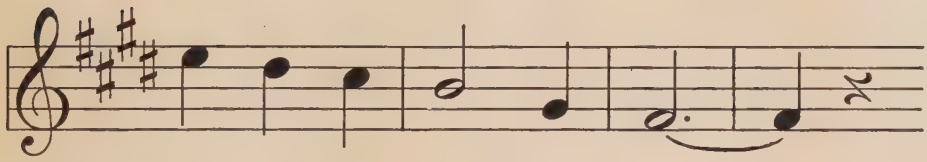
Grateful acknowledgment is made to Miss Hazel Frazee for the illustrations and to Miss Baum for the Preface poem.

Piano accompaniments for these songs will be found in another volume.

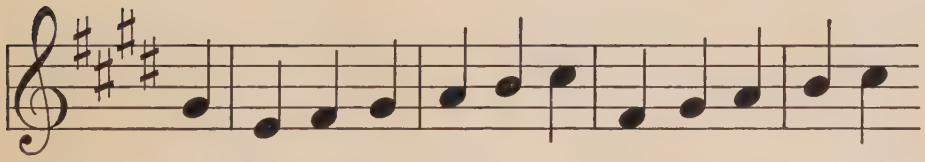
INTRODUCTORY MUSIC

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

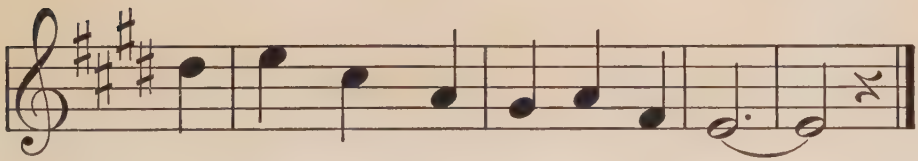
MOTHER GOOSE ROTE LOUIS MEYER

Lit - tle Miss Muf-fet sat on a tuf - fet,



Eat - ing of curds and whey; . .



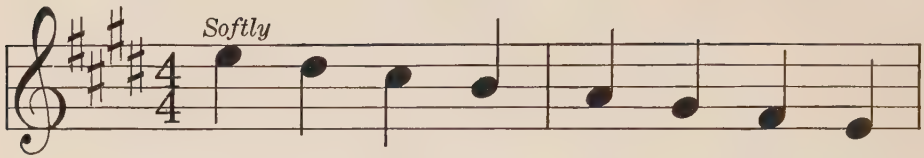
A - long came a spi-der and sat down be-side her,

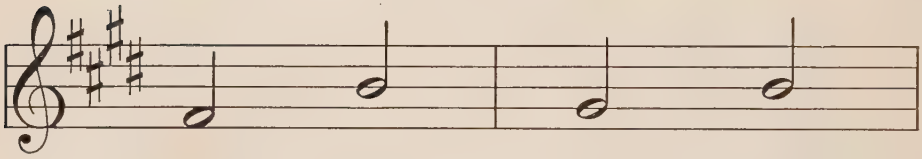
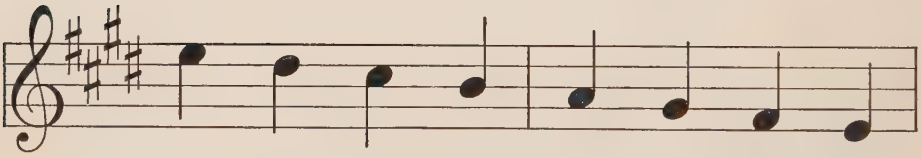


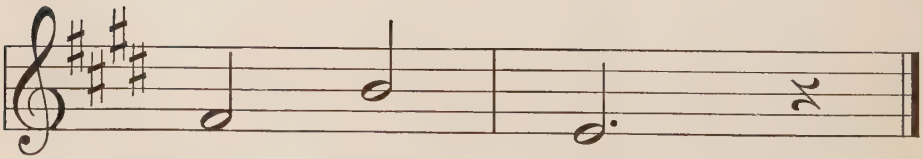
And fright-ened Miss Muf - fet a - way. . .

BELLS

LENA CHASE ROTE FOLK SONG



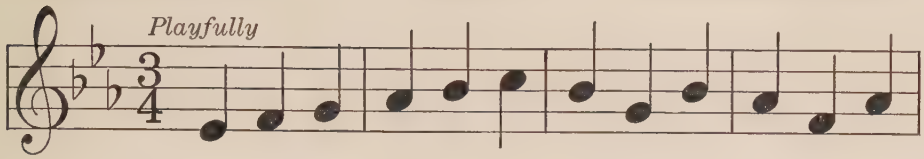
Morn - ing bells are gay - ly ring - ing,

Ding, dong, ding, dong;

High up in the bel - fry swing - ing,



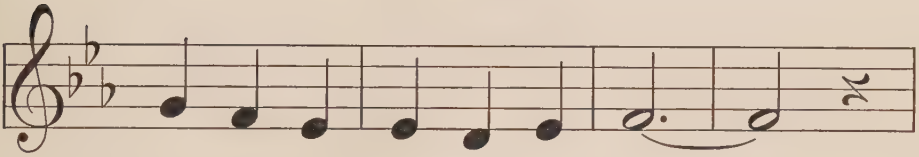
Dong, ding, dong.

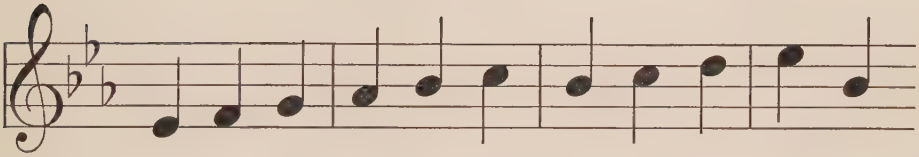
LITTLE MISS ETTICOAT

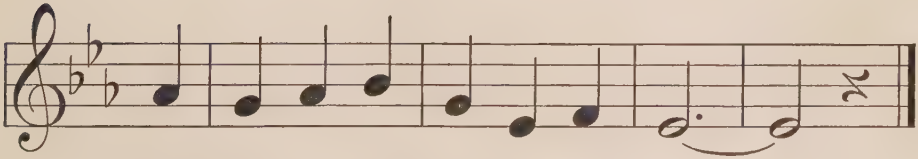
ADELAIDE BAYLOR ROTE RUTH MCCONN SPENCER



Lit - tle Miss Et - ti - coat in a white pet - ti - coat,



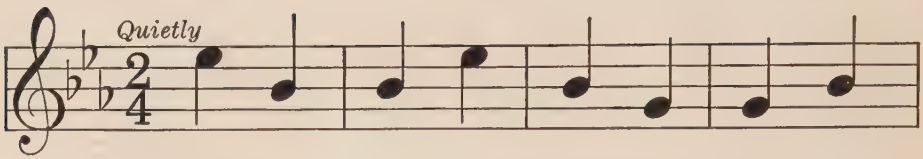
Short - er and short - er she grows;

Oh, how she suf - fers while we with the snuf - fers



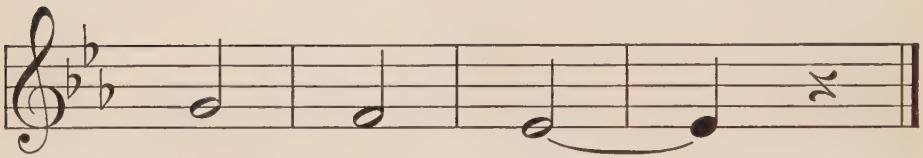
Are nip-ping her lit - tle red nose.

NIGHT

PHYLLIS MANNING ROTE FOLK TUNE



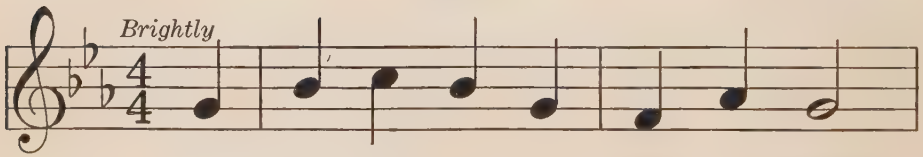
1. Night is fall - ing, winds are call - ing,
2. Clocks are click - ing, min - utes tick - ing,



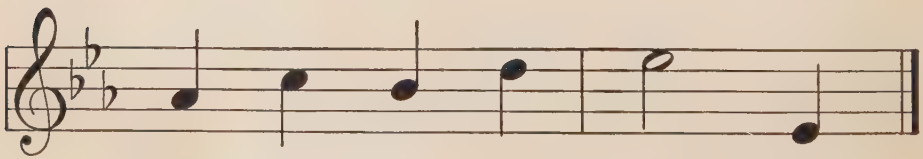
Branch - es bow. . .
Bed - time now! . .

A BOY'S POCKETS

PHYLLIS MANNING ROTE NORA EVANS

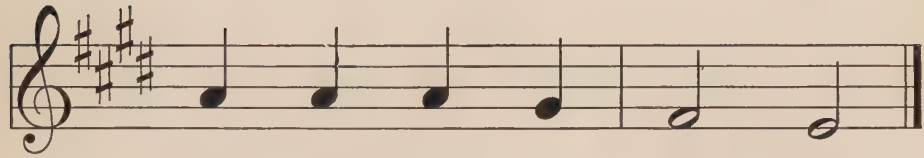


1. My pock - ets car - ry man - y things,
2. A knife, some chalk, some col - ored strings,



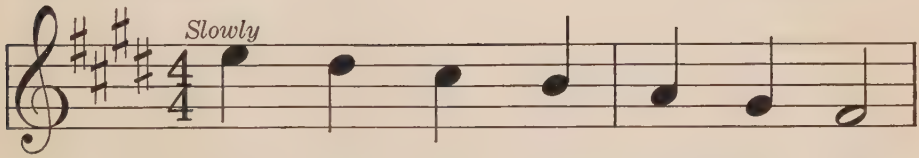
Ball and top and can - dy;
An - y - thing that's hand - y.

PHYLLIS MANNING MELODY



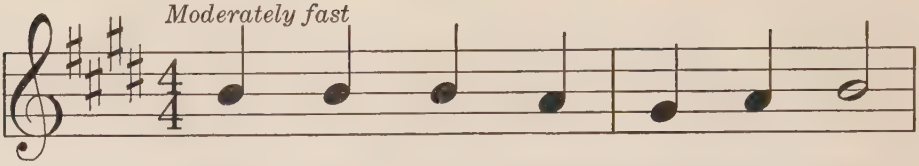
EVENING

MARION PIERCE WILL EARHART

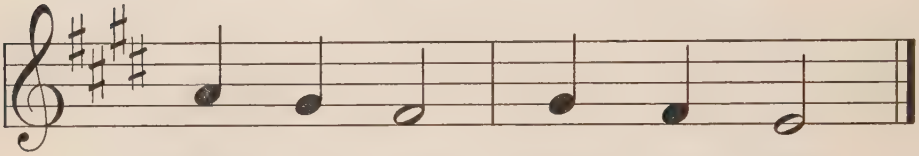


MENDING SHOES

FRANCES RICHARDSON — FOLK TUNE



1. Cob - bler, cob - bler, mend my shoe,
2. I will call at half past two,



Mend my shoe, mend my shoe!
Half past two, half past two.

GOING NUTTING

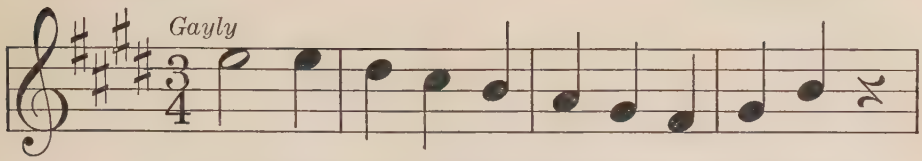
ELIZABETH TAYLOR — FAY WILSON

1. When the leaves be - gin to fall,
2. Squir - rels do not need them all;

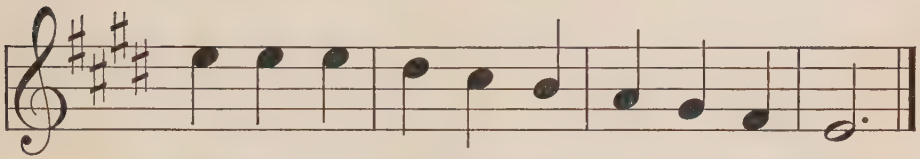
Then 'tis nut - ting weath - er.
Let us share to - geth - er.

THANKSGIVING

CELIA STANDISH ETHEL WOOD



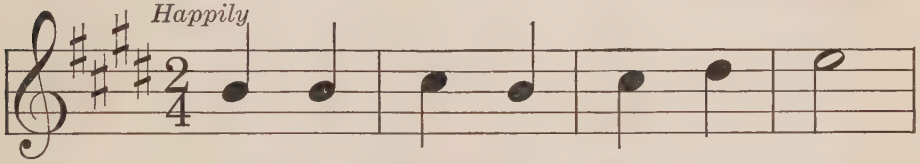
1. Well we know when Thanks-giv-ing is com-ing,
2. All the house with ex-cite-ment is hum-ming;



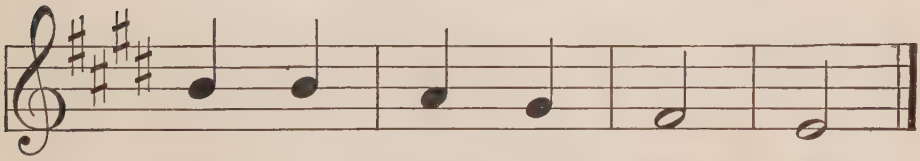
Moth-er is cook-ing things all the day long.
Join with me now in a hol-i-day song!

MORNING GREETINGS

BETH CUSHING LAURA STREETER



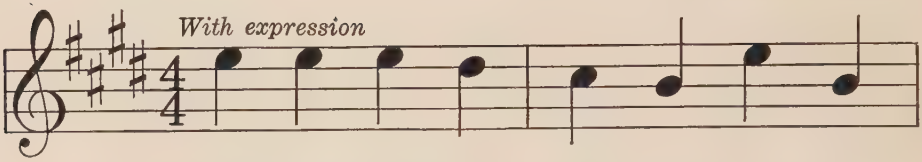
1. Chil-dren, hear the song of joy
2. Thus should ev-'ry girl and boy



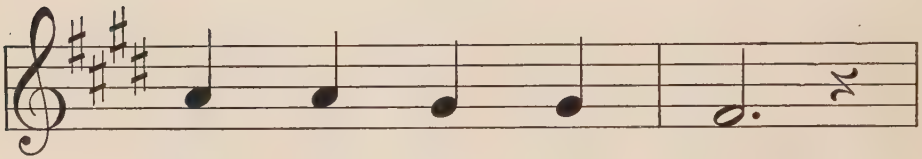
Rob-in sings at dawn-ing!
Glad-ly greet the morn-ing.

HARVEST SONG

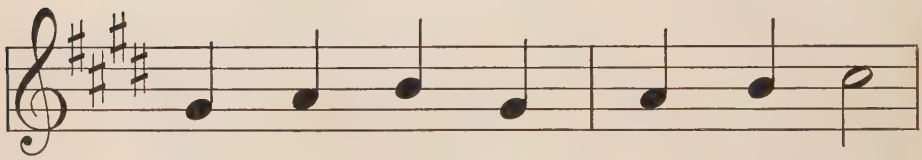
FRANCES RICHARDSON MARTHA WHITE



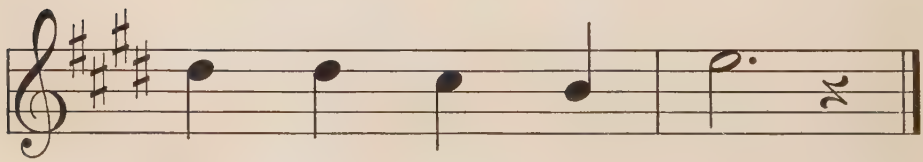
1. From the moun-tain, from the val - ley,
2. Now the har - vest days are end - ed,



From the prai - ries wide,
Win - ter is at hand;



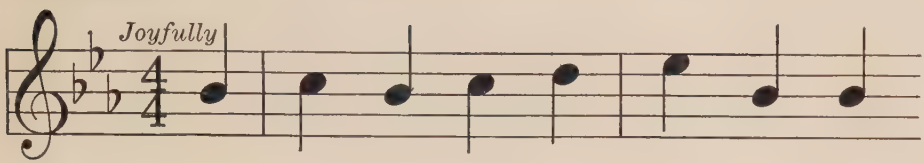
Grate - ful hearts are raised in song,
Thank - ful peo - ple join in praise,



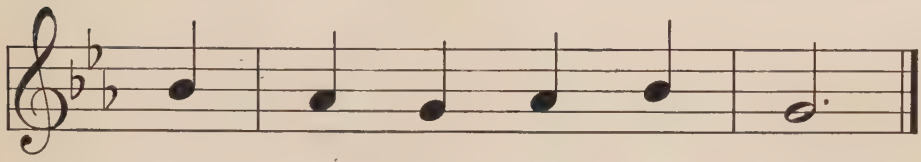
Joy and peace a - bide.
O - ver all the land.

A SMILE

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH — MELODY



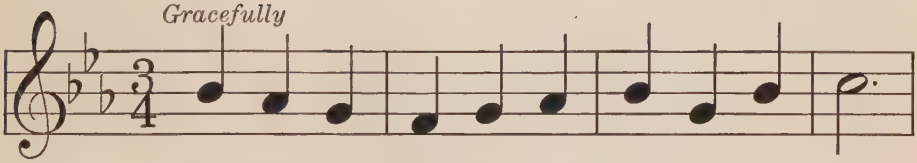
1. A smile is quite a fun - ny thing;
2. And when it's gone you nev - er find



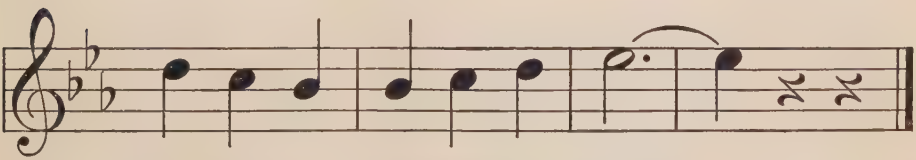
It wrin - kles up your face,
Its se - cret hid - ing - place.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF

BETH CUSHING — NORA EVANS

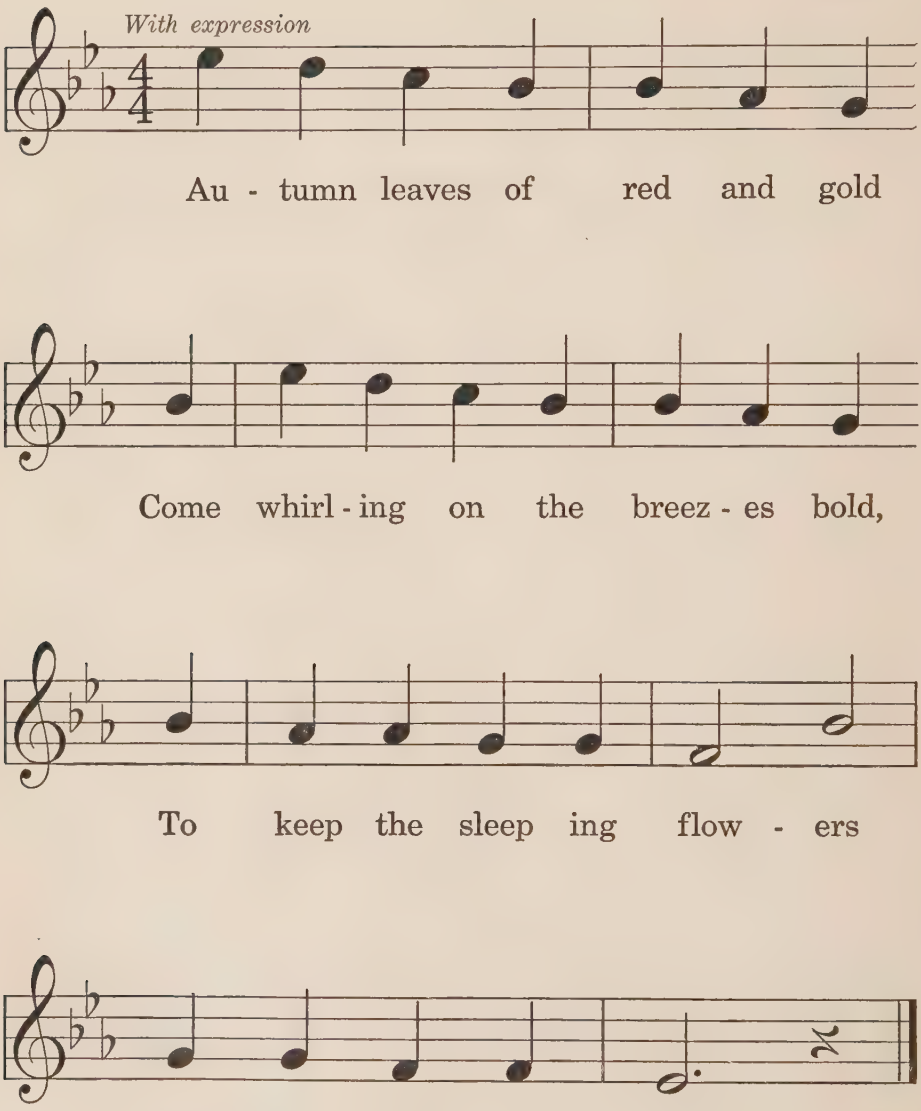


1. Blind-man is seek-ing, is search-ing for me,
2. If he can catch me and call me by name,



Blind-man can - not see my face.
Blind-man I'll be in his place.

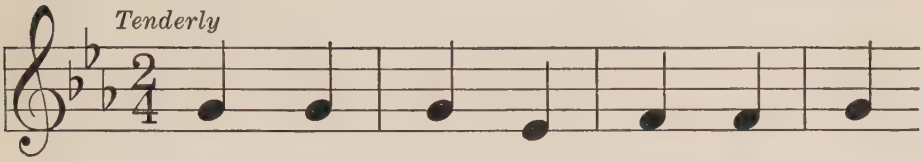
AUTUMN LEAVES

CELIA STANDISH E. W. NEWTON

With expression
Au - tumn leaves of red and gold
Come whirl - ing on the breez - es bold,
To keep the sleep ing flow - ers
Shel - ter'd from the cold.

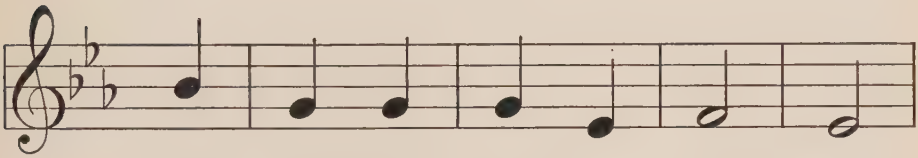
MY PANSIES' TEARS

WILSON WALKER — OLD TUNE

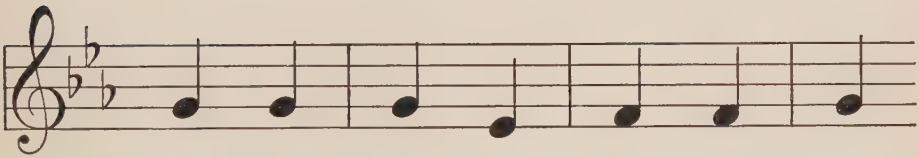
Tenderly



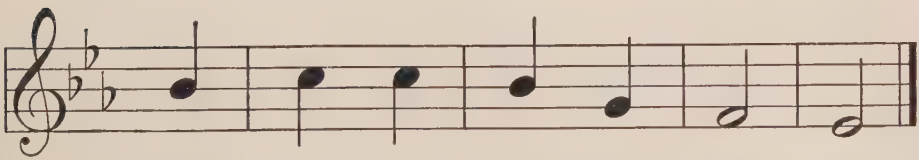
1. When my pan - sies smile at me
2. Moth - er says they're drops of dew



With bright and hap - py fac - es,
And are not signs of sad - ness;



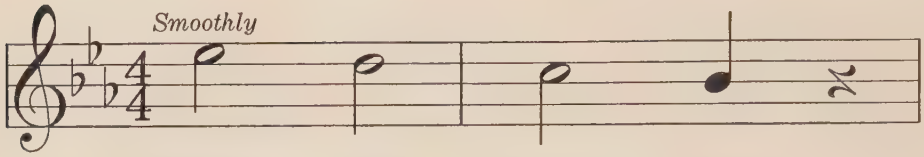
Ti - ny tears I of - ten see
They come down from skies of blue



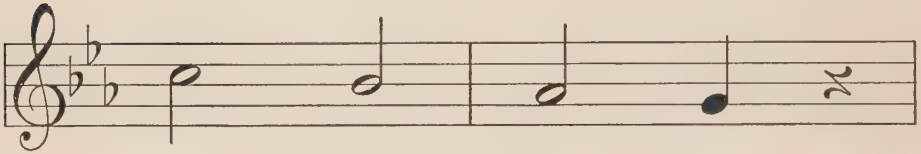
Have left their dain - ty trac - es.
To bring the pan - sy glad - ness.

NIGHT AND DAY

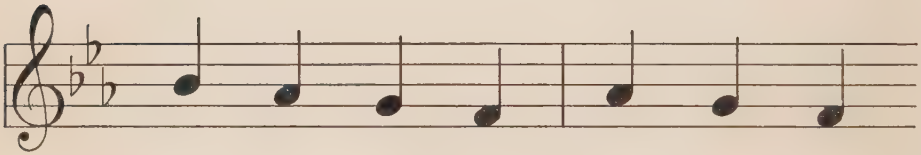
M. Louise Baum — Ludwig van Beethoven



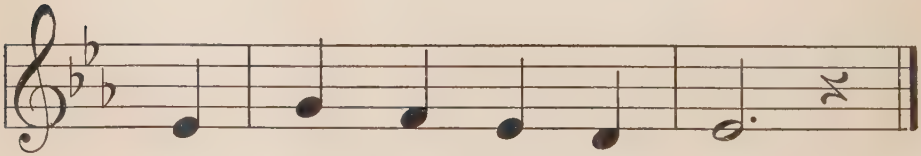
1. Flow - ing, flow - ing,
2. Long - er, long - er,



Glow - ing, glow - ing,
Strong - er, strong - er,



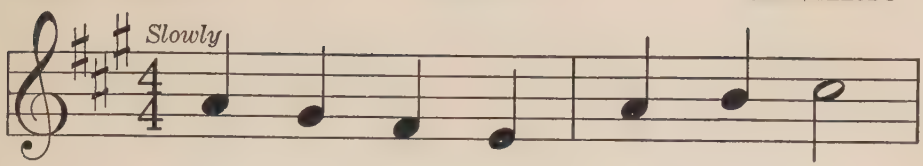
Moon - light beams on qui - et streams
Sun - ny rays on sum - mer days



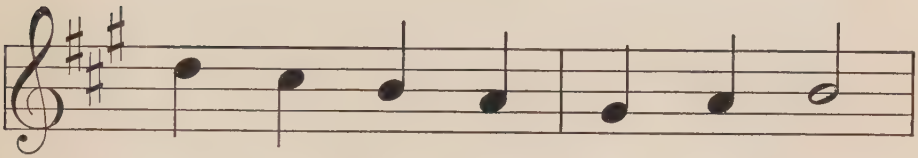
To cheer them through the night.
Fill all the world with light.

IN WINTER

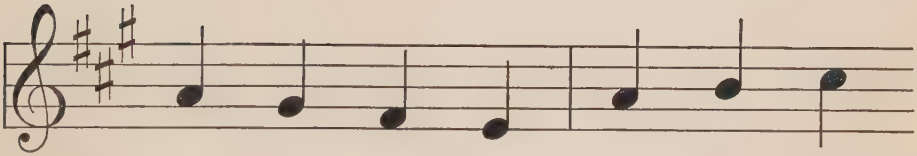
MARY VAUGHN ROTE OLD MELODY



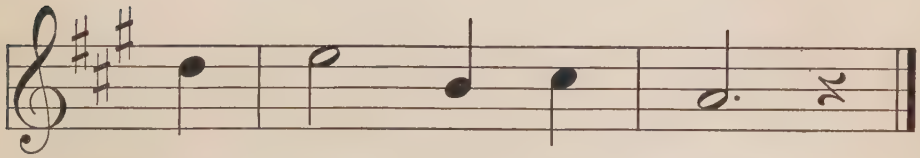
Brown are all the trees and bare,



Leaves, we know, are hid - den there,



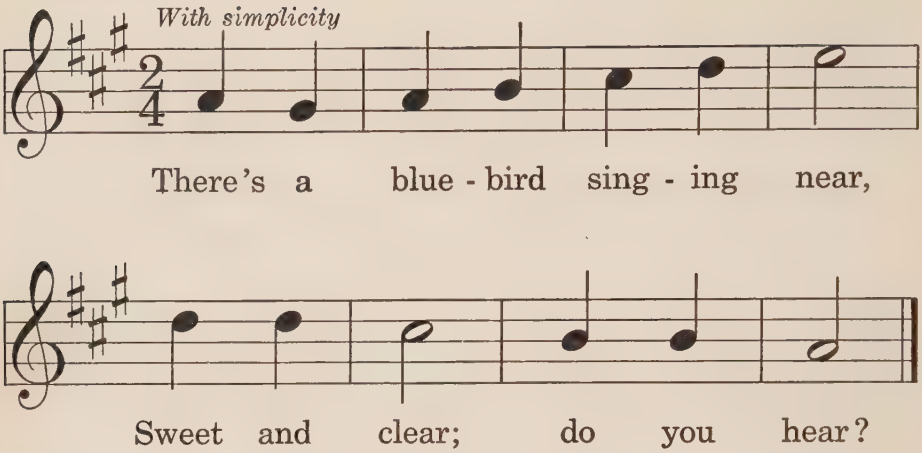
Wait - ing till the blue - birds sing



Their song of the spring.

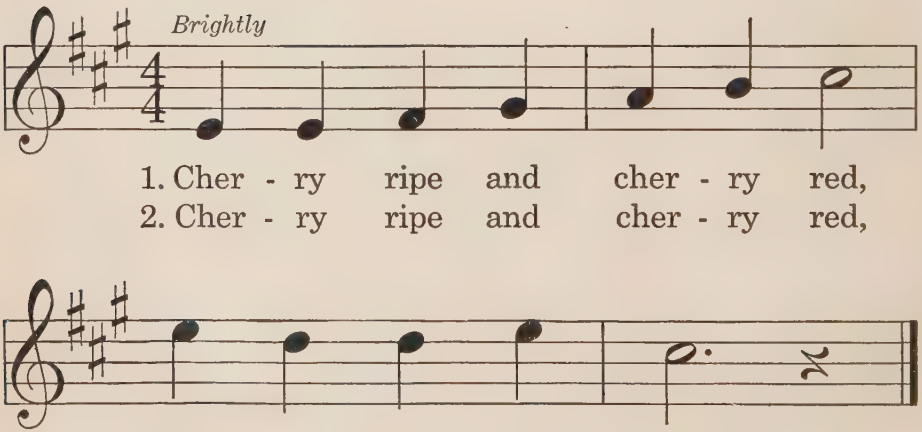
THE BLUEBIRD

ROSE MILES — MELODY



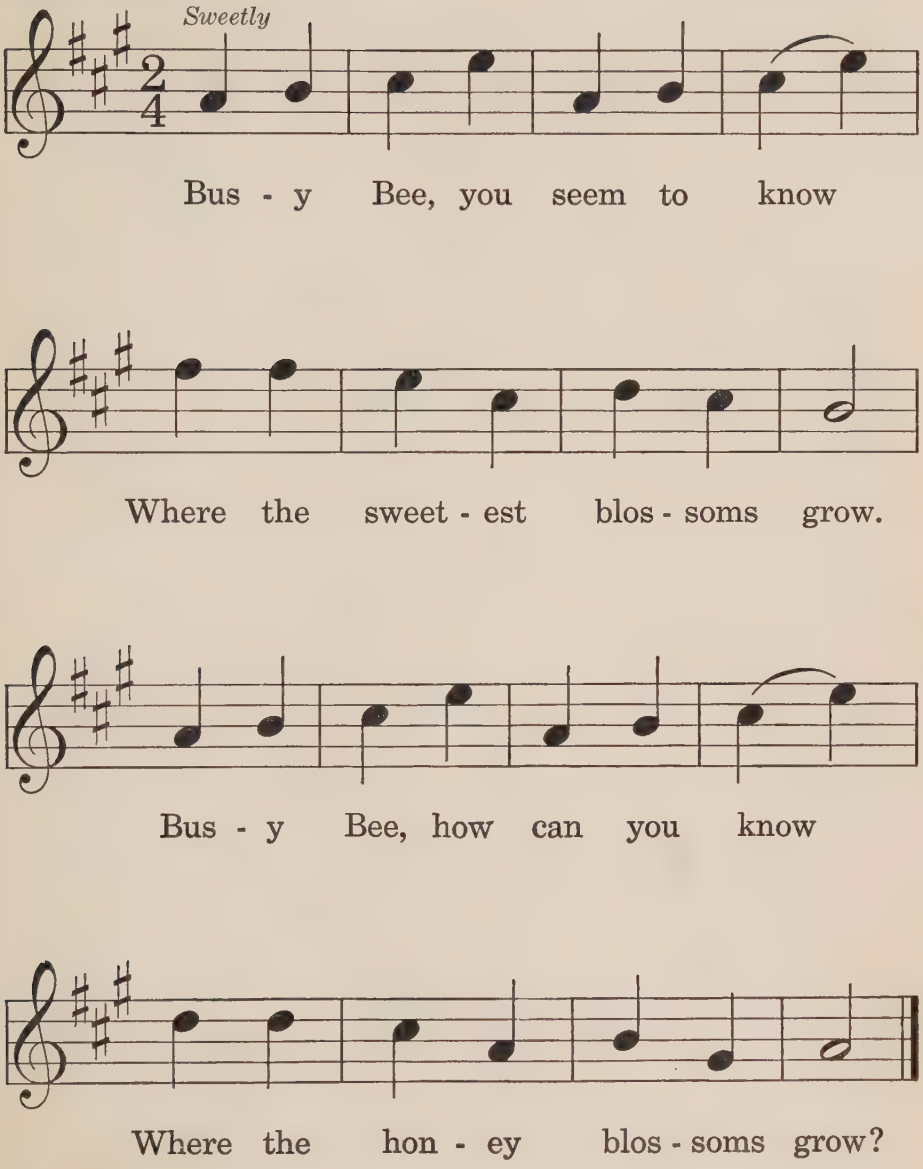
CHERRY RIPE

M. A. L. LANE — MELODY



THE WISE BEE

EDITH ROBBINS ALFRED M. TUFTS


Sweetly
Bus - y Bee, you seem to know
Where the sweet - est blos - soms grow.
Bus - y Bee, how can you know
Where the hon - ey blos - soms grow?

HAPPY TOWN

BETH CUSHING RALPH L. BALDWIN

1. All the streets of Hap - py Town
2. Smiles go run - ning up and down,

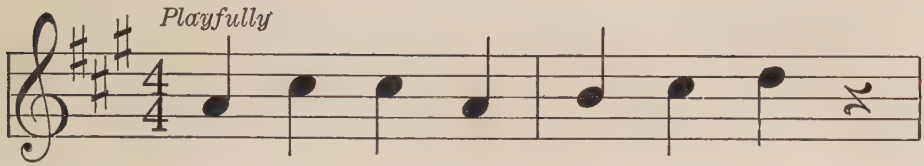
Have on - ly sun - ny weath - er;
So glad to be to - geth - er.

POLLIWOG

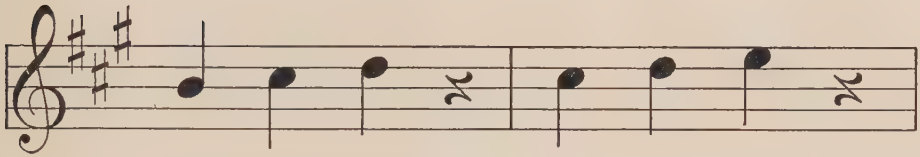
ANSTIS BARLOW

MARY ROOT KERN

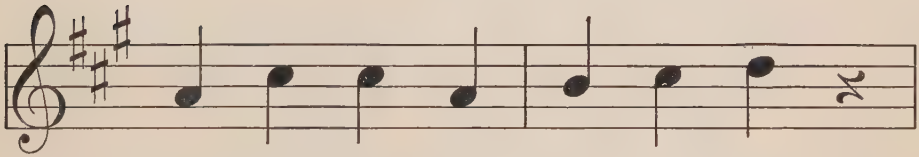
Playfully



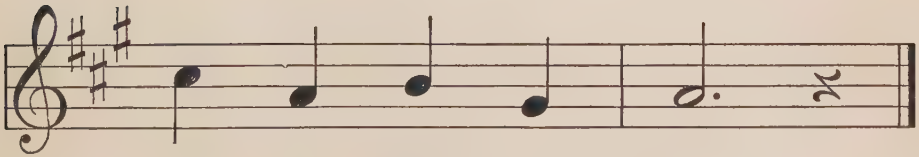
Wig - gling lit - tle pol - li - wog,



Pol - li - wog, pol - li - wog,



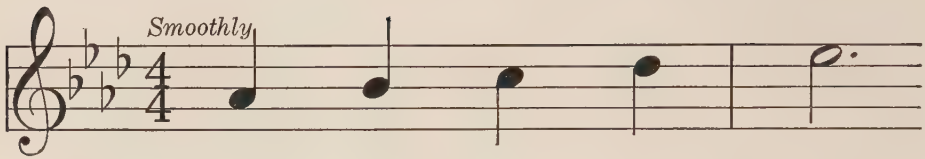
Says he'd like to be a frog,

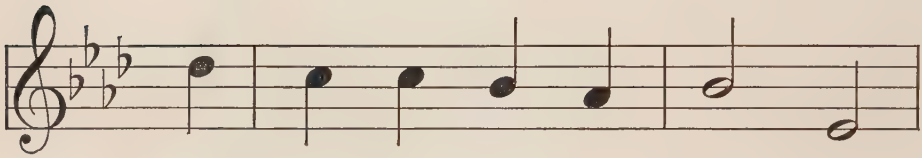


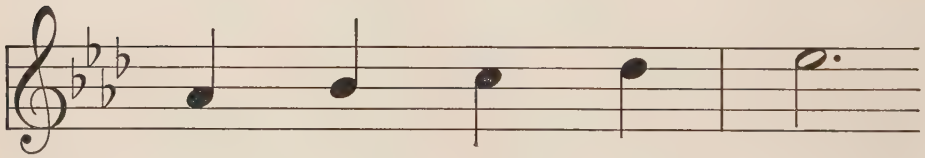
Near a moss - y log.

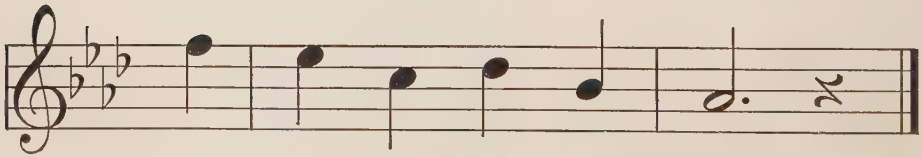
THE BREEZE

CELIA STANDISH E. W. NEWTON



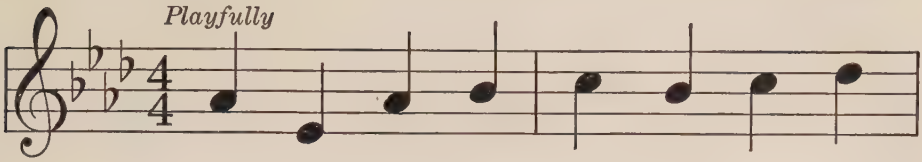
1. Whis - p'ring just out - side,
2. Light - ly in it flew,

A breeze to me came wing - ing;
Sweet per - fume to me bring - ing,



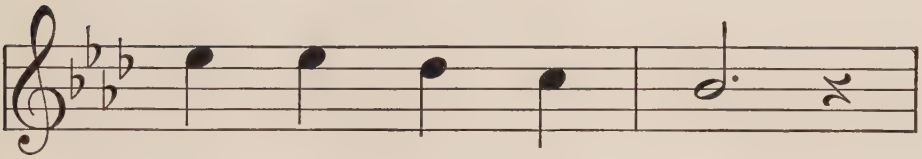
"Gifts I bring," it cried.
Thoughts of skies so blue,

I set the win - dow wide.
And blos - soms wet with dew.

PUSSY WILLOW

LOUISE ROBBINS — FOLK SONG

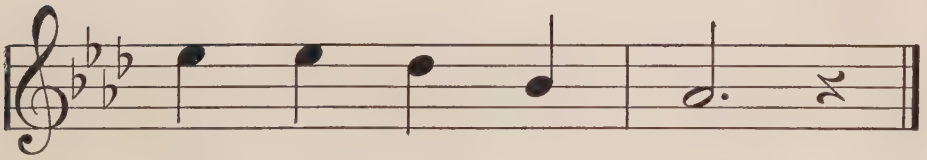


1. Three small kit - tens lost their mit - tens,
2. Home they ran in such a hur - ry,



Climb - ing wil - low trees;
Left their mit - tens there;

Three small kit - tens, chill - y kit - tens,
Naugh - ty puss - y wil - low keeps them

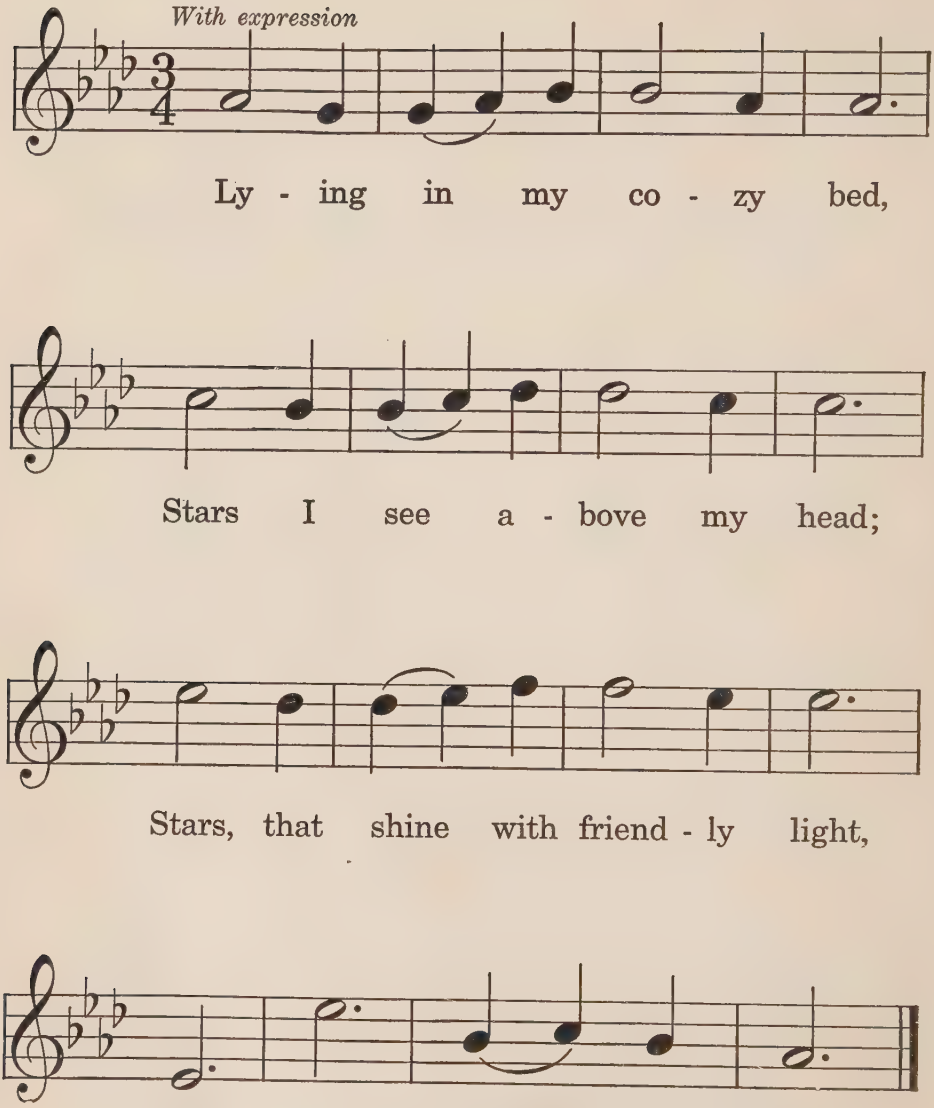


Soon be - gan to sneeze.
Hang - ing in the air.

THE STARS

ADELAIDE WALKER — LOUIS MEYER

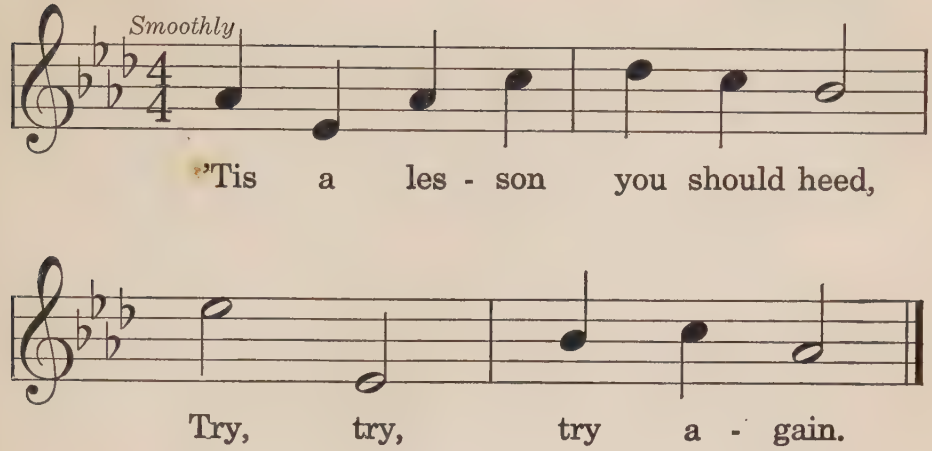
With expression



TRY AGAIN

TRADITIONAL

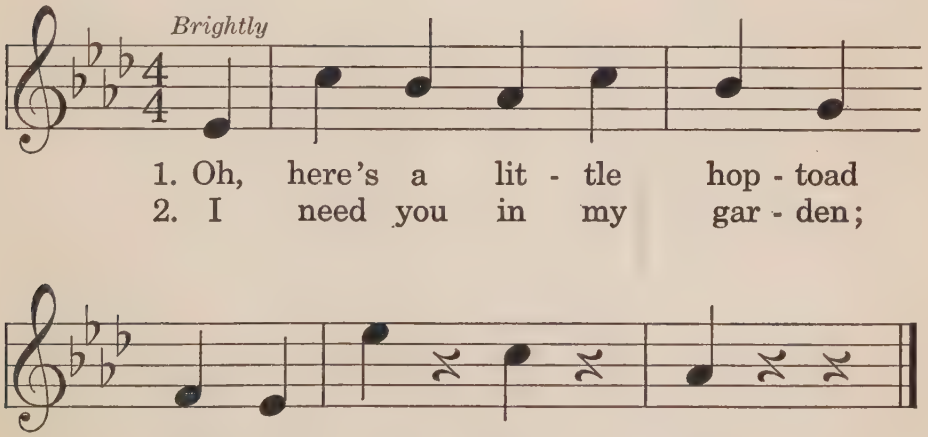
LAURA MASON



HOP–TOAD

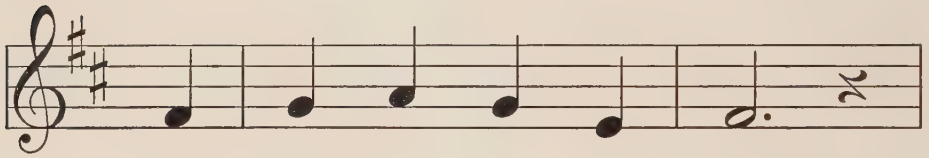
MARY ROOT KERN

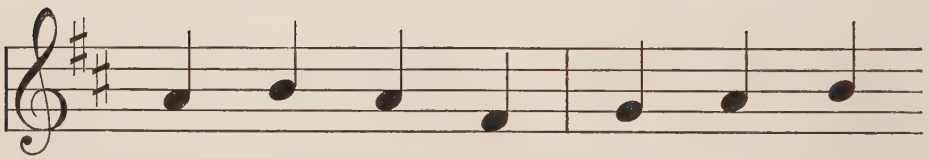
MARY ROOT KERN

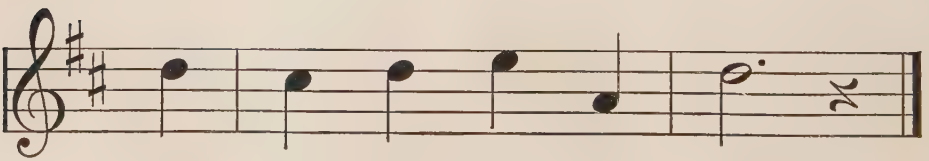


THE RUNAWAY

MARY VAUGHN ROTE WILSON WHITE

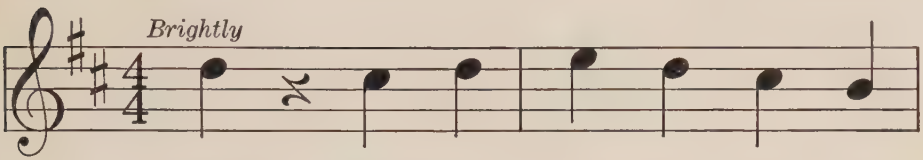


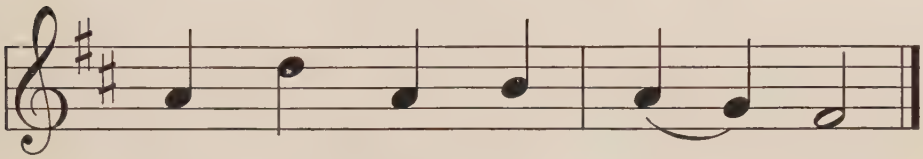




THE FAIRY FOLK

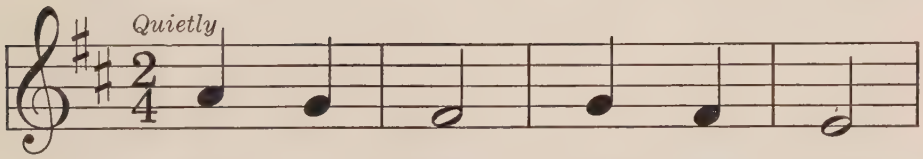
MARY VAUGHN LAURA STREETER





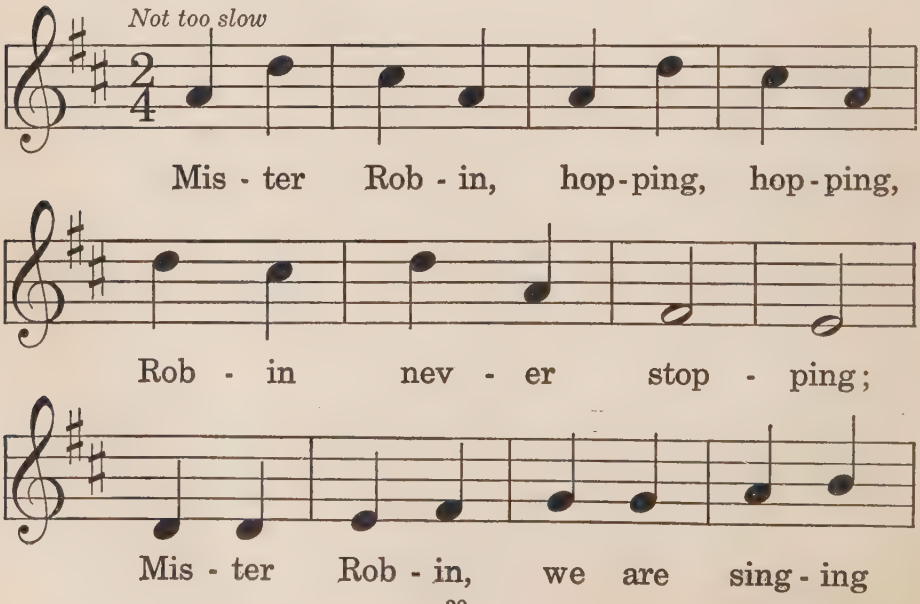
A NIGHTTIME SONG

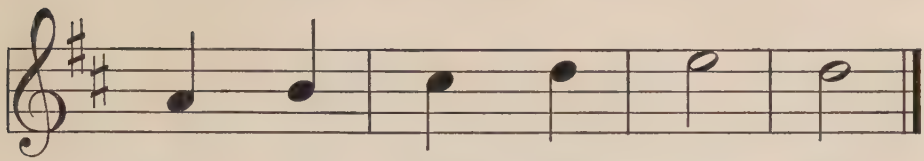
ROSE MILES FOLK SONG



MISTER ROBIN

ANSTIS BARLOW MARY R. CARROLL

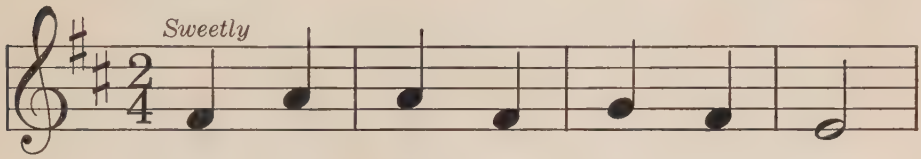




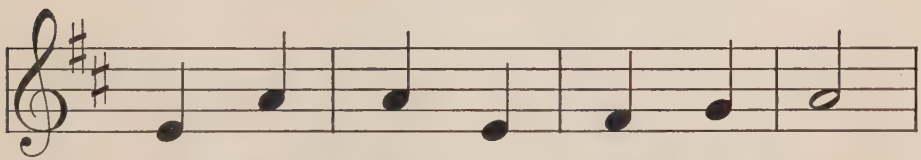
How the spring you're bring - ing.

FLOWER SEEDS

ADELAIDE WALKER MARTHA WHITE

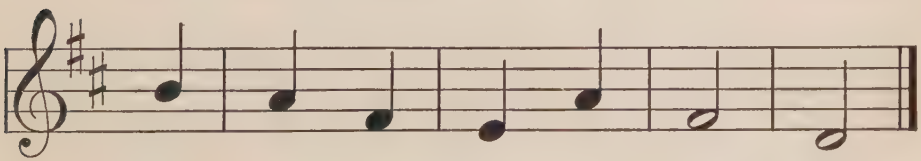


Lit - tle seeds, how can you know



Just what kind of flow'rs to grow?

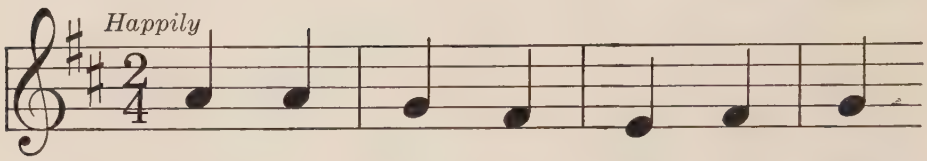
Pan - sies, phlox, or hol - ly - hocks,



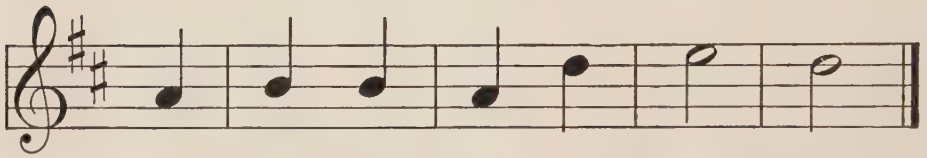
How can you know, I won - der.

THE LITTLE BOY

CELIA STANDISH HENRY PROCTOR

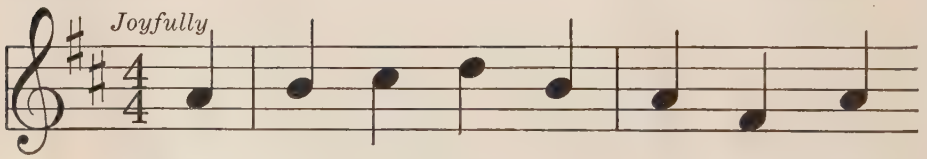


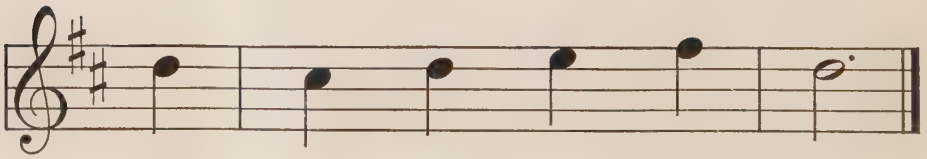
1. Once a small boy went to sea,
2. When the wind blew fresh and free,



And thought it would be charm - ing.
He found it quite a - larm - ing.

A JOLLY SONG

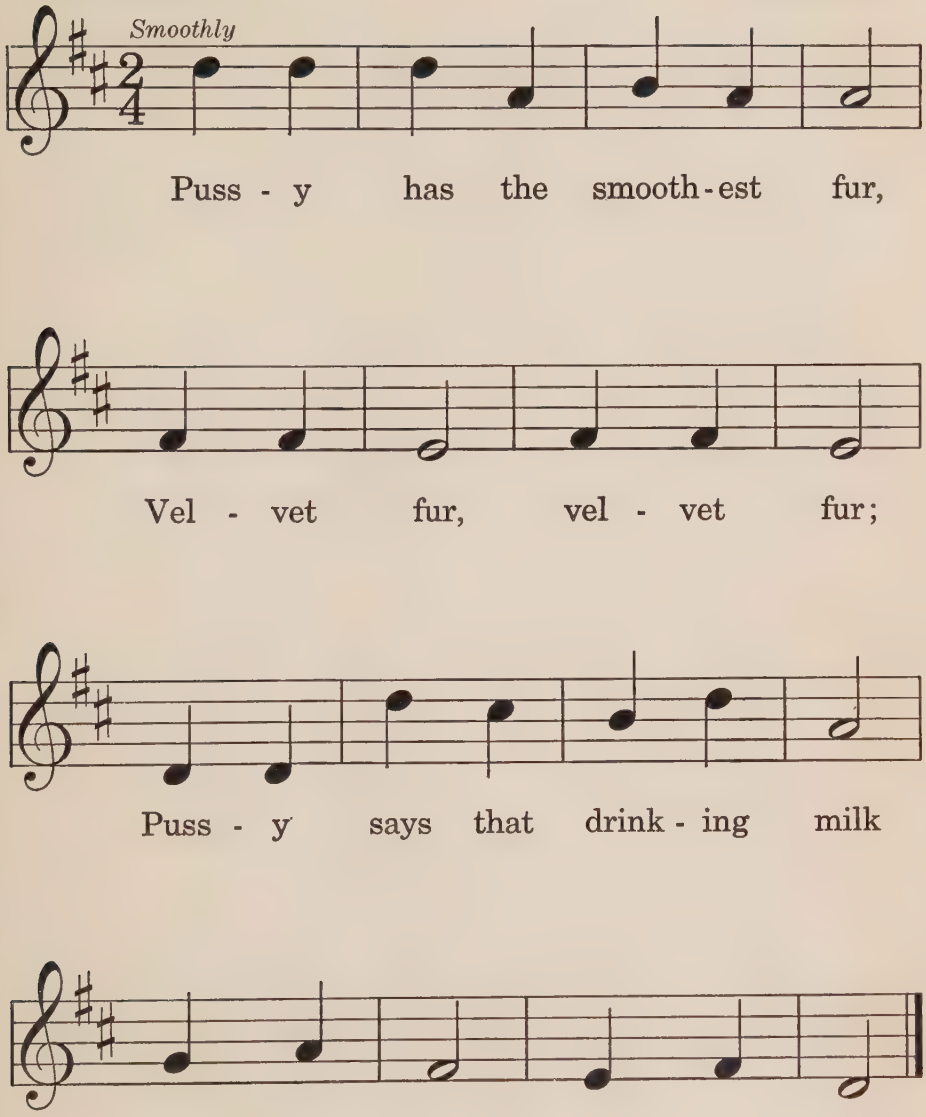
EDITH ROBBINS MELODY

There's noth - ing like a jol - ly song



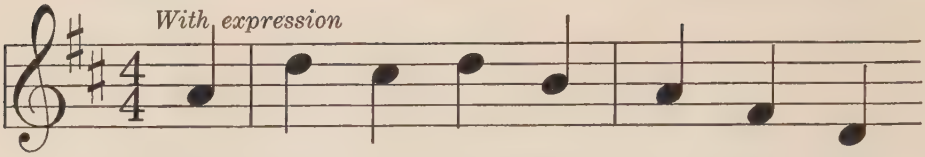
To help when things go wrong.

PUSSY

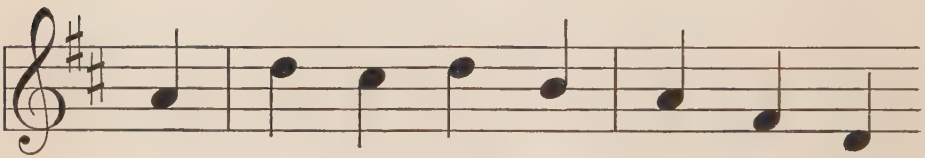
EDITH ROBBINS NORA EVANS



SUNSET

EDITH ROBBINS — WILL EARHART

1. I've seen the sun drop out of sight
2. The sun - set's nev - er twice the same;

And fill the west with col - ors bright,
It may be like a sea of flame



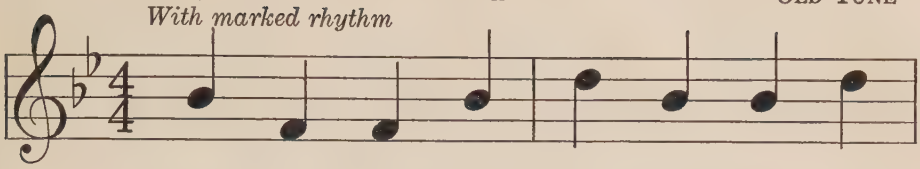
And so I al - ways look to see
That of - ten shades from rose to red

The sun - set glow for me.
When sun - shine goes to bed.

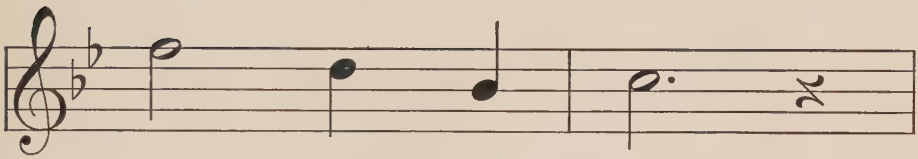
OUR FLAG

MARY VAUGHN ROTE OLD TUNE

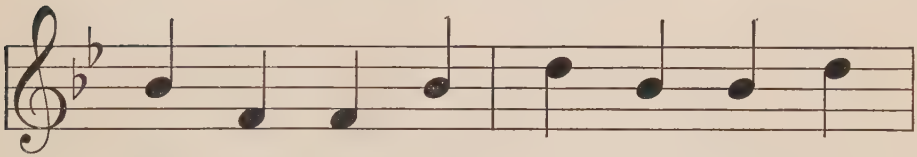
With marked rhythm

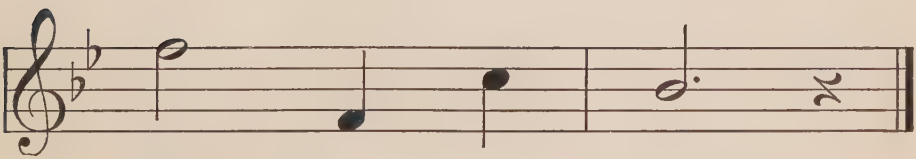


High a - bove the sol - diers wav - ing,



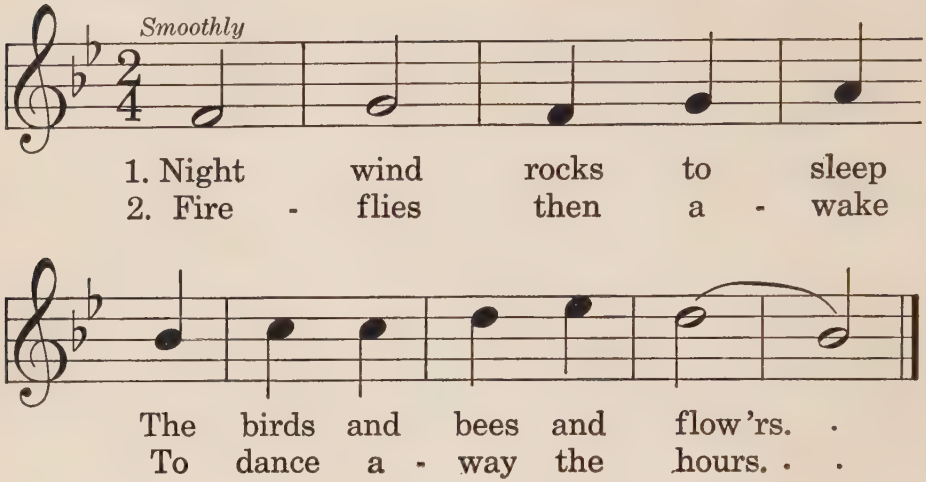
Red, white, and blue;



Ban - ner of our na - tive coun - try,

Hail, hail to you!

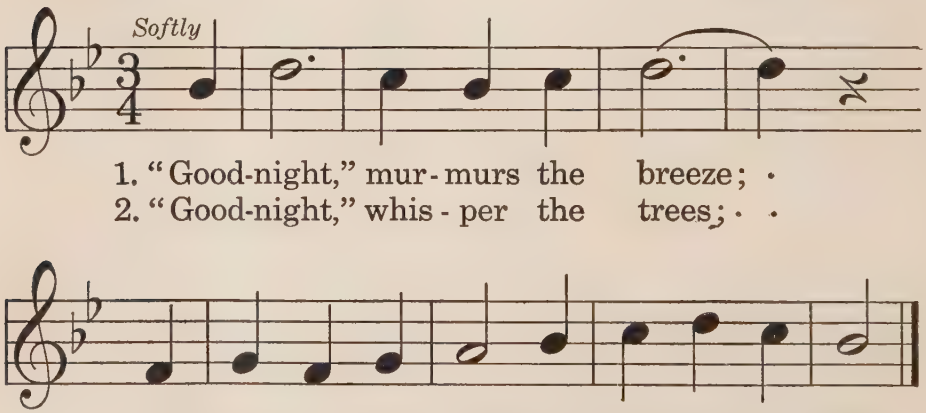
NIGHT WIND

FRANCES RICHARDSON — RUTH MAYNARD

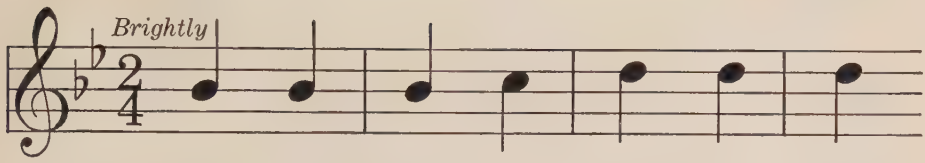


THE DAY'S CLOSE

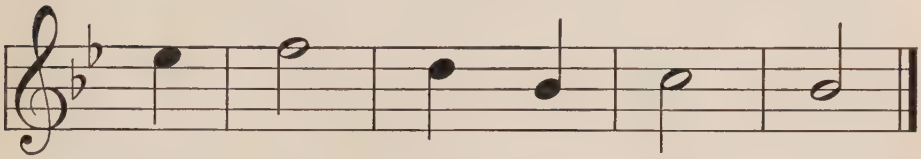
ELIZABETH TAYLOR — FAY WILSON


Softly
1. "Good-night," mur - murs the breeze;
2. "Good-night," whis - per the trees;
The sun in the west is sink - ing to rest.
The stars safe - ly keep their guard as we sleep.

BETH CUSHING MELODY



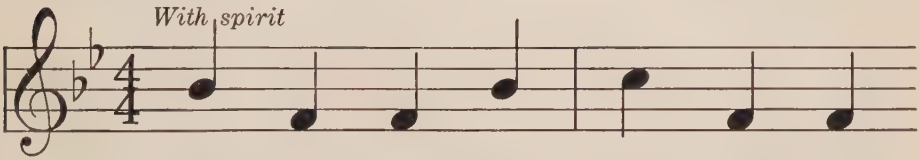
1. What a mer - ry month is May,
2. Song birds call - ing, blos - soms gay,



What joy it is bring - ing!
And brooks light - ly sing - ing.

WINDS OF MARCH

ELIZABETH TAYLOR HENRY PROCTOR



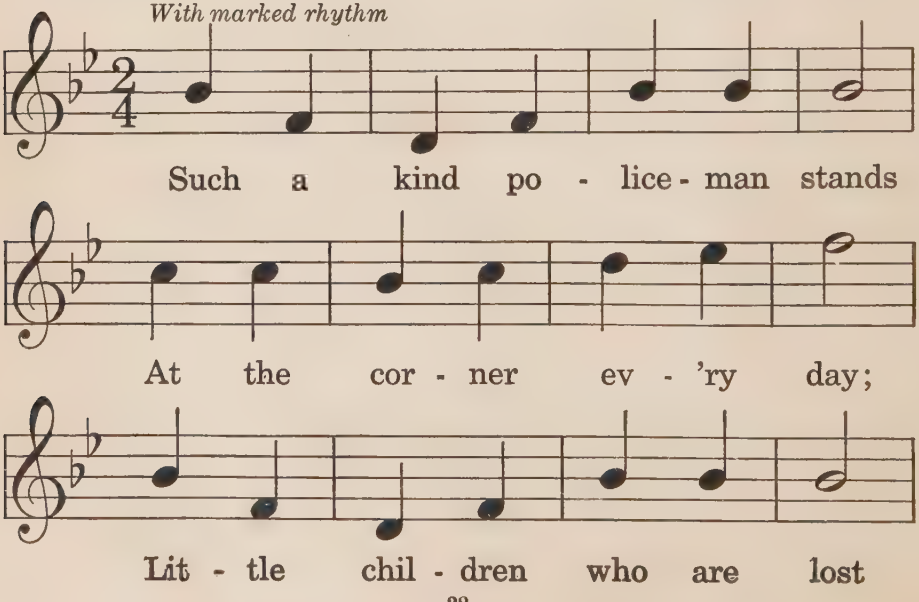
1. Winds of March sing strong and bold
2. Well we know that winds must sing

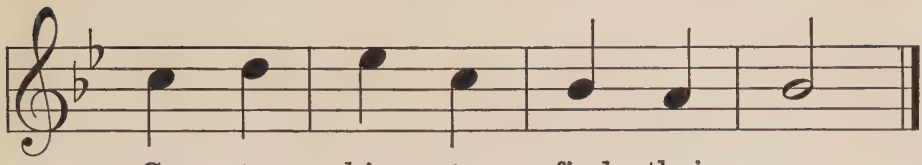
To scat - ter the win - ter cold.
To wel - come our La - dy Spring.

THE POLICEMAN

ROSE MILES ALFRED M. TUFTS

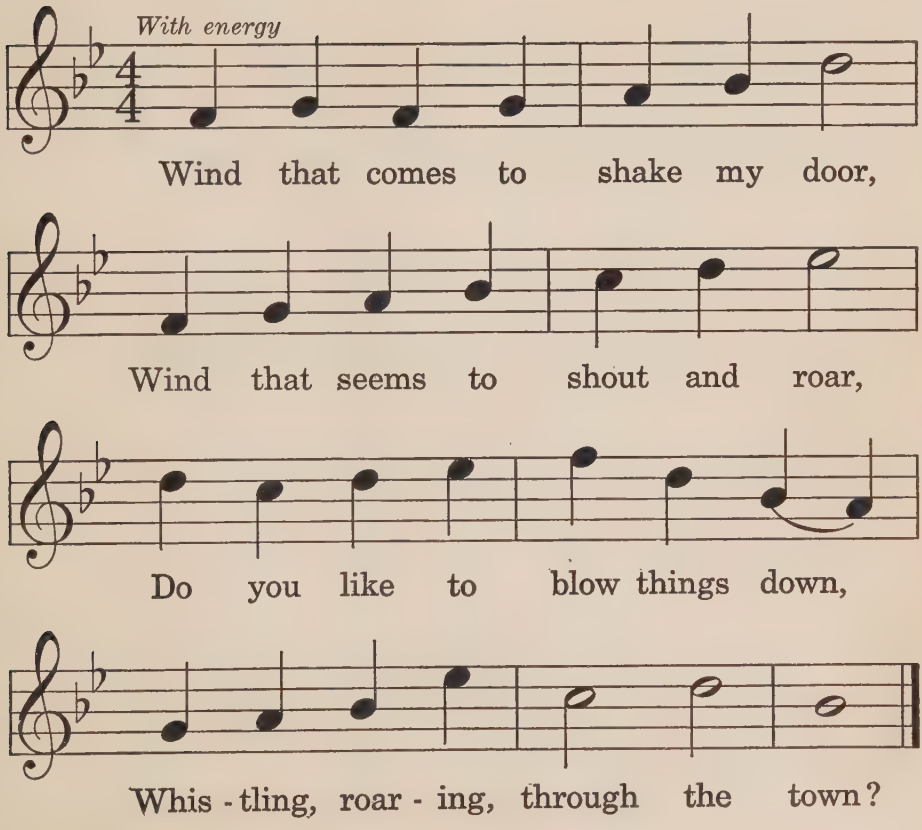
With marked rhythm





WIND

EDITH ROBBINS HELEN S. LEAVITT

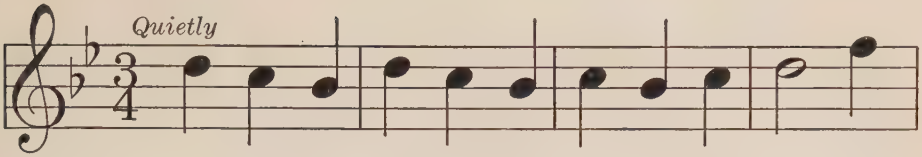

With energy
Wind that comes to shake my door,
Wind that seems to shout and roar,
Do you like to blow things down,
Whis - tling, roar - ing, through the town?

THE SQUIRREL'S NEST

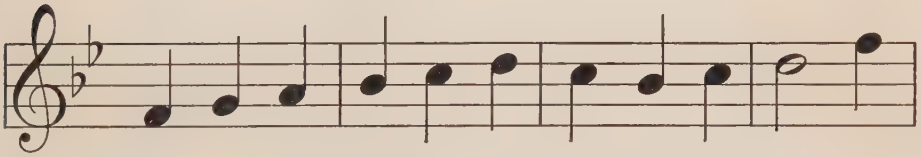
ADELAIDE WALKER — FOLK TUNE

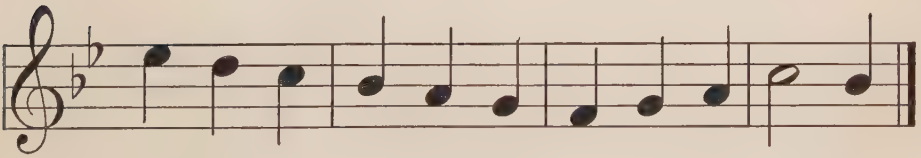
A SONG OF SLEEP

CELIA STANDISH — FOLK TUNE



1. Soft in the tree-tops the night-wind is blow-ing,
2. Deep are the shad-ows, for day-light is dy - ing,

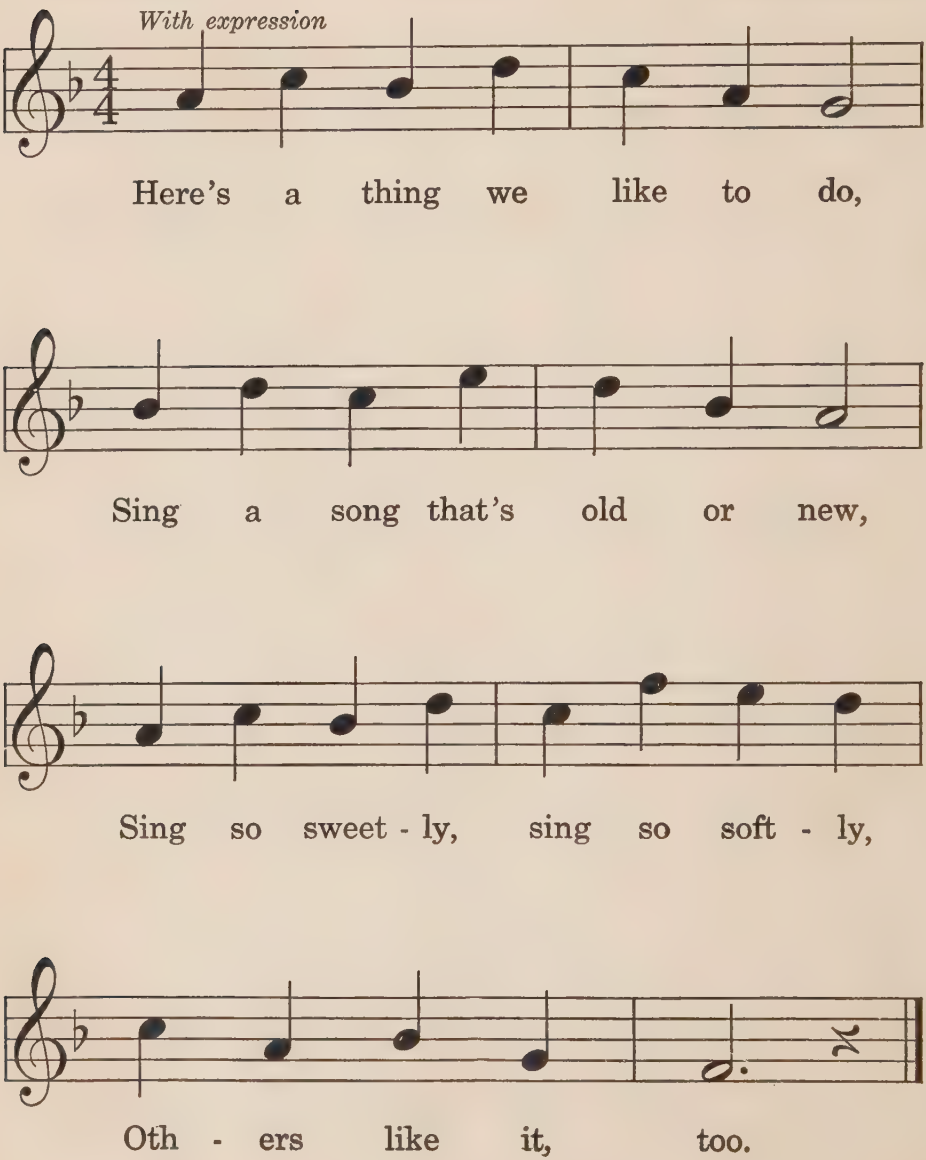
Where, far a - bove us, the star-light is flow-ing.
Birds of the night in the still-ness are cry - ing.

Up to the win-dow the sand-man is creep-ing,
Bright are the dreams that the sand-man is bring-ing;



Com - ing to see if my ba - by is sleep-ing.
Slum-ber, my ba - by, while moth-er is sing - ing.

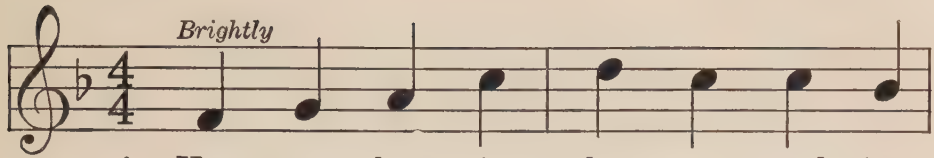
WHAT WE LIKE TO DO

CELIA STANDISH ROTE LAURA MASON



HONEYBEE

BETH CUSHING — FOLK TUNE

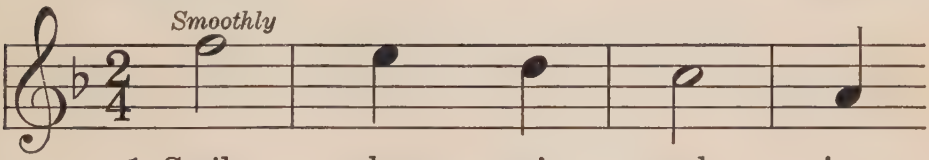


1. Hon - ey - bee is bus - y work - ing;
2. Though you nev - er find him shirk - ing,

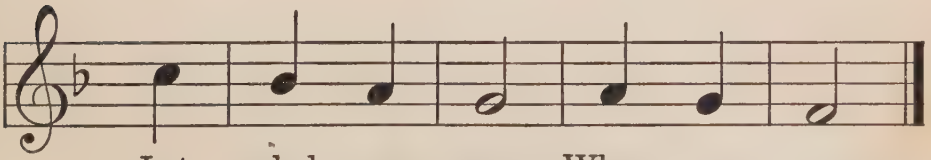
Win - ter days are com - ing.
Still he keeps on hum - ming.

CHEERFULNESS

FRANCES RICHARDSON — MELODY



1. Smile when you're wak - ing,
2. Cheer - ful - ness mak - ing

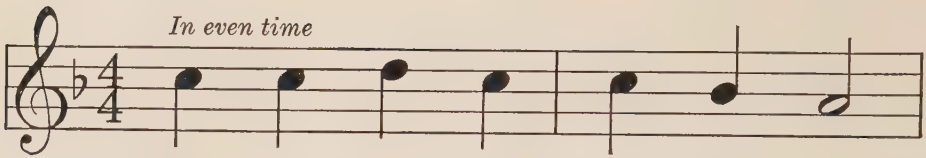


Let glad - ness grow Where you go,
With smile and song All day long.

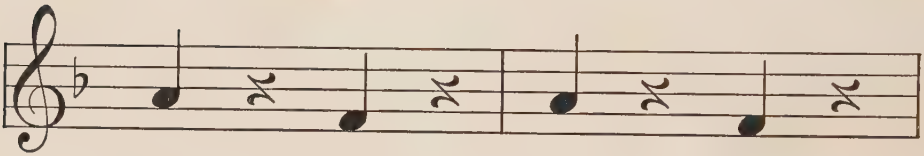
TICK TOCK

MARY ROOT KERN

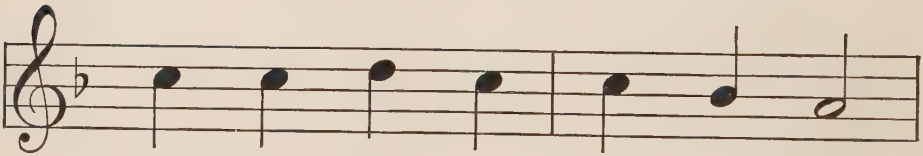
MARY ROOT KERN



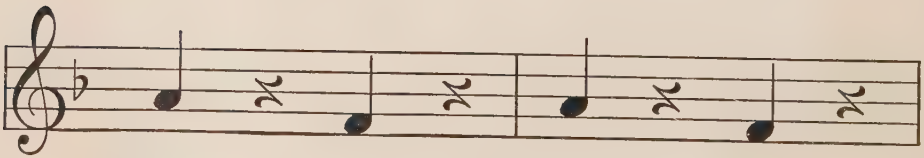
When the eve - ning prayers are said,



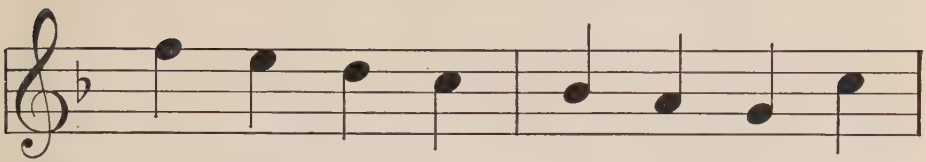
Tick, tock, tick, tock,



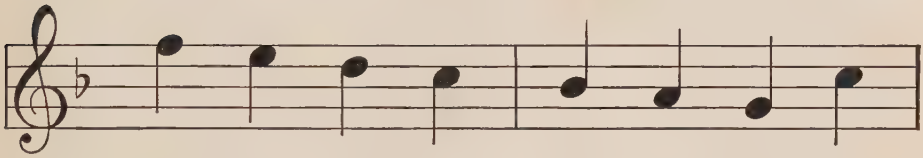
Then 'tis time to go to bed;



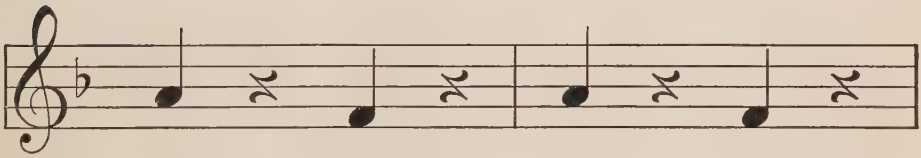
Tick, tock, tick, tock.



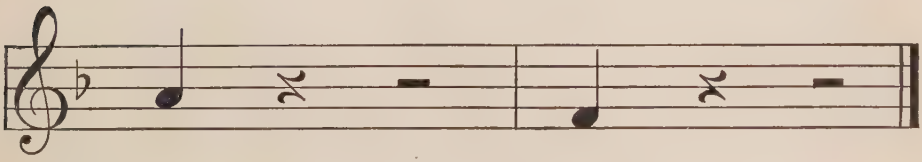
Sleep till comes the mor - row dawn - ing;



Wake with birds to greet the morn - ing.



Tick, tock, tick, tock,

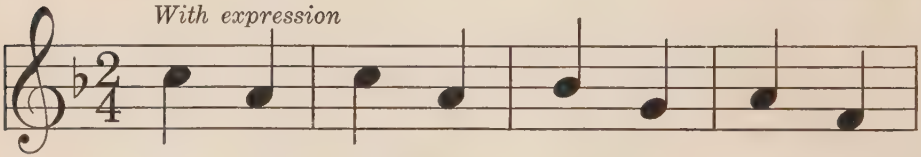


Tick, tock.

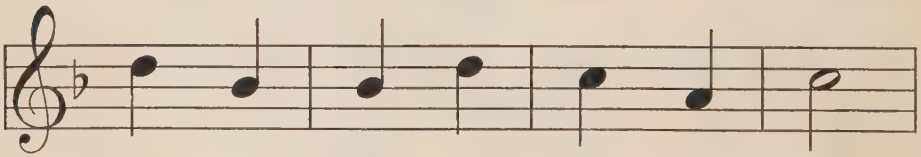
THE COBBLER

CELIA STANDISH E. W. NEWTON

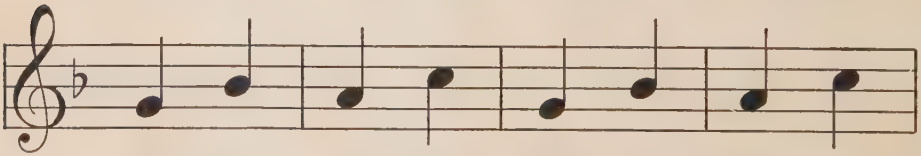
With expression



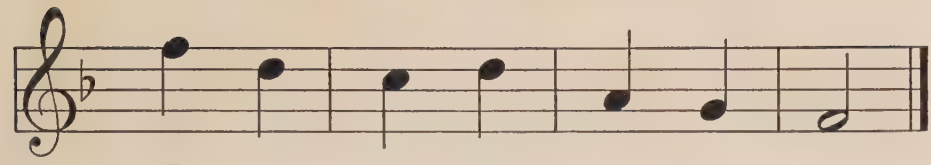
1. Tap - ping, tap - ping; 'tis the cob - bler;
2. Tap - ping, tap - ping, when I ask him,



There's his shop a - cross the way.
"Please, sir, will you mend my shoes?"



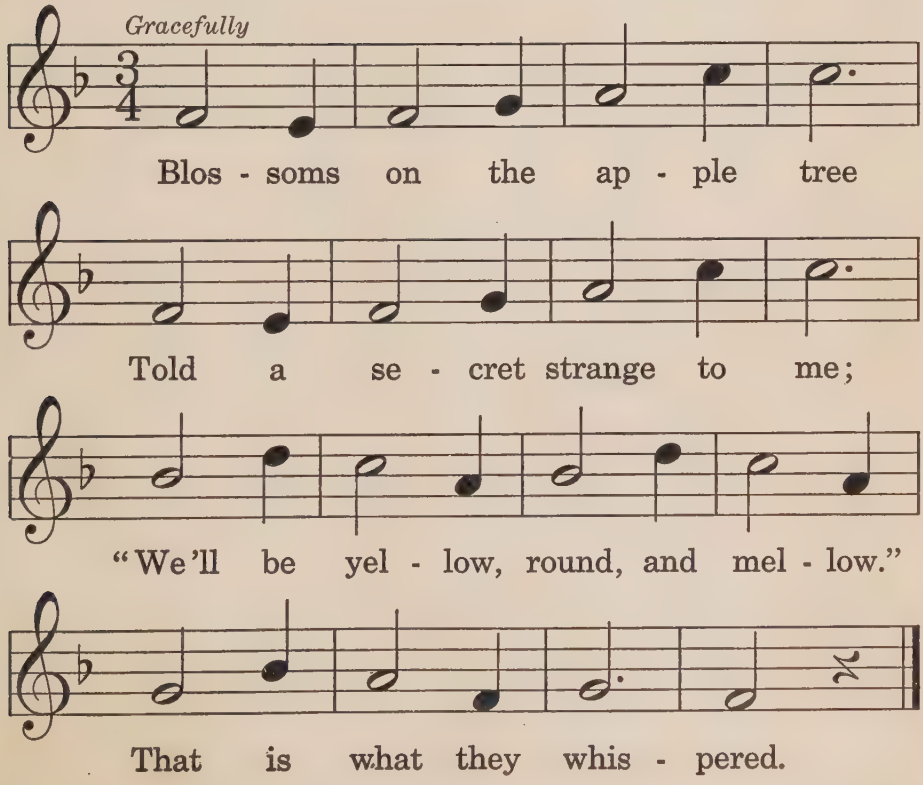
Tap - ping, tap - ping, goes the ham - mer,
Tap - ping, tap - ping, while he an - swers,



I can hear it all the day.
"Sure - ly! An - y time you choose."

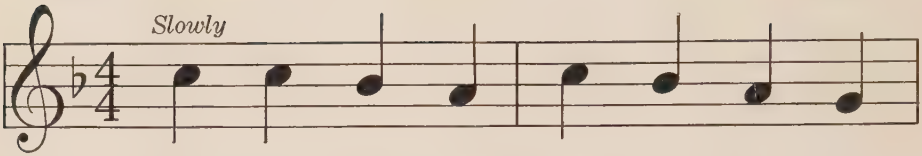
A SECRET

ADELAIDE WALKER ALFRED M. TUFTS

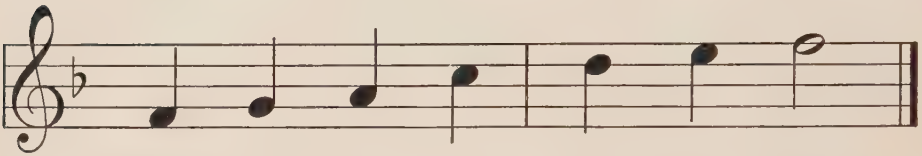

Gracefully
Blos - soms on the ap - ple tree
Told a se - cret strange to me;
"We'll be yel - low, round, and mel - low."
That is what they whis - pered.

A PETITION

ROSE MILES FAY WILSON



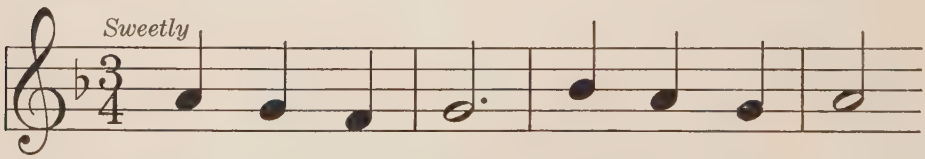
1. Pa - tient stars that watch a - bove us,
2. Guides to lead us, friends to love us,



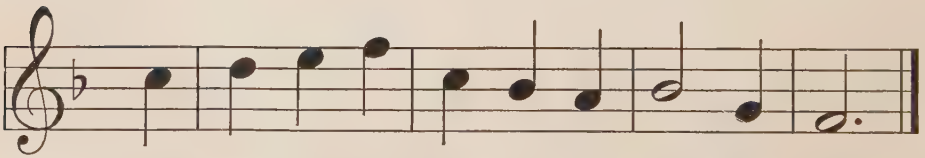
May we learn to be like you,
Faith - ful, strong, o - be - dient, true.

THE BIRD'S NEST

HELEN CALL HELEN CALL



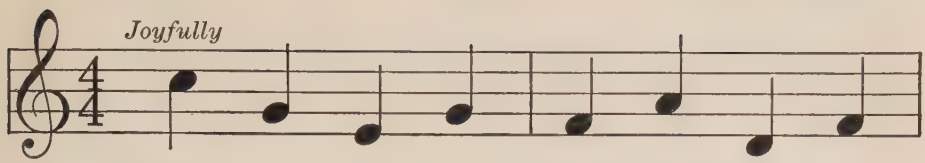
1. Hid - den a - way, un - der a spray,
2. Moth - er bird dear, you need not fear;

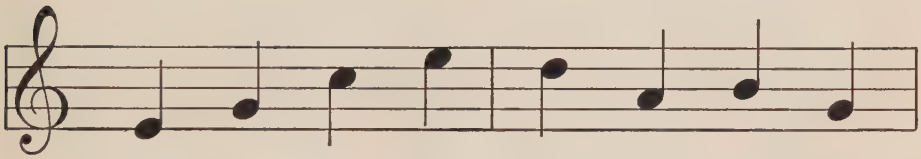


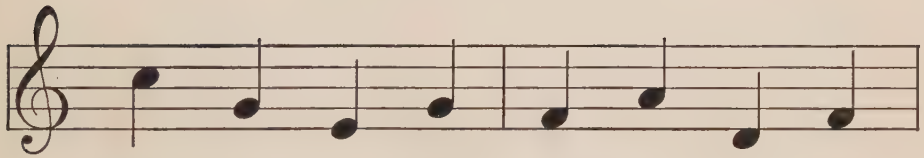
We saw four blue eggs in a nest to - day.
We're glad that you live in our gar - den here.

HOLLY

TRADITIONAL ROTE MARY ROOT KERN

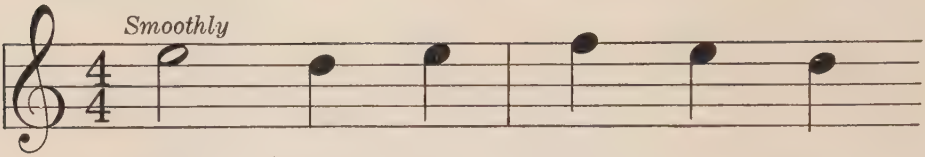




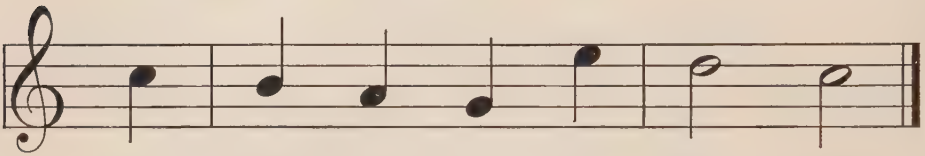


LADY MOON

M. Louise Baum — Old Tune



1. Wel - come the La - dy Moon
2. Stars hold their torch - es high

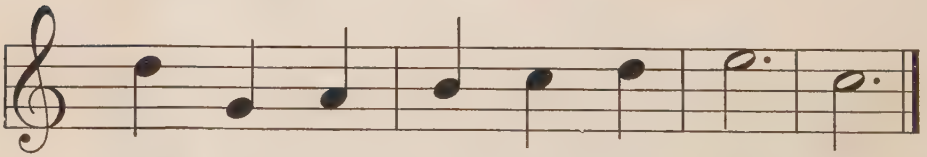


With green and sil - ver ban - ners;
To show their pret - ty man - ners.

OVER THE WALL

Louise Stickney — Helen S. Leavitt

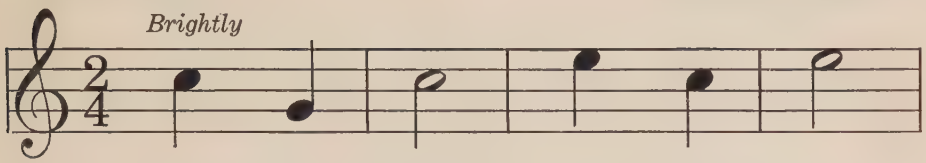
1. Call, call, o - ver the wall,
2. Queer, queer! Peo - ple who hear



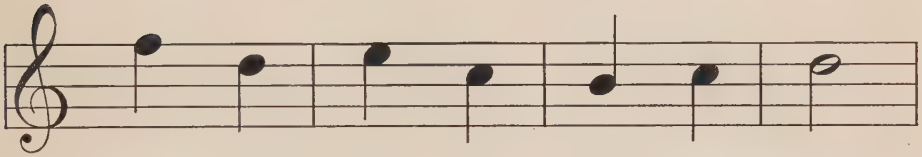
High on the ap - ple bough rid - ing;
Can - not guess where we are hid - ing.

ANSTIS BARLOW MARY R. CARROLL

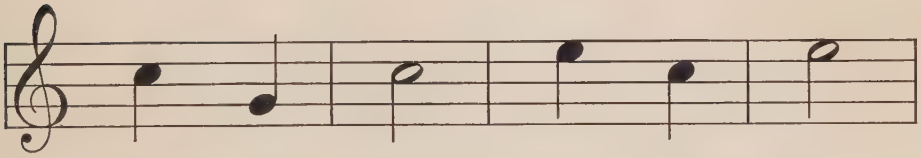
Brightly



Tu - lip red, tu - lip red,



Wak - en, wak - en, lift your head!

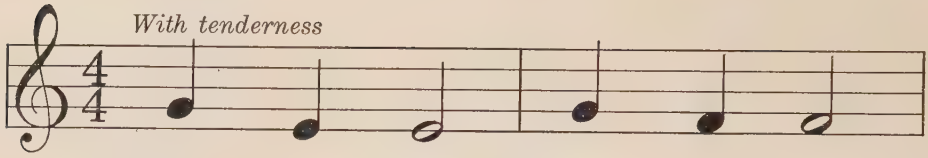


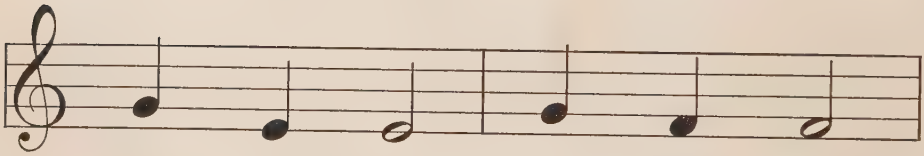
"Spring is here! Spring is here!"

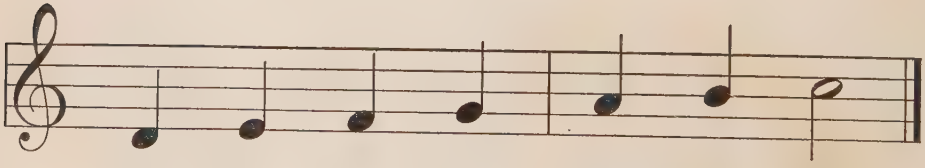
So the mer - ry rob - in said.

MOTHER LOVE

NIXON WATERMAN LAURA MASON

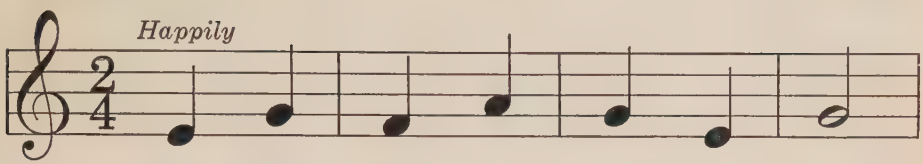




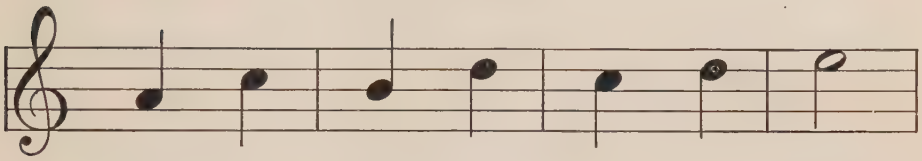


THE POSTMAN

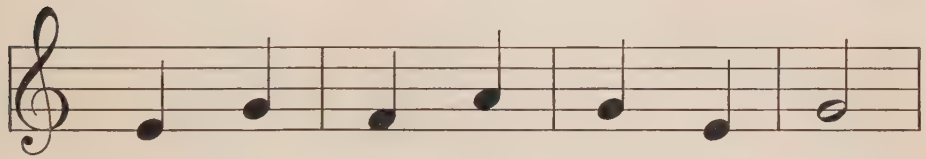
ROSE MILES FOLK TUNE



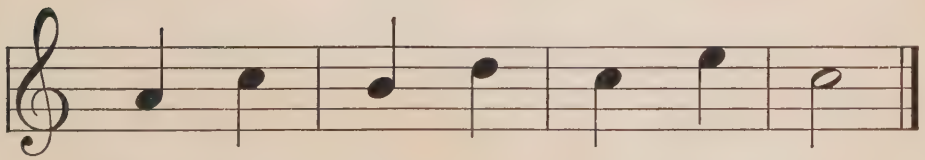
1. Post - man, dressed in suit of gray,
2. Once he brought a val - en - tine,



An - y mail for me to - day?
Smiled at me and said 'twas mine.



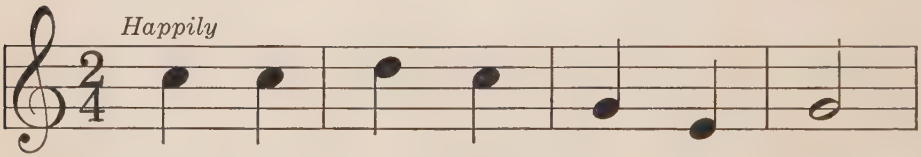
He is sor - ry as can be
There were flow - ers, red and blue,



But he has no mail for me.
Jol - ly vers - es on it, too.

THE SLEIGH RIDE

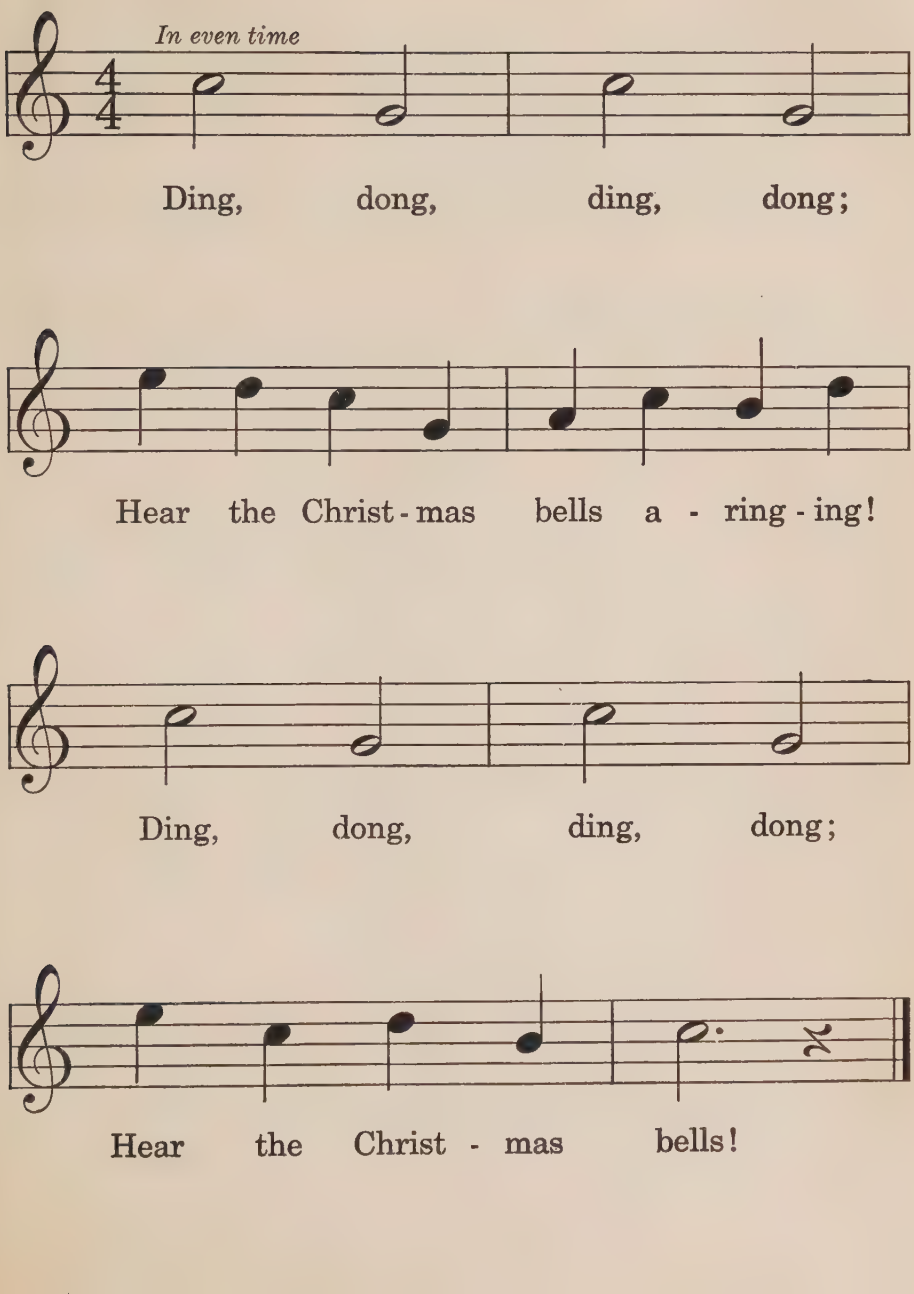
BETH CUSHING LAURA STREETER



1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, all the way,
2. Hap - py hearts and voic - es gay;

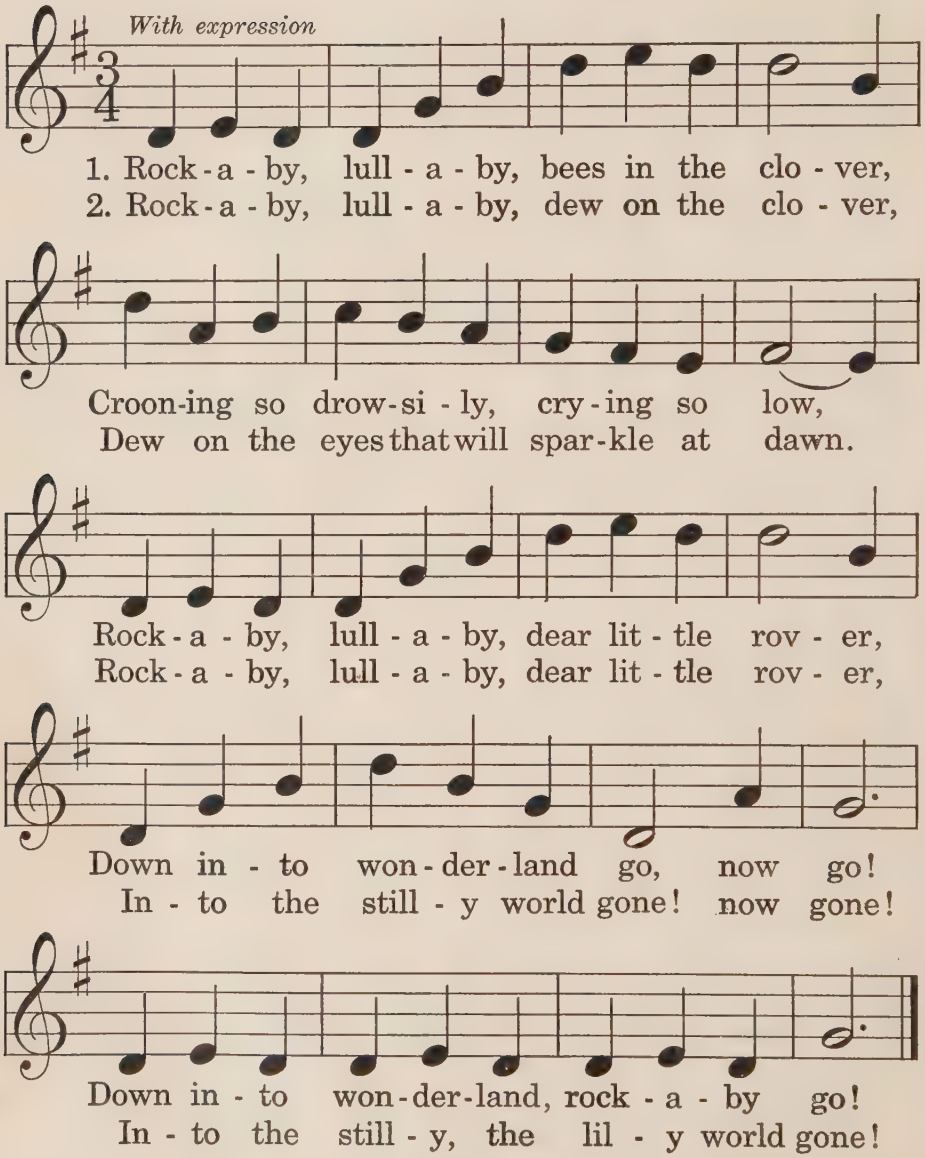
O - ver ice and snow we glide;
Oh, what fun it is to ride!

OLIVE WOODMAN OLIVE WOODMAN



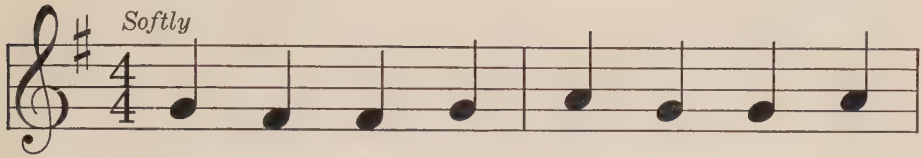
LULLABY

ROTE

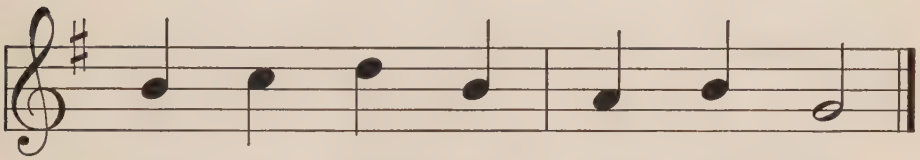
J. G. HOLLAND — GEORGE W. HORNE

With expression
1. Rock-a-by, lull-a-by, bees in the clo-ver,
2. Rock-a-by, lull-a-by, dew on the clo-ver,
Croon-ing so drow-si-ly, cry-ing so low,
Dew on the eyes that will spar-kle at dawn.
Rock-a-by, lull-a-by, dear lit-tle rov-er,
Rock-a-by, lull-a-by, dear lit-tle rov-er,
Down in-to won-der-land go, now go!
In-to the still-y world gone! now gone!
Down in-to won-der-land, rock-a-by go!
In-to the still-y, the lil-y world gone!

SUMMER CLOUDS

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE — MELODY



1. High a - bove us, slow - ly sail - ing,
2. You are like the wings of an - gels,



Lit - tle clouds so soft and white,
Watch - ing o'er us day and night.

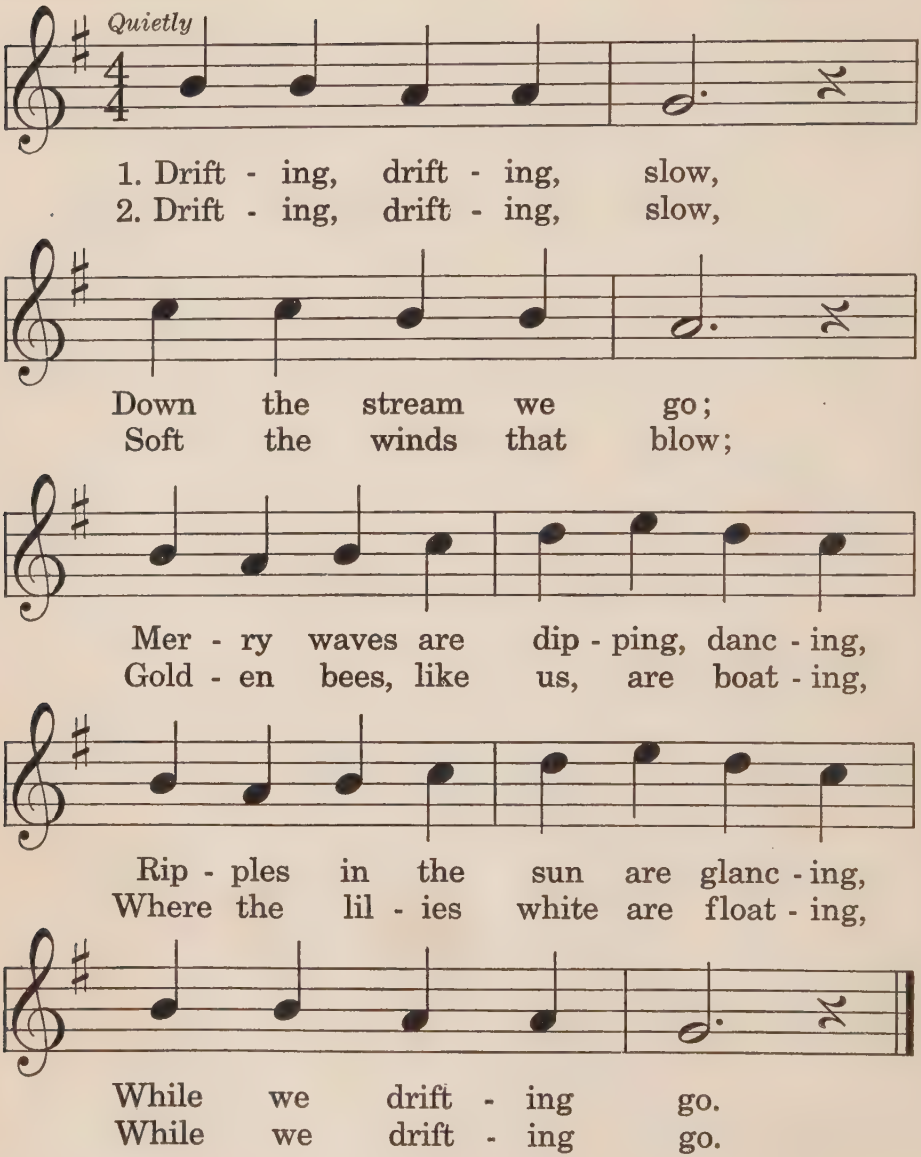
THISTLEDOWN

M. A. L. LANE — FAY WILSON

1. Drift - ing o'er · the coun - try road - way
2. Floats the down - y this - tle seed - ling,

Where the snow · will soon be deep,
Seeks a co - zy place to sleep.

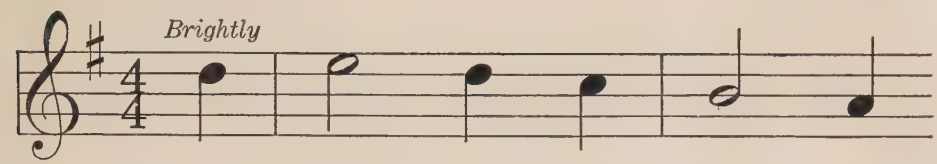
DOWN THE STREAM

CELIA STANDISH — FOLK TUNE

Quietly
1. Drift - ing, drift - ing, slow,
2. Drift - ing, drift - ing, slow,
Down the stream we go;
Soft the winds that blow;
Mer - ry waves are dip - ping, danc - ing,
Gold - en bees, like us, are boat - ing,
Rip - ples in the sun are glanc - ing,
Where the lil - ies white are float - ing,
While we drift - ing go.
While we drift - ing go.

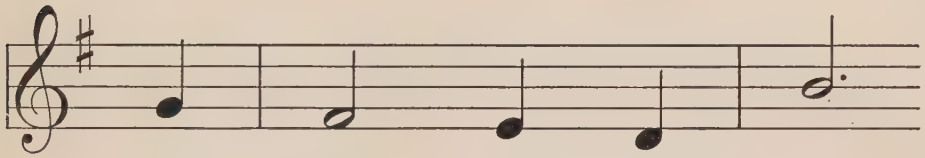
GOOD MORNING

MARY VAUGHN

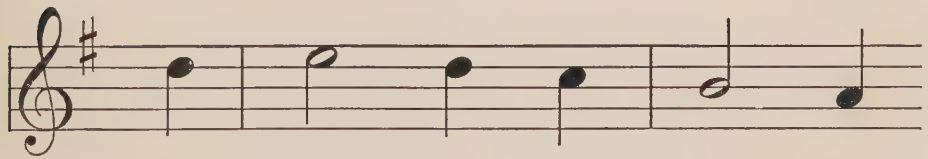
FOLK TUNE



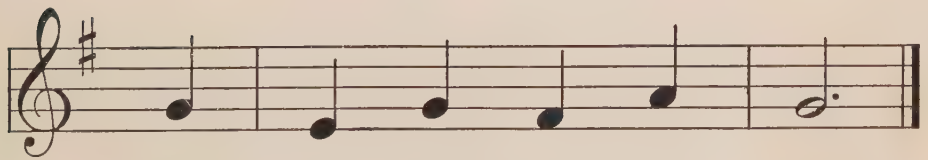
1. "Good morn - ing," the sun calls,
2. "Good morn - ing," the wind says,



And smiles down at me.
"Be up and a - way."



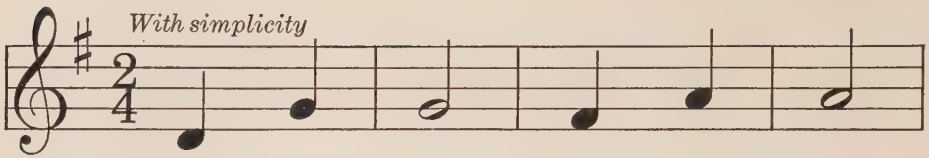
"Good morn - ing," a bird sings
"Good morn - ing, good morn - ing,"



From out the ap - ple tree.
Says all the world to - day.

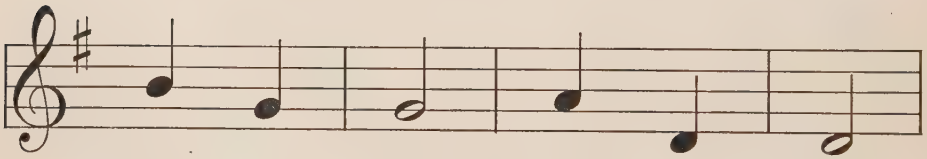
LITTLE SEEDS

EDITH ROBBINS WILL EARHART



Lit - tle seeds, hide a - way,

Sleep - ing 'neath the ground you stay;



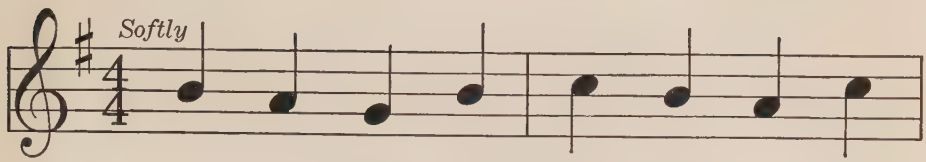
Lit - tle seeds, hide a - way

Till you wake some sun - ny day.

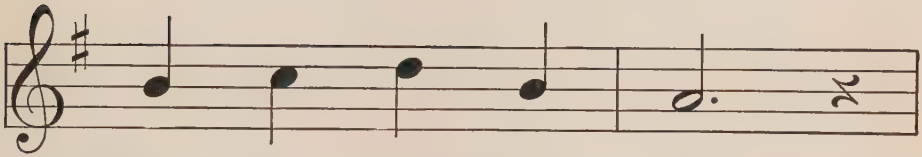
FAIRY TALES

ROSE MILES

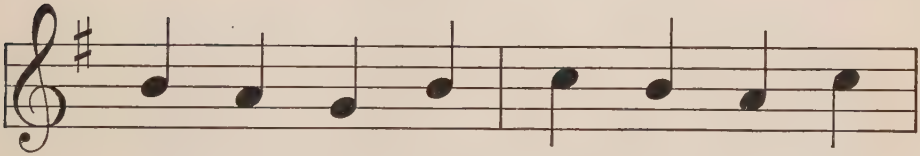
LOUIS MEYER



Fair - ies dance on moon - light eve - nings



Down the wood - y dells;



Elf - ins play on pipes of wil - low,

So the sto - ry tells.

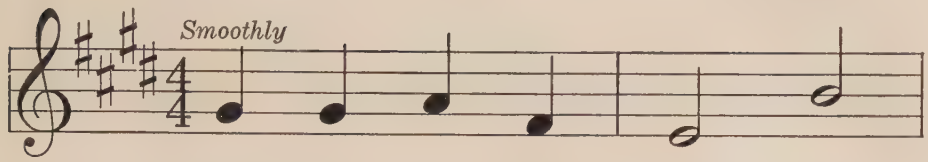
A PUZZLE

ANNETTE WYNNE KENNETH STRONG

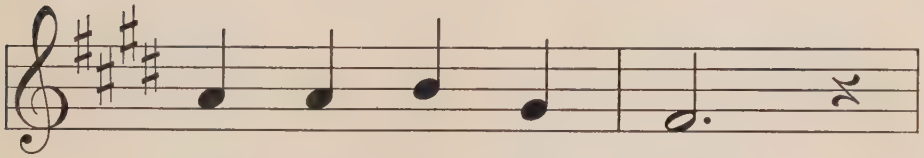
The wa - ter falls up - on the ground

And stays there, though the earth is round.

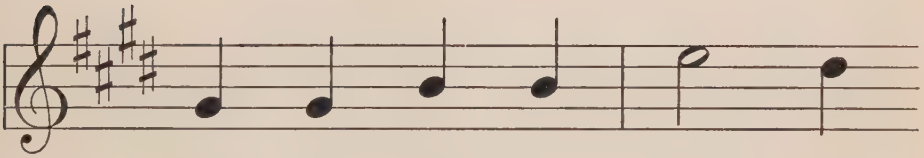
ANNETTE WYNNE FAY WILSON



1. Gold - en in the gar - den,
2. Gold - en in the tree - tops,



Gold - en in the glen;
Gold - en in the sky;



Gold - en, gold - en, gold - en,
Gold - en, gold - en, gold - en,

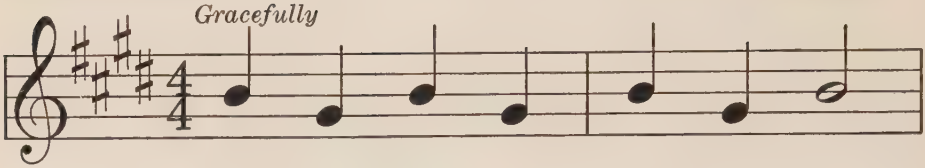
Sep - tem - ber's here a - gain.
Sep - tem - ber's go - ing by.

GOLDENROD

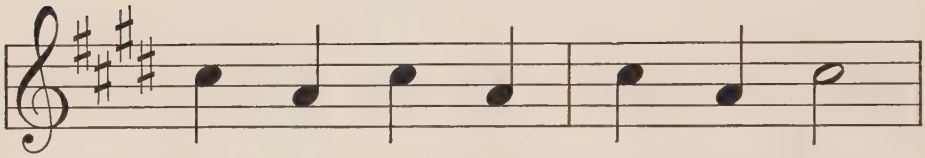
EDITH ROBBINS

WILL EARHART

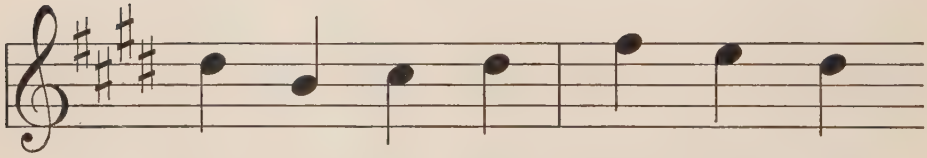
Gracefully



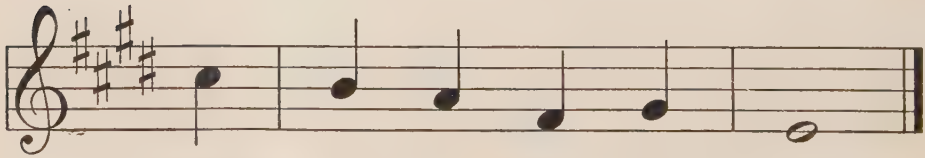
Yel - low plumes of gold - en - rod,



Yel - low plumes that nod and nod,

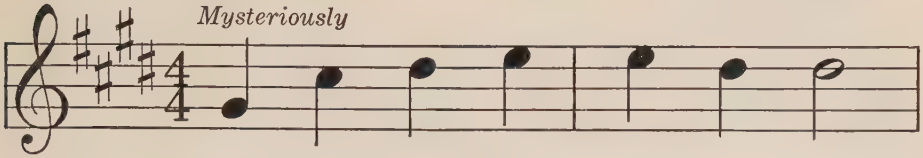


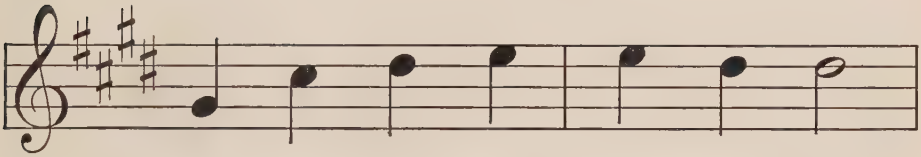
Sift their gold on bum - ble - bees

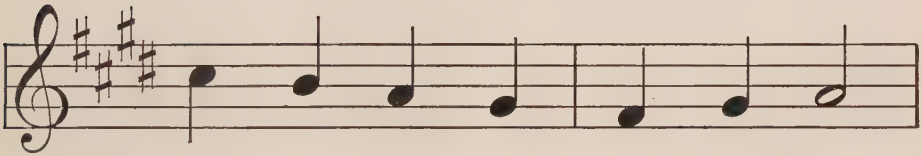


While nod - ding in the breeze.

ADELAIDE WALKER ALFRED M. TUFTS

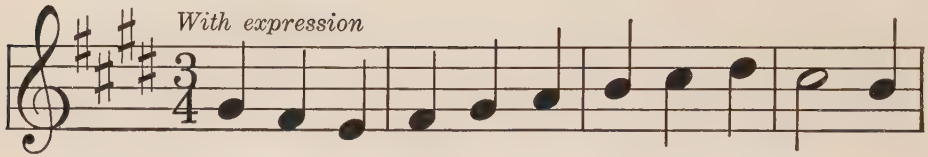




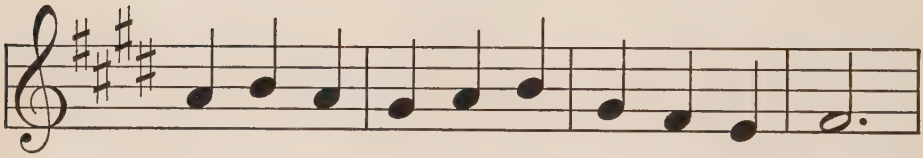


OCTOBER

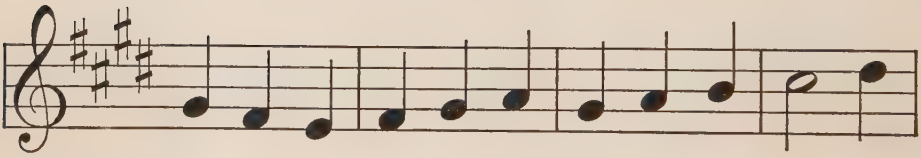
ELIZABETH TAYLOR HELEN S. LEAVITT



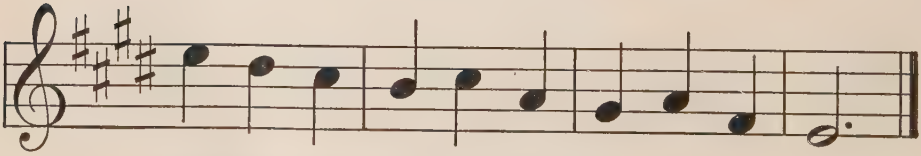
As - ters and gold-en - rod nod-ding to - geth - er;



Su - mac is wear-ing her new crim-son gown;



Sum-mer is lost in Oc - to-ber's fair weath-er;

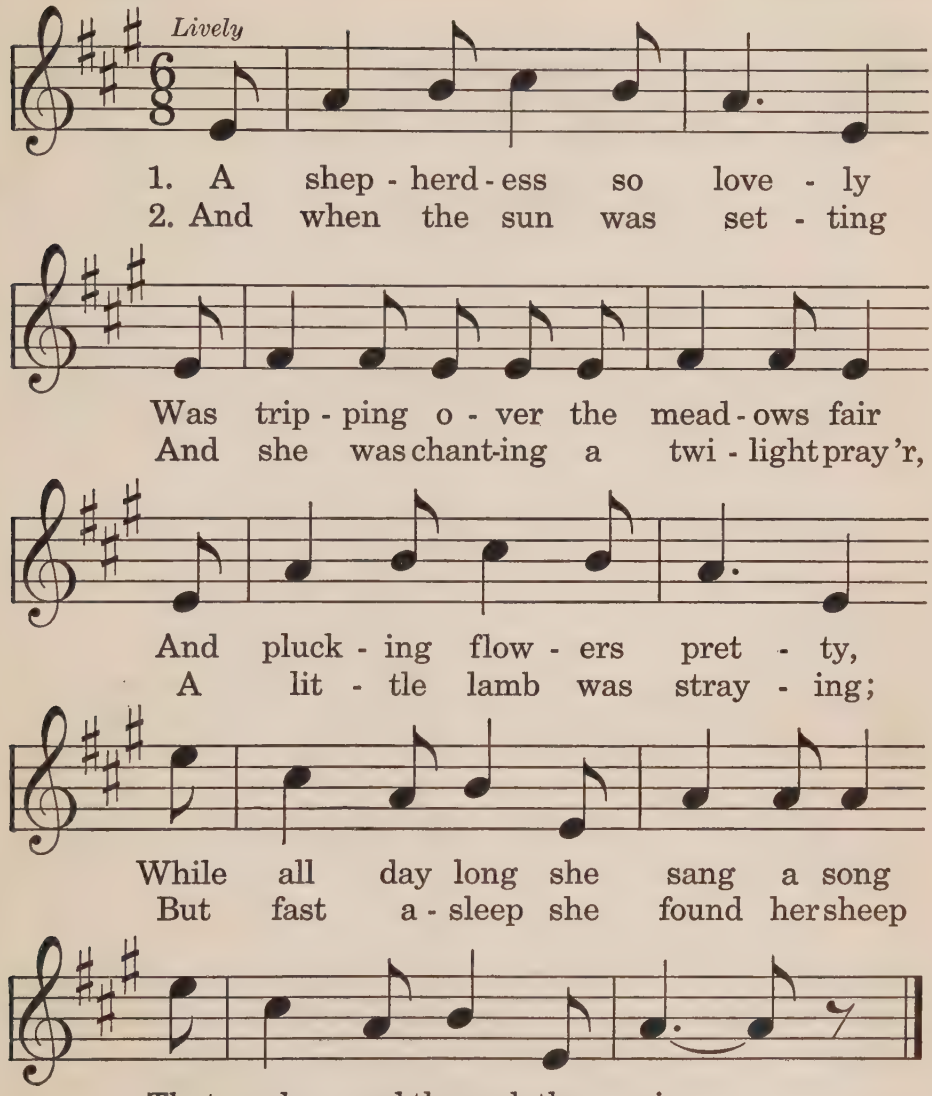


Au-tumn is com-ing, each tree-top to crown.

THE SHEPHERDESS

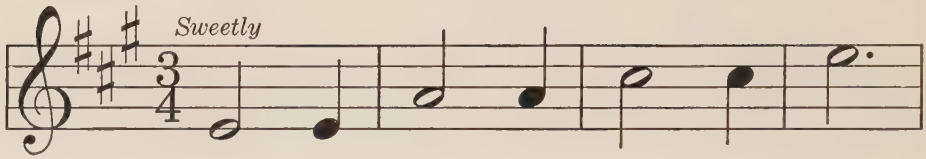
Translated by
PAULINE HILL

FOLK SONG

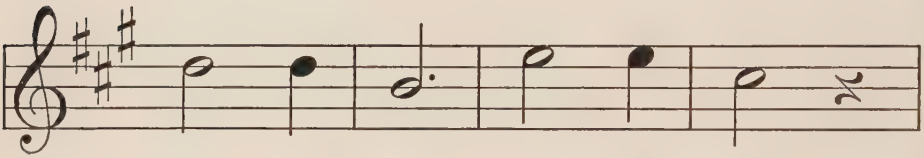

Lively
1. A shep - herd - ess so love - ly
2. And when the sun was set - ting
Was trip - ping o - ver the mead - ows fair
And she was chant-ing a twi - light pray'r,
And pluck - ing flow - ers pret - ty,
A lit - tle lamb was stray - ing;
While all day long she sang a song
But fast a - sleep she found her sheep
That ech - oed through the air. · ·
A - mong the dais - ies fair. · ·

SILVER MOON

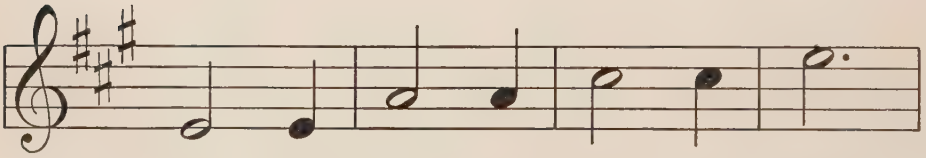
ANSTIS BARLOW — FOLK TUNE



Sil - ver moon is sail - ing high,



Sail - ing high through the sky,

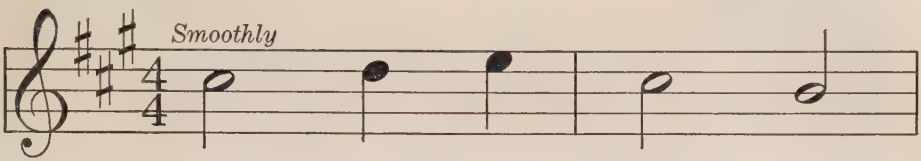


Giv - ing us a gen - tle light

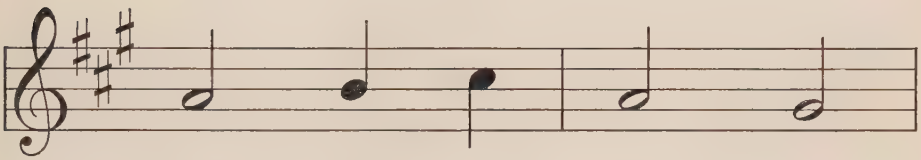
When the dark - ness brings the night.

SANTA CLAUS

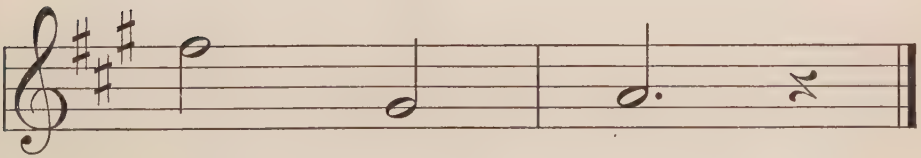
MARY VAUGHN RUTH MAYNARD



1. While all are sleep - ing,
2. Snow - flakes are wing - ing,

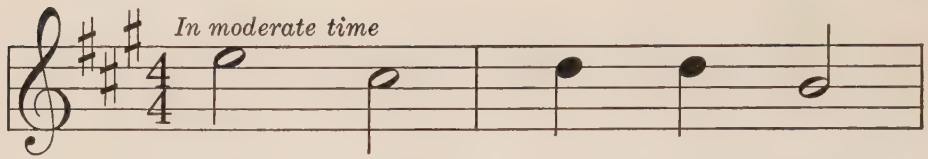


No one is peep - ing,
Sleigh - bells are ring - ing,

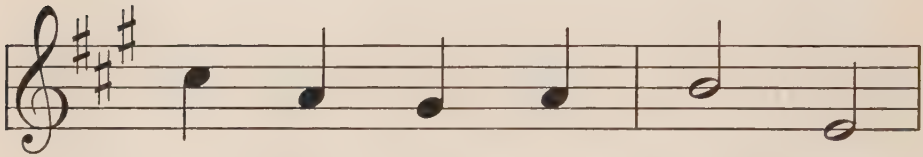
Comes down the chim - ney, creep - ing,
Rein - deer to us are bring - ing

San - ta Claus!
San - ta Claus!

THE NEW YEAR

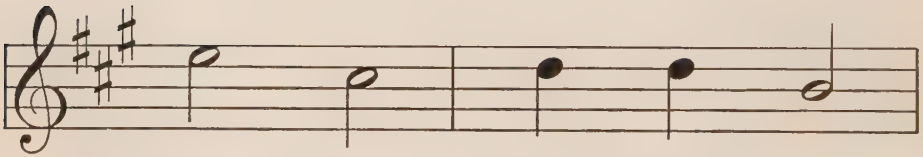
CELIA STANDISH — FOLK TUNE



"New Year, tell us, pray,



What it is you're bring - ing!"

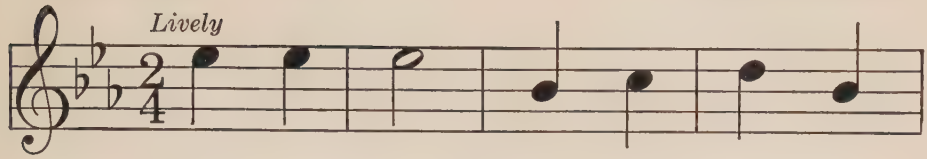


"Snow - storms, clouds of gray,

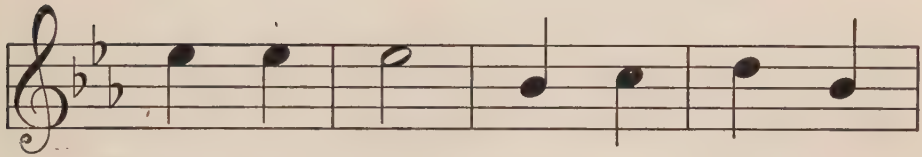
Then the smiles of May."

THE MARCH WIND

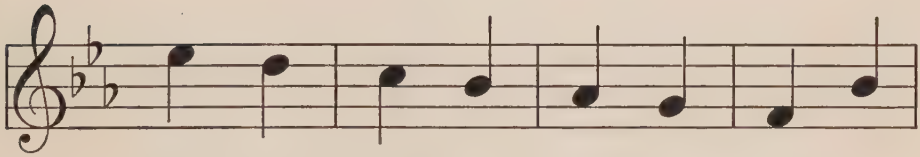
LENA DAY E. W. NEWTON



Clear the way! Hur - ry, scur - ry!



Clear the way! What a flur - ry!

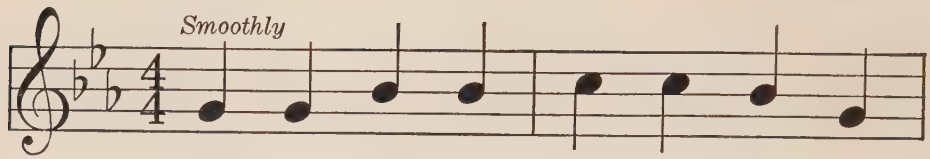


Wind - y March the earth is sweep-ing,

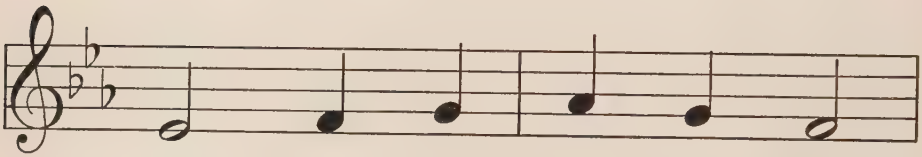
Spring is wak - ing; clear the way!

THE SQUIRREL

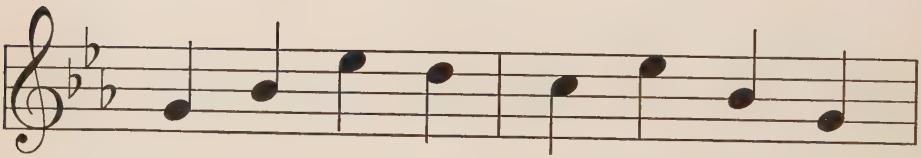
KATHARINE MIXTER ARTHUR TARGETT



Lit - tle squir - rel, how you chat - ter!



Why are you scold - ing so?

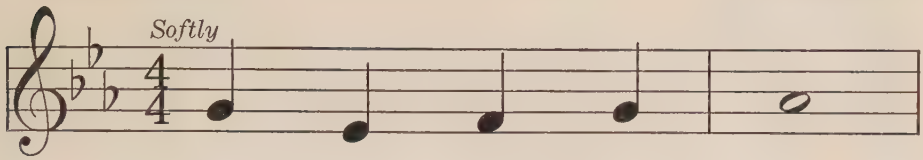


Come and tell me what's the mat - ter;

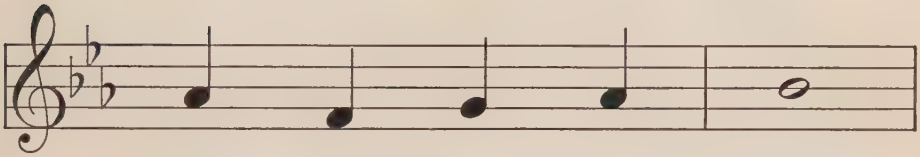
I would real - ly like to know.

LITTLE WORDS

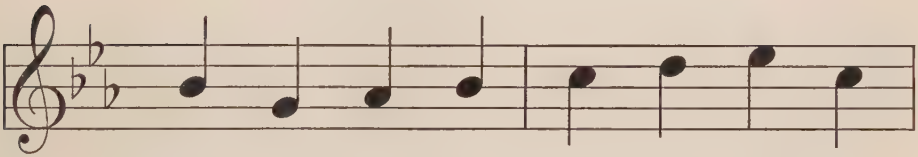
ANNETTE WYNNE — WILL EARHART



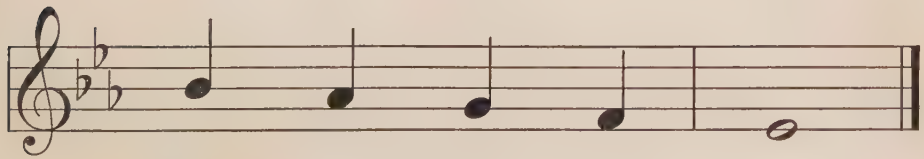
1. Take some lit - tle words,
2. Tales of house and hill,



Place them in a row,
But - ter - flies and birds,



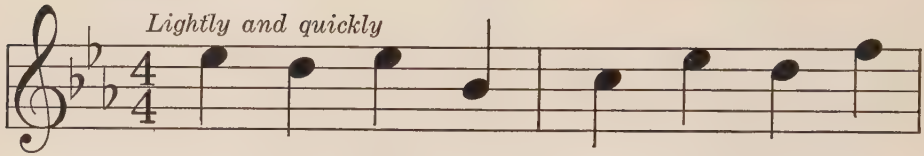
Soon you have a pret - ty sto - ry
An - y - thing at all you wish for



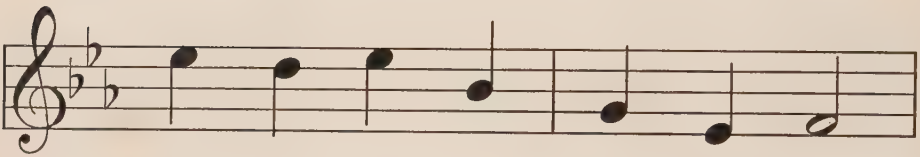
Made be - fore you know.
Made from lit - tle words.

IN THE MORNING

CELIA STANDISH MARTHA WHITE

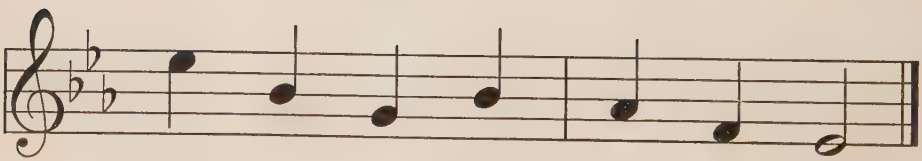


Up I jump each morn - ing ear - ly,



Up I jump and nev - er wait;

That is why I'm first at break - fast,

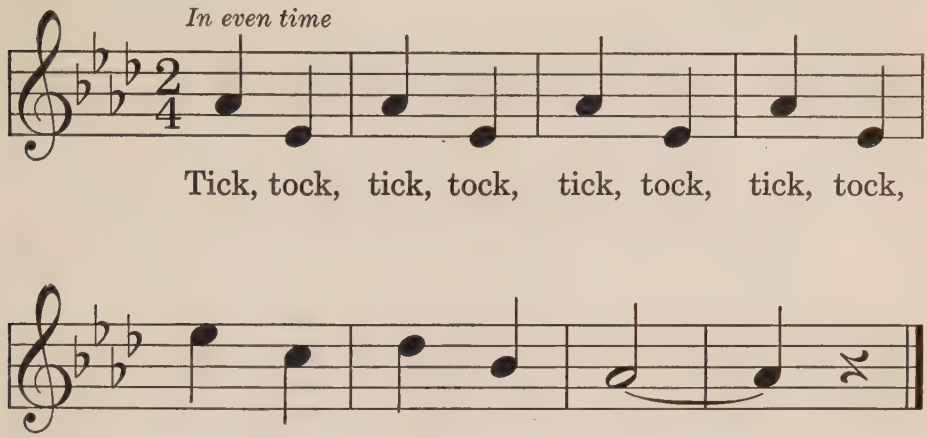


That is why I'm nev - er late.

BEDTIME

OLIVE WOODMAN

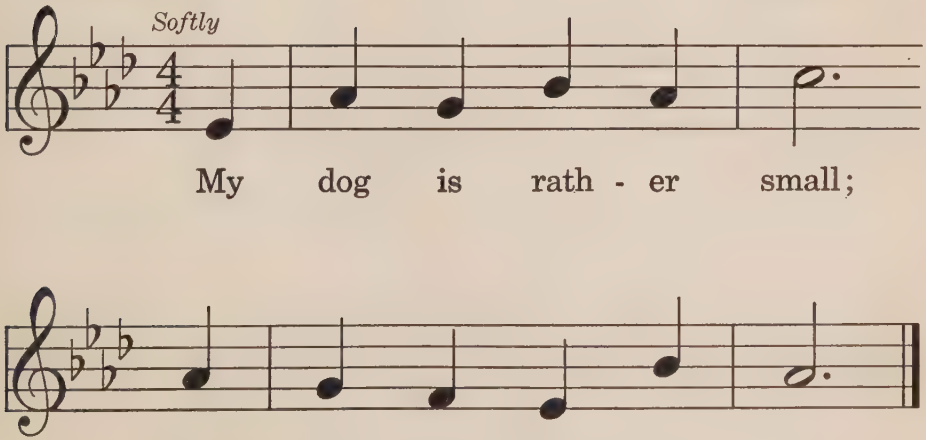
OLIVE WOODMAN



MY DOG

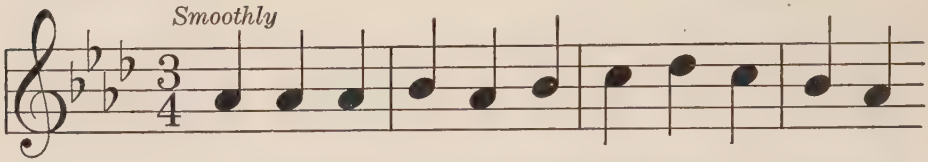
LOUISE STICKNEY

HELEN CALL

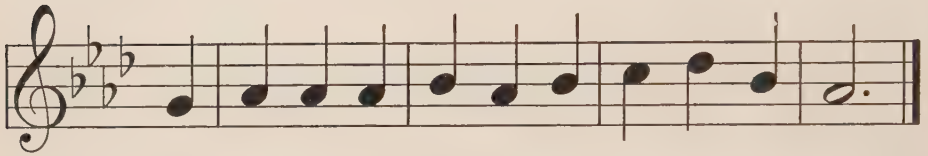


LITTLE WHITE CHICKEN

MARY VAUGHN — WILLIAM CORWIN



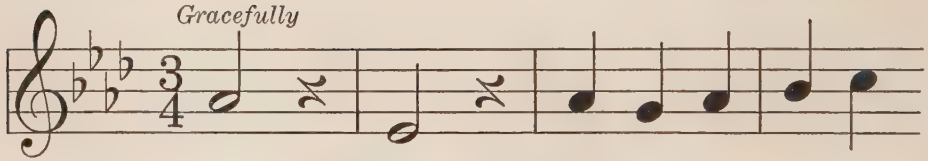
1. Lit-tle white chick-en, with hard-ly a feath-er,
2. "I'm not a-fraid, for what-ev-er the weath-er,

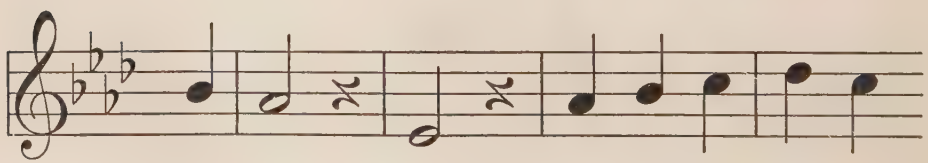


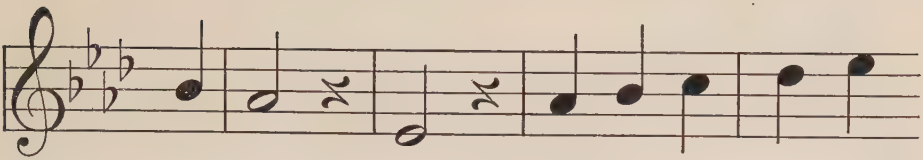
Oh, what will pro-tect you from cold and from storm?
I'll run to my moth-er and she 'll keep me warm."

THE BELLS

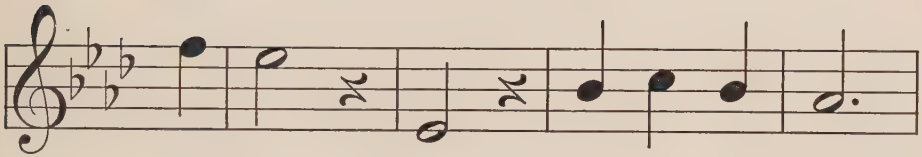
LUCY ALLEN — WILL EARHART



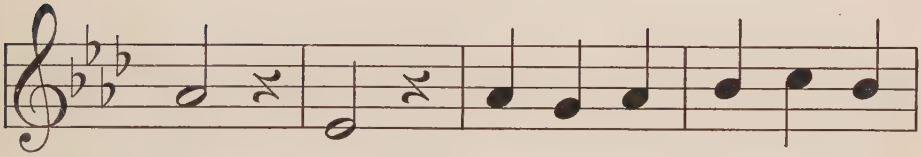
Ding, dong, Christ-mas bells ring-ing

Say ding, dong, mer-ri-ly swing-ing,



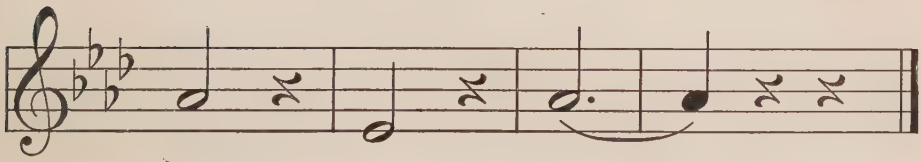
Say ding, dong, Glad ti-dings bring-ing,



So ding, dong, Hap-py are we.



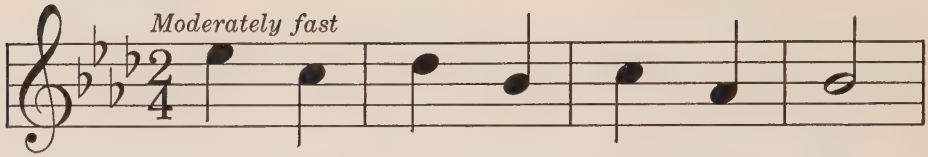
Ding, dong, Ech-oes are an-swer-ing



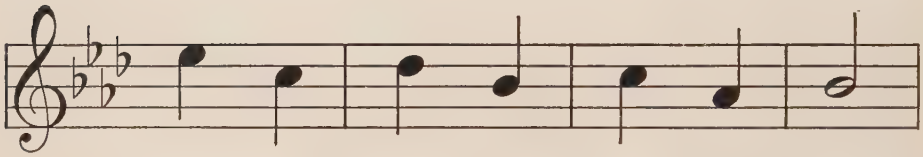
Ding, dong, ding. . .

RAINDROPS

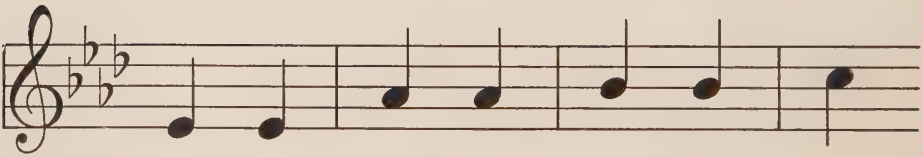
EDITH ROBBINS — FOLK TUNE



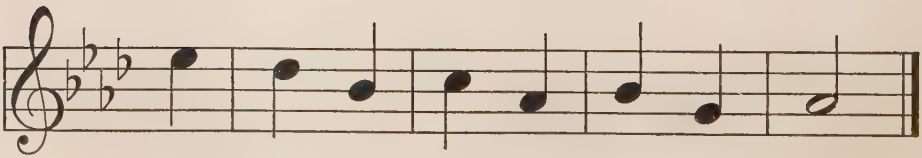
Rain - drops, rain - drops, through the air,



Dash - ing, splash - ing, ev - 'ry - where,



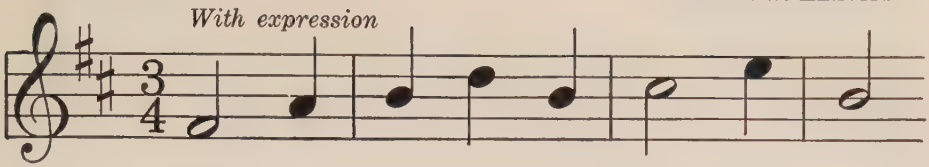
Rain - drops, rain - drops, do you think



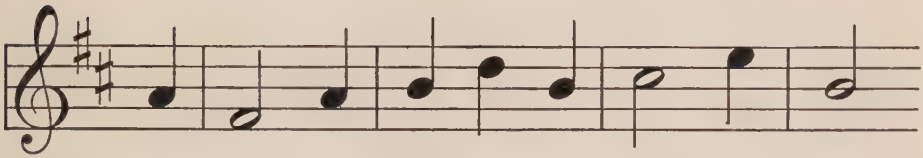
That thirst - y plants all need a drink?

THE MIST

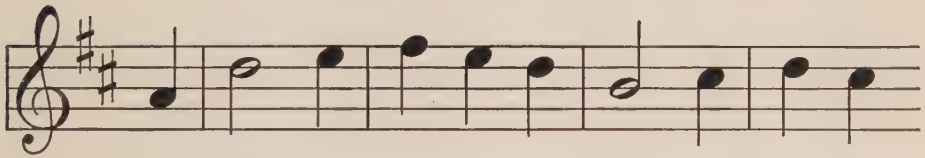
CELIA STANDISH HELEN S. LEAVITT



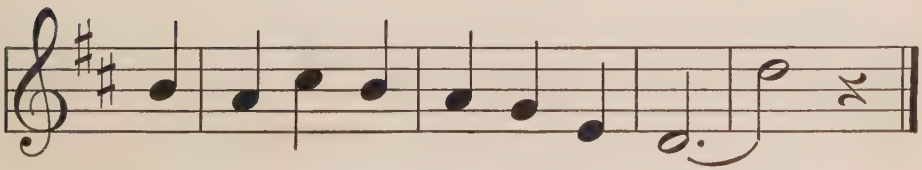
Ris - ing slow from the riv - er nigh,



And soft - ly, si - lent - ly, creep - ing by,



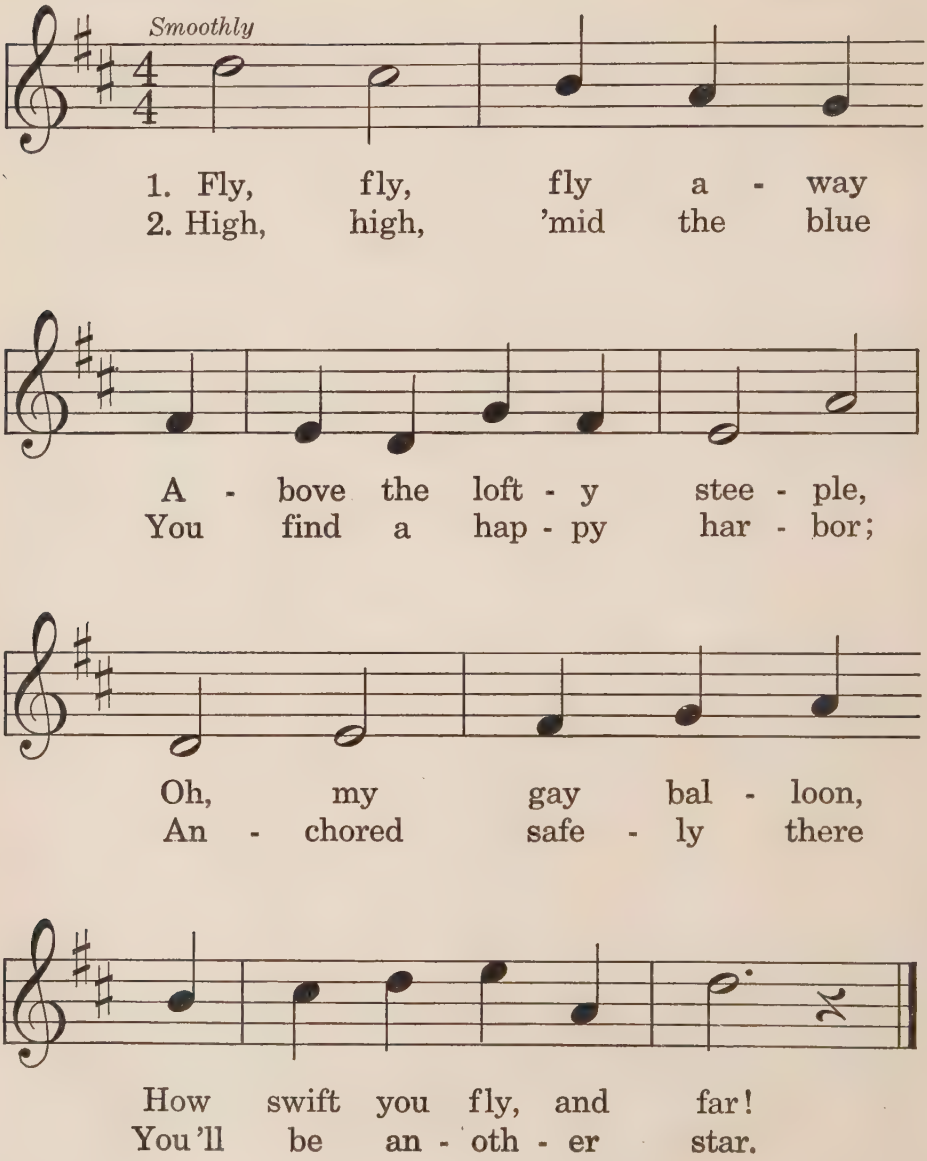
The mist came steal-ing, the world con - ceal - ing,



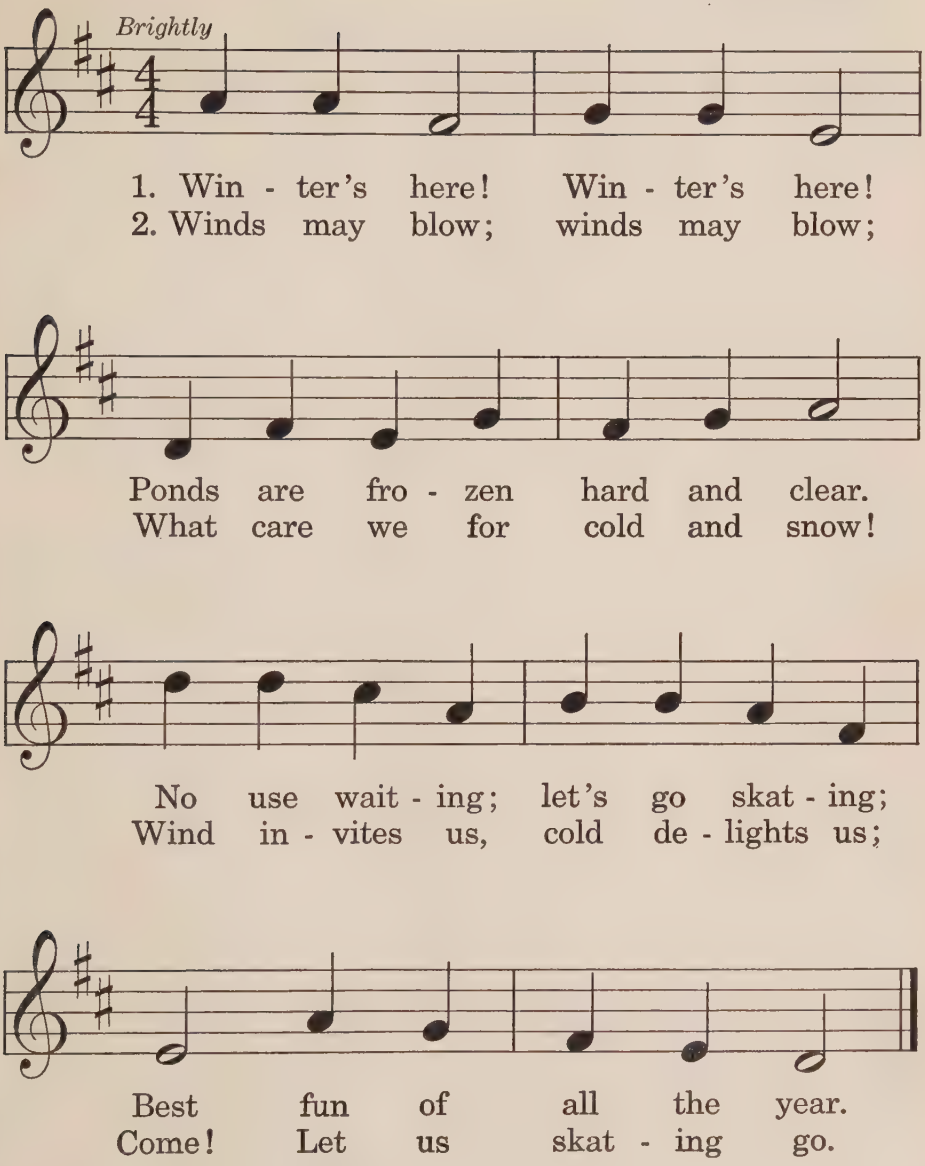
And hid - ing the blue of the sky. . .

MY BALLOON

M. Louise Baum

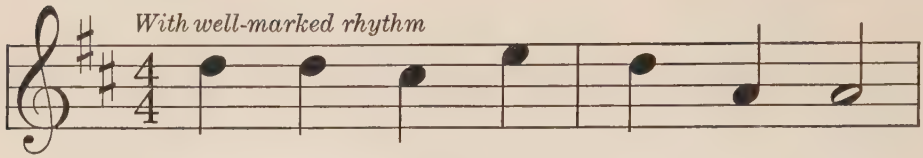
Melody

Smoothly
1. Fly, fly, fly a - way
2. High, high, 'mid the blue
A - bove the loft - y stee - ple,
You find a hap - py har - bor;
Oh, my gay bal - loon,
An - chored safe - ly there
How swift you fly, and far!
You'll be an - oth - er star.

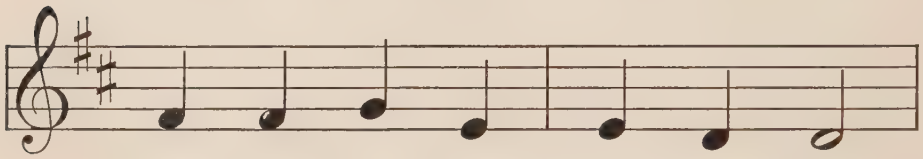
GOING SKATING

ROSE MILES HENRY MAYER

Brightly
1. Win - ter's here! Win - ter's here!
2. Winds may blow; winds may blow;
Ponds are fro - zen hard and clear.
What care we for cold and snow!
No use wait - ing; let's go skat - ing;
Wind in - vites us, cold de - lights us;
Best fun of all the year.
Come! Let us skat - ing go.

BIG BLACK BEETLE

EDITH ROBBINS E. W. NEWTON

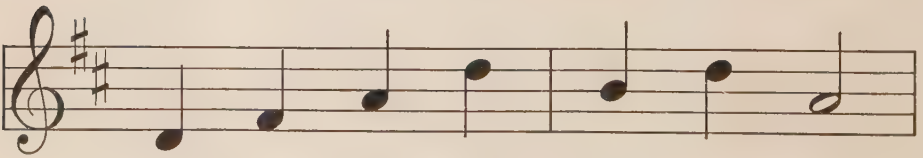
With well-marked rhythm

Big Black Bee - tle said one day,



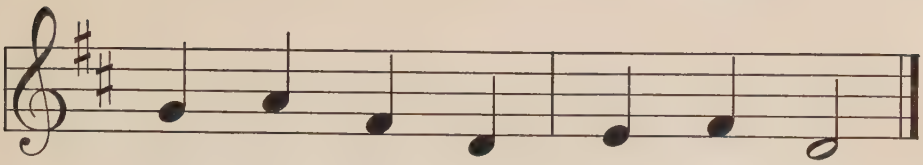
"Lit - tle bugs, you're in my way!

Lit - tle bugs just both - er me;

I'm a big bug, don't you see?"

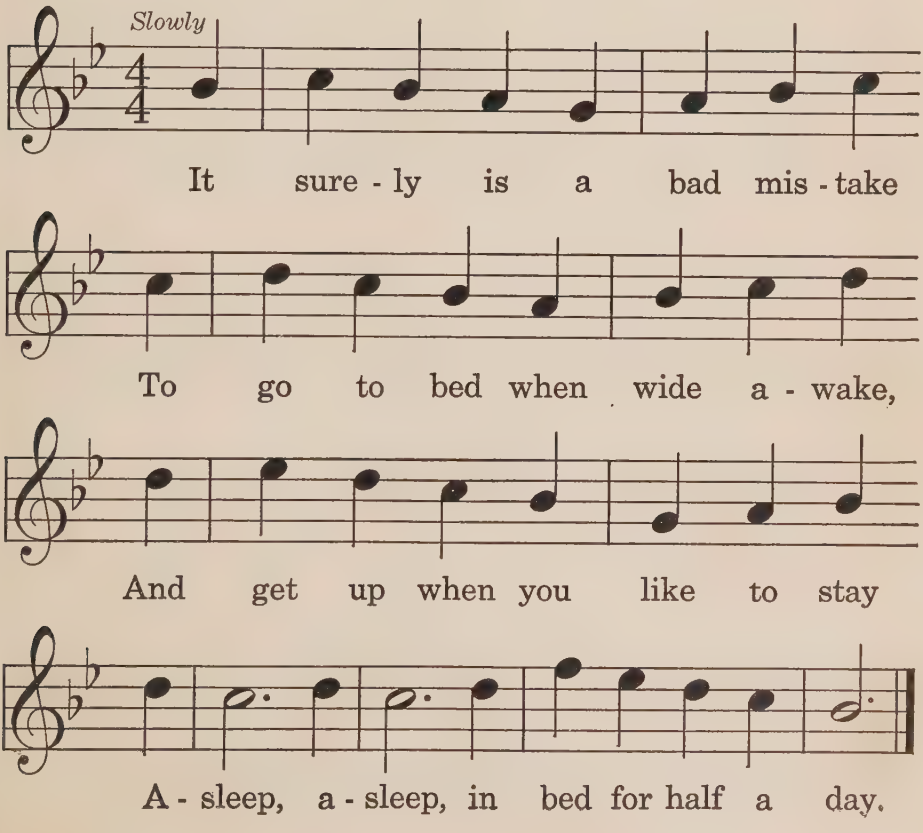


Lit - tle bugs said, "We can do



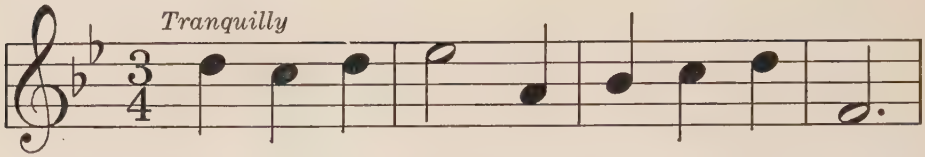
MISTAKES

ADELAIDE WALKER CARL ENGEL

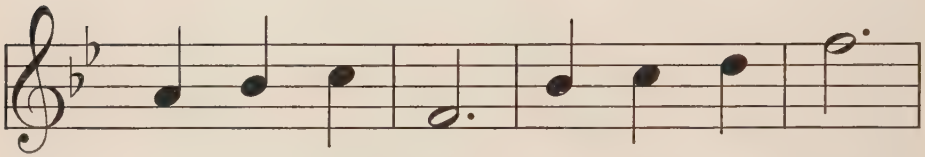

Slowly
It sure - ly is a bad mis - take
To go to bed when wide a - wake,
And get up when you like to stay
A - sleep, a - sleep, in bed for half a day.

SNOWFLAKES

NIXON WATERMAN — FOLK TUNE

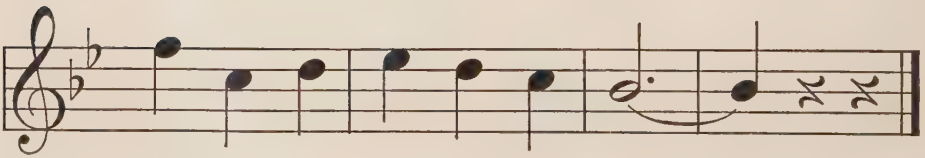


1. Win - ter is here, and, flut - ter - ing by,
2. When the wind blows,then, float - ing a - way,



Come the soft flakes down from the sky;
Drift the soft flakes care - less and gay;

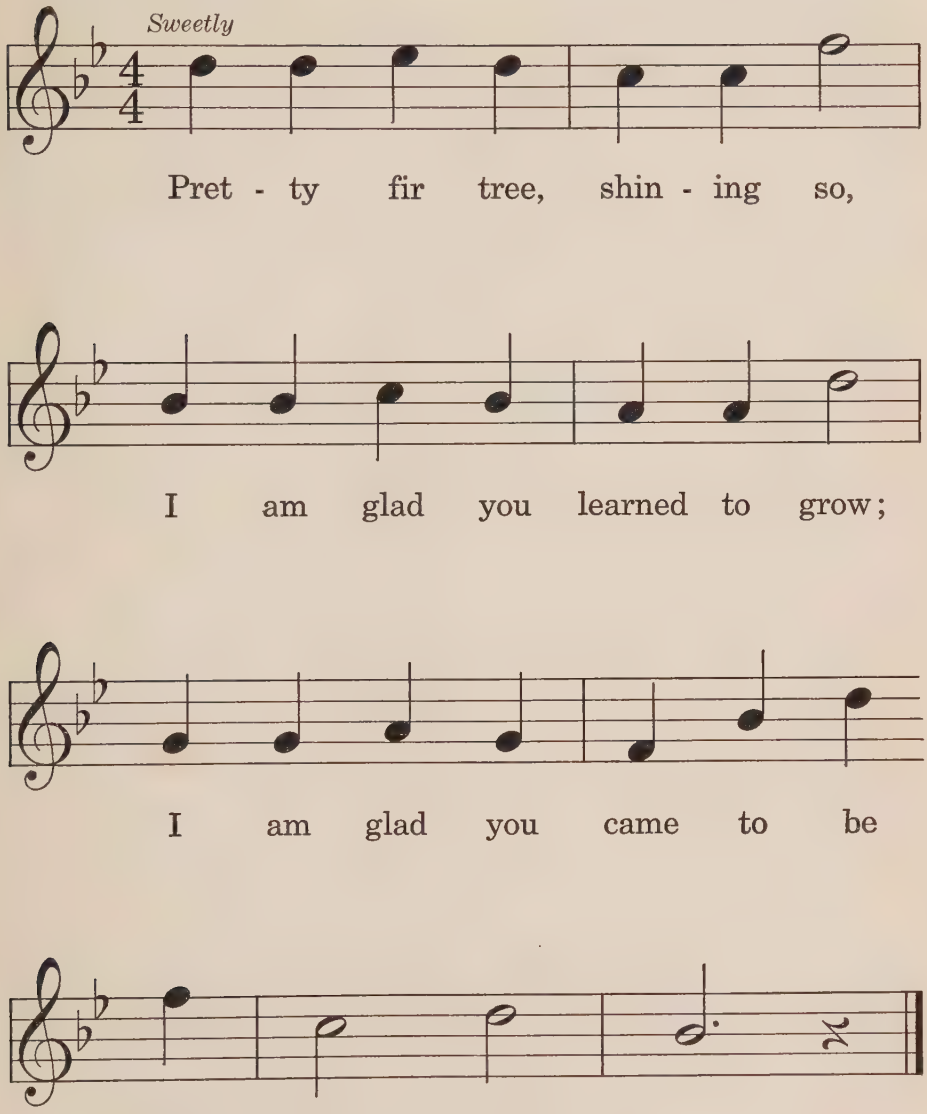
Fields that were brown grow sud - den - ly bright,
Watch-ing them dance in mer - ri - est glee,



Robed in a blan-ket of white. .
We'll be as hap - py and free. . .

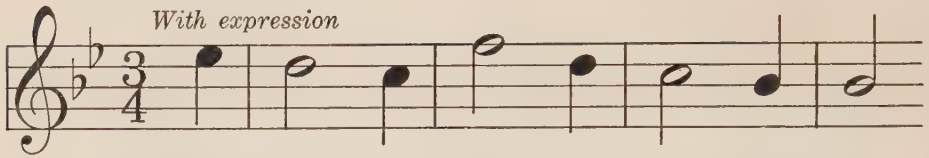
PRETTY FIR TREE

ANNETTE WYNNE RAYMOND ELLIS

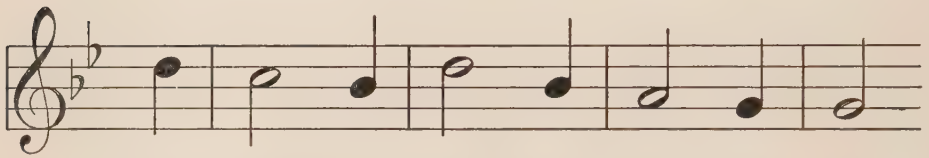


THE WIND

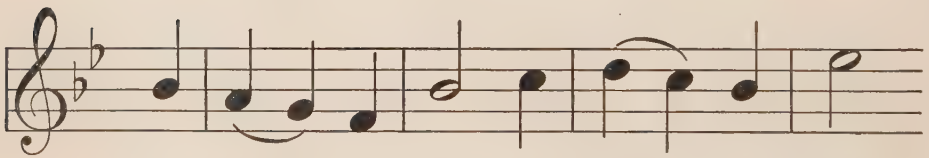
CAROLINE A. MASON E. W. NEWTON



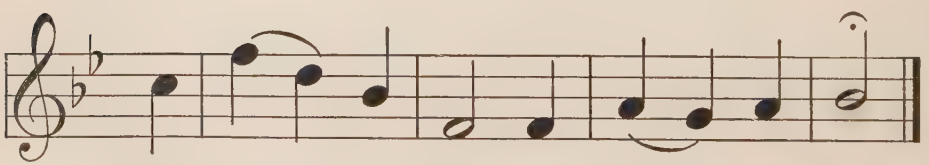
1. Which - ev - er way the wind may blow,
2. My lit - tle bark sails not a - lone;



Some heart is glad to have it so;
A thou - sand fleets from ev - 'ry zone



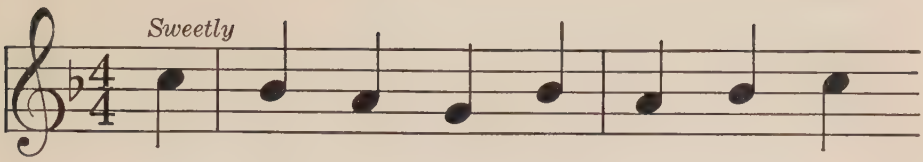
Then blow · it east, or blow · it west,
Are out · up - on a thou - sand seas,



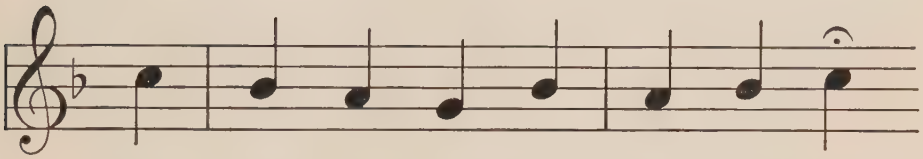
The wind that blows, That wind is best.
And each a - waits A fa - v'ring breeze.

MOONLIGHT

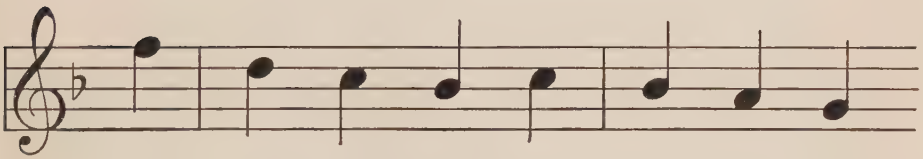
LUCY ALLEN WILL EARHART



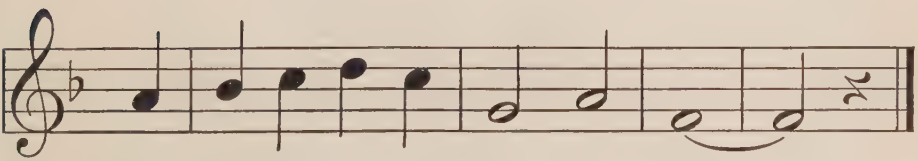
The moon is shin - ing through the trees



That rus - tle in the gen - tle breeze;



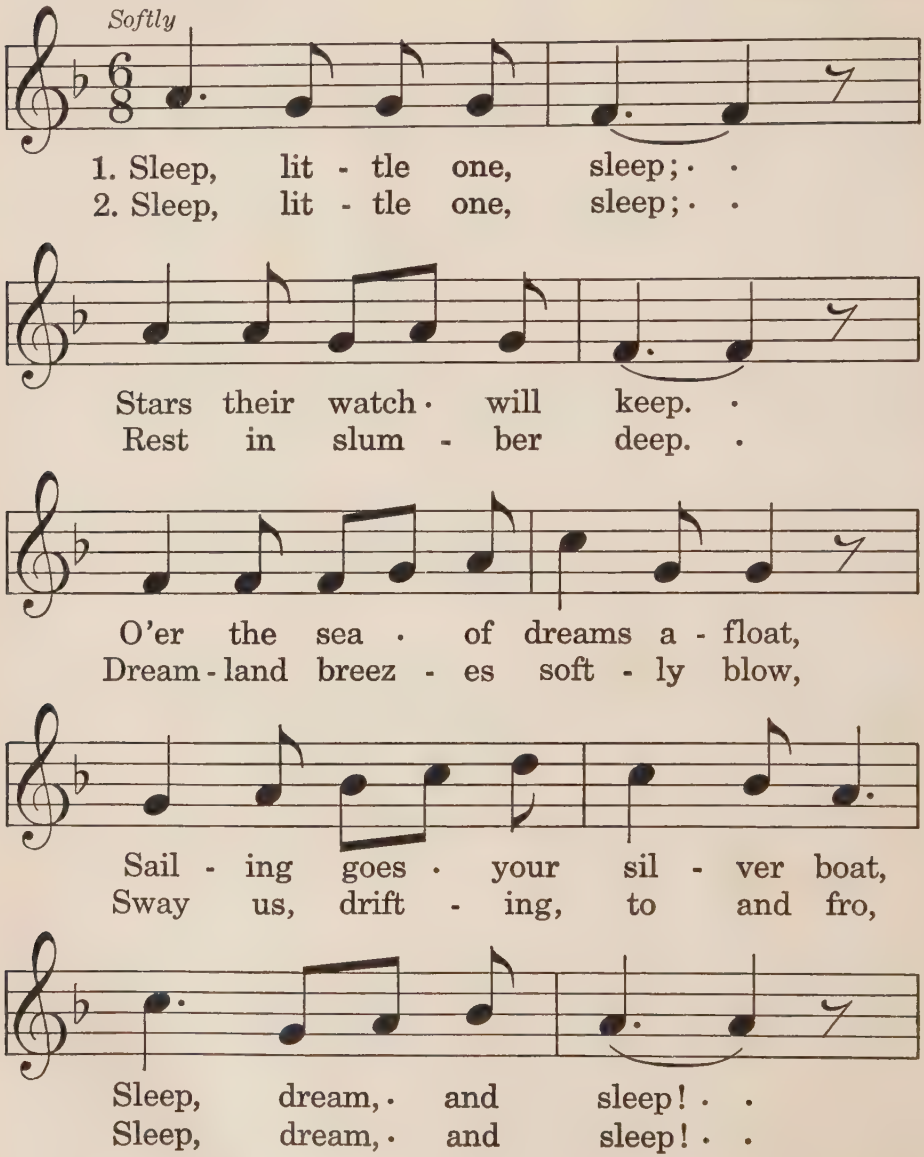
I won - der where it gets the light

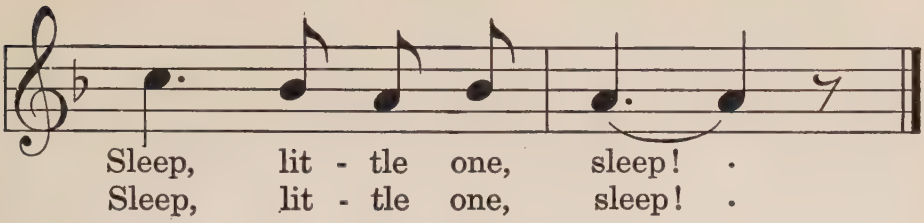


To shine up - on us all the night.

SLEEP, LITTLE ONE, SLEEP

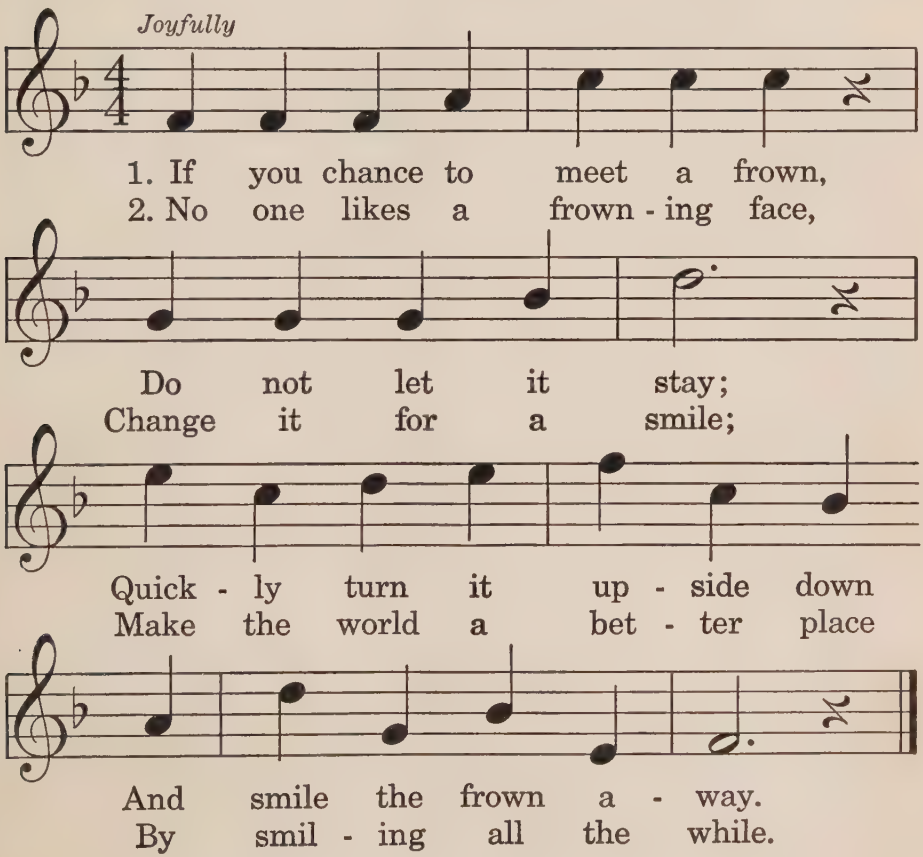
Translated by
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

FOLK SONG

Softly
1. Sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; . .
2. Sleep, lit - tle one, sleep; . .
Stars their watch . will keep. .
Rest in slum - ber deep. .
O'er the sea . of dreams a - float,
Dream - land breez - es soft - ly blow,
Sail - ing goes . your sil - ver boat,
Sway us, drift - ing, to and fro,
Sleep, dream, . and sleep! . .
Sleep, dream, . and sleep! . .



SMILES

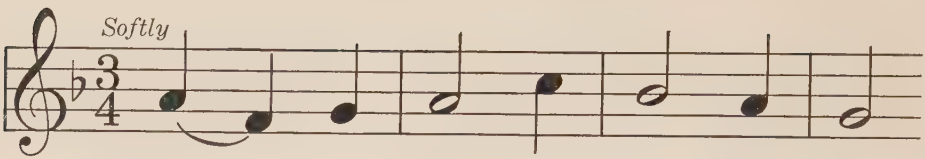
DANIEL TAYLOR HELEN S. LEAVITT


Joyfully
1. If you chance to meet a frown,
2. No one likes a frown - ing face,
Do not let it stay;
Change it for a smile;
Quick - ly turn it up - side down
Make the world a bet - ter place
And smile the frown a - way.
By smil - ing all the while.

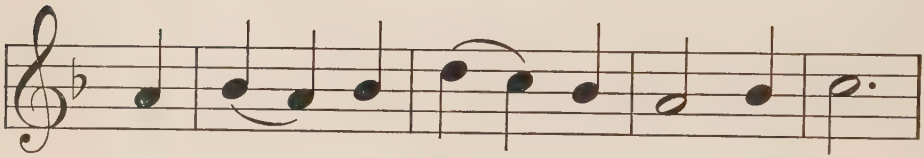
THE STORY TIME

CELIA STANDISH

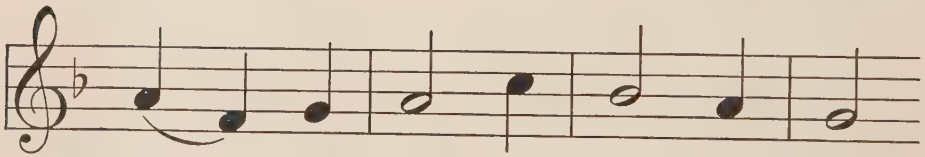
FOLK TUNE



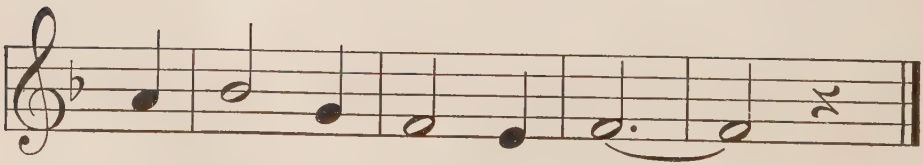
Aft - er all the work is done,



As eve - ning shad - ows gath - er near,

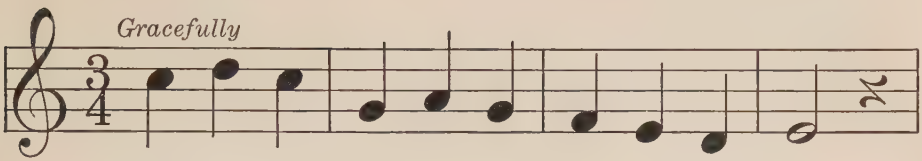


Moth - er reads the sto - ry - book,

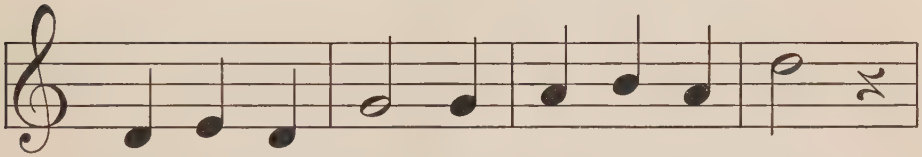


The one we love to hear. . .

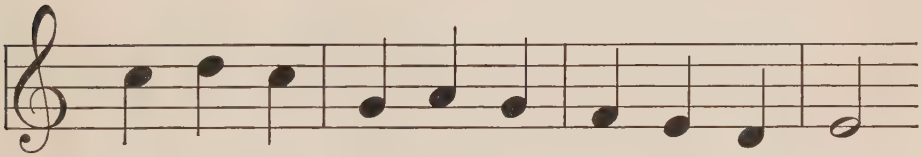
MARY ROOT KERN MARY ROOT KERN



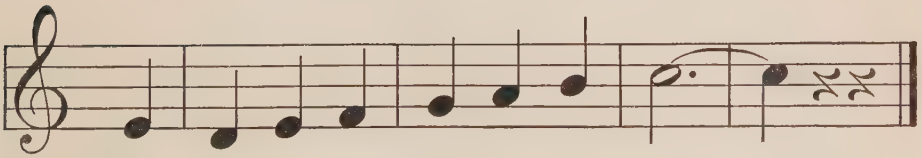
Grass-es and clo-ver are cov-ered with dew,



Doves soft-ly coo, The sky is all blue;



Lit-tle white dai-sy is nod-ding to you,

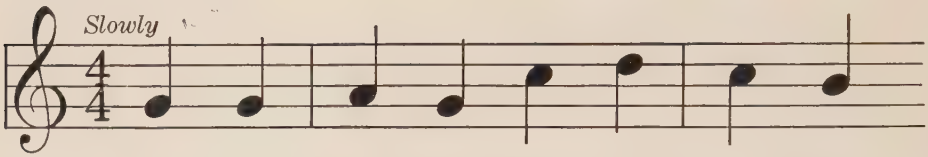


"Good-morn-ing, and how do you do?".

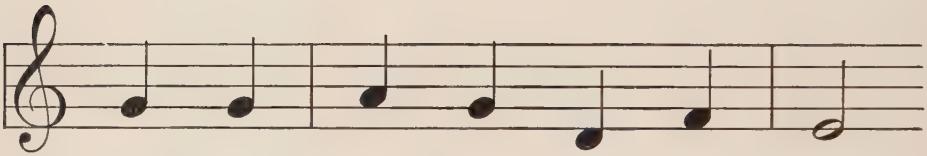
TELLTALE TRACKS

F. H. SWIFT
in *St. Nicholas*

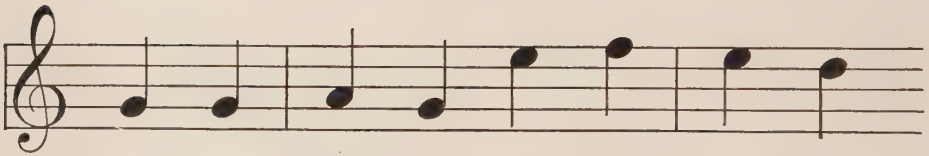
WILSON WHITE



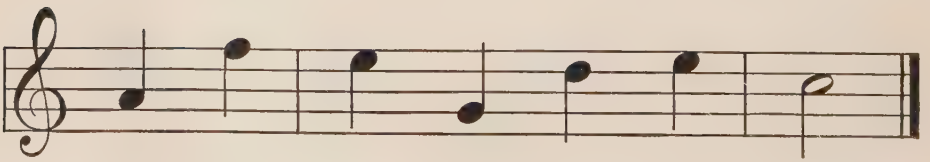
On a clear and frost - y morn - ing,



When the snow is soft and white,



You can see the tracks of rab - bits

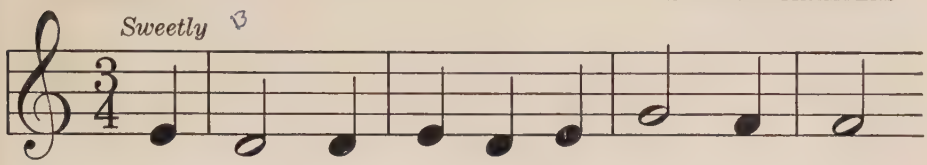


Who went call - ing through the night.

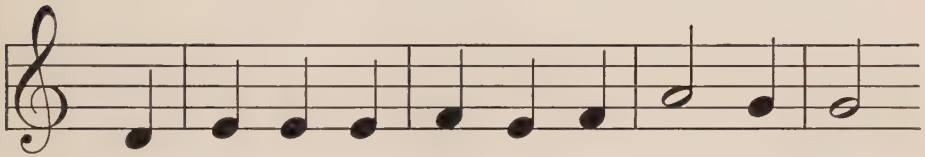
MY VALENTINE

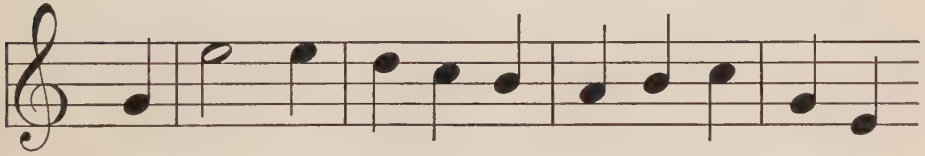
ROSE MILES STEPHEN CHAMBERS

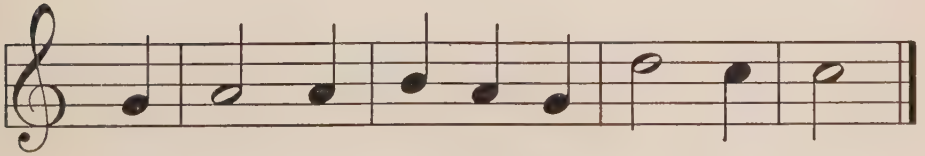
Sweetly



1. The post - man came, to my great de - light,
2. A - cross the top was a climb - ing vine,



And brought me a val - en - tine big and bright,
And all round the edge there were lac - es fine;

All trimmed with po - sies and doz - ens of ros - es
While fair - ies play-ing, on sil-ver wings sway-ing,



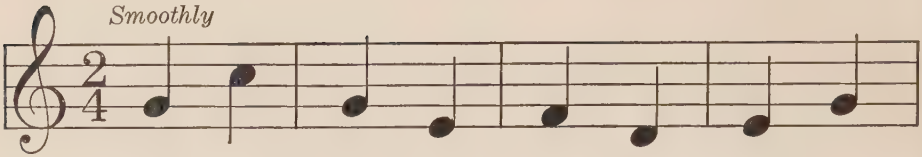
And tied with rib - bons of red and white.
All said to me, "Be my Val - en - tine?"

THE SHOPPERS

M. Louise Baum

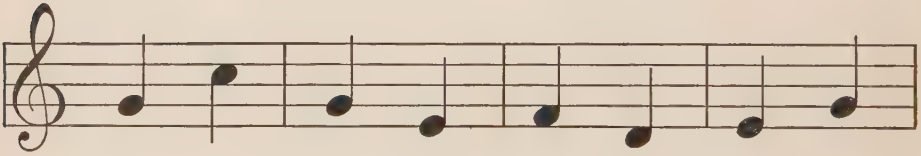
Folk Tune

Smoothly



1. Par - a - sols are all the fash - ion,
2. When the sum - mer rain is stop - ping,

You can buy them bright or pale,
Just as sun - shine comes a - gain,

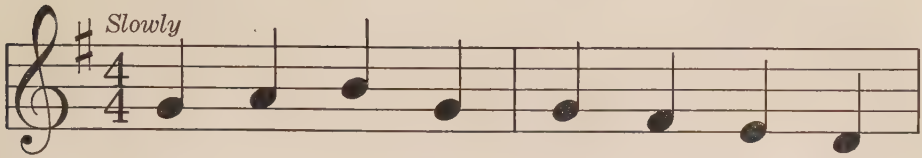


Grow - ing on a pine - leaf cush - ion,
Then for par - a - sols go shop - ping,

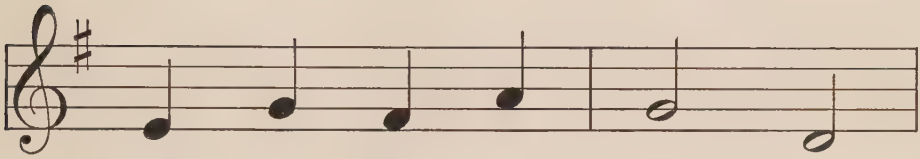
Col - ored toad - stools show for sale.
Red or yel - low, frilled or plain.

VOICE OF THE WIND

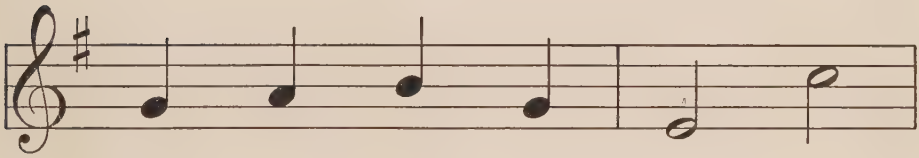
NIXON WATERMAN FOLK TUNE



1. What is it the wind is say - ing
2. It is tell - ing us of June-time,



Through the tree - top sway - ing,
Sum - mer's love - ly noon - time,



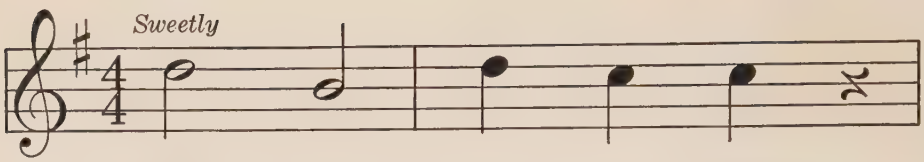
When it goes a - stray - ing
Hap - py birds' own tune - time,

Like a wan - d'ring voice?
When all things re - joice.

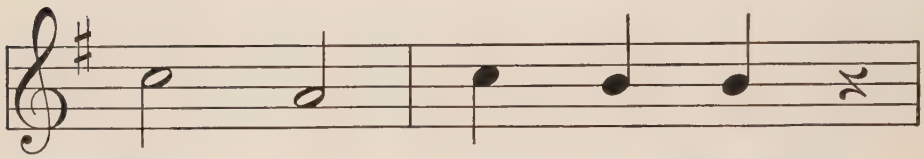
THE BONFIRE

ROSE MILES

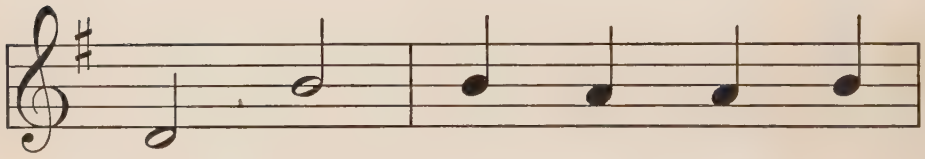
FOLK TUNE



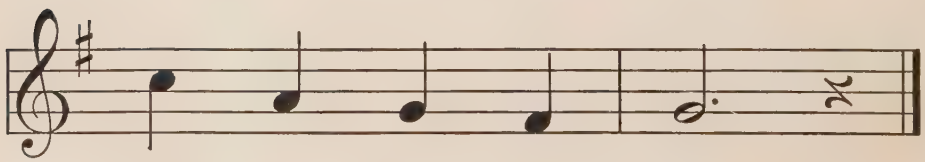
1. Bon - fire flam - ing bright,
2. Safe, safe, from all harm



Shine, shine, shine to - night,
You cause no a - larm;

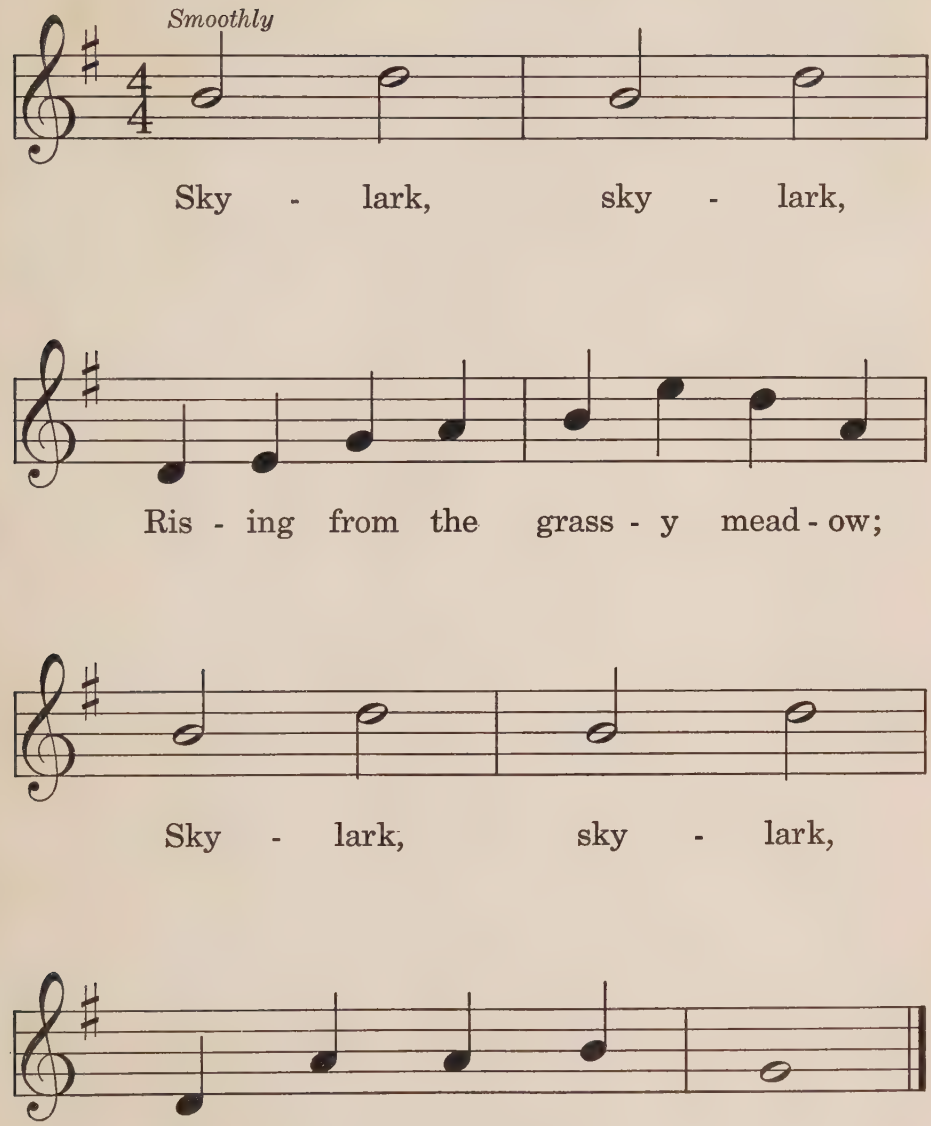


While we dance a - round you,
While we love to lin - ger

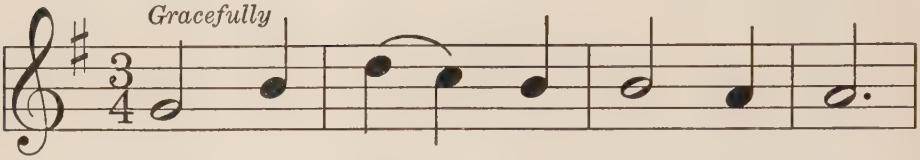


Wrapped in mel - low light.
Where you weave your charm.

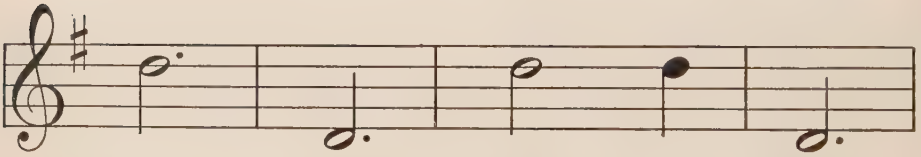
SKYLARK

LENA CHASE E. W. NEWTON

THE BIRD'S SWING

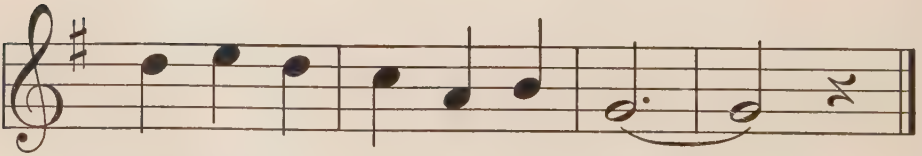
EDITH ROBBINS RUTH MAYNARD

Gracefully

1. Ba - by birds are sleep - ing now,
2. Whis - p'ring winds will sing and keep

Gen - tly sway - ing on the bough;
Ba - by birds . all fast a - sleep;



Swing, swing, sway and swing,
Swing, swing, sway and swing,

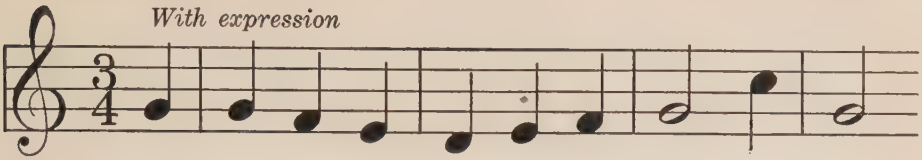


Swing with the breeze in the trees. . .
Swing with the breeze in the trees. . .

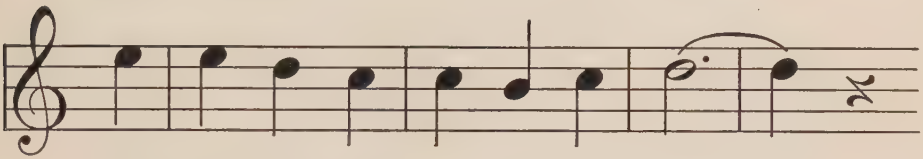
A MORNING THOUGHT

LUCY ALLEN MARY R. CARROLL

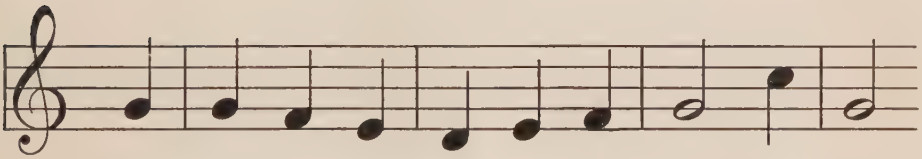
With expression



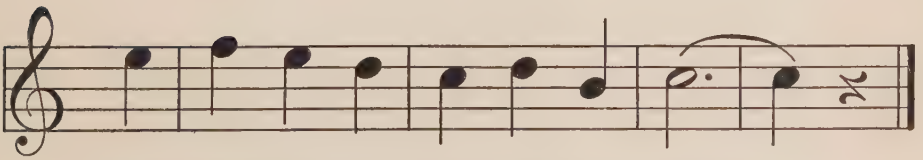
Good morn-ing, bright sun-beams, the day is fine,



The shad-ows have gone with the night;



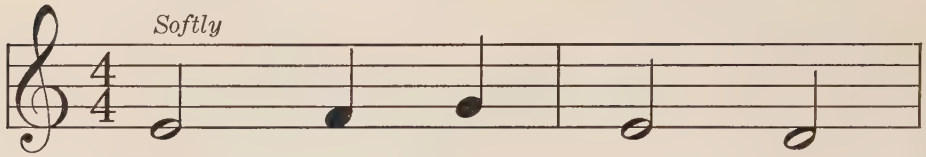
We thank the kind Fa-ther Whose lov-ing care

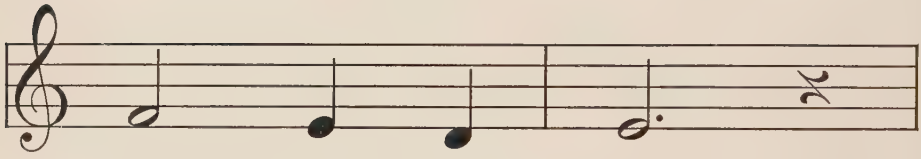


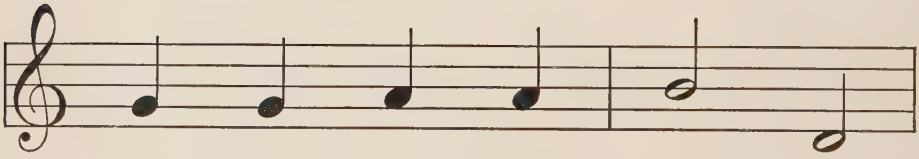
Pro-vides both the dark-ness and light.

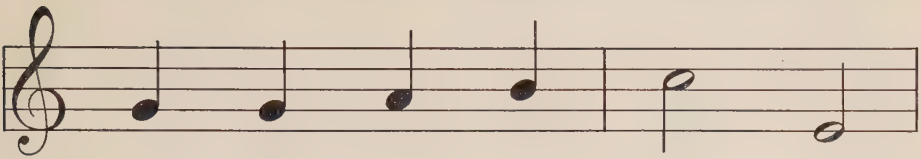
WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI — MARY ROOT KERN

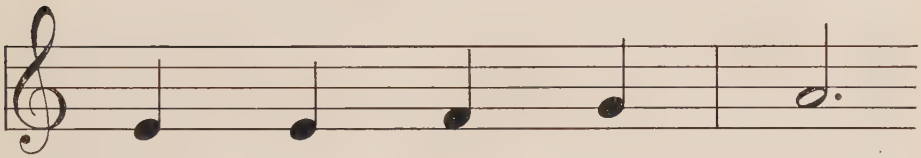




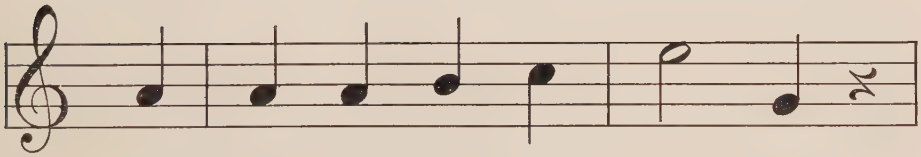


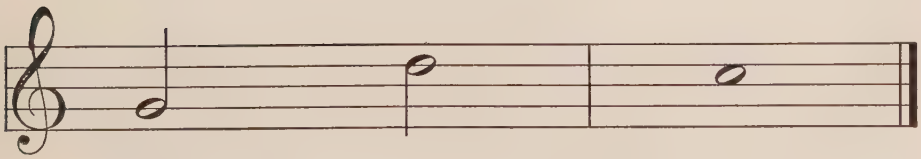


If I were a wise man,



I would do my part;

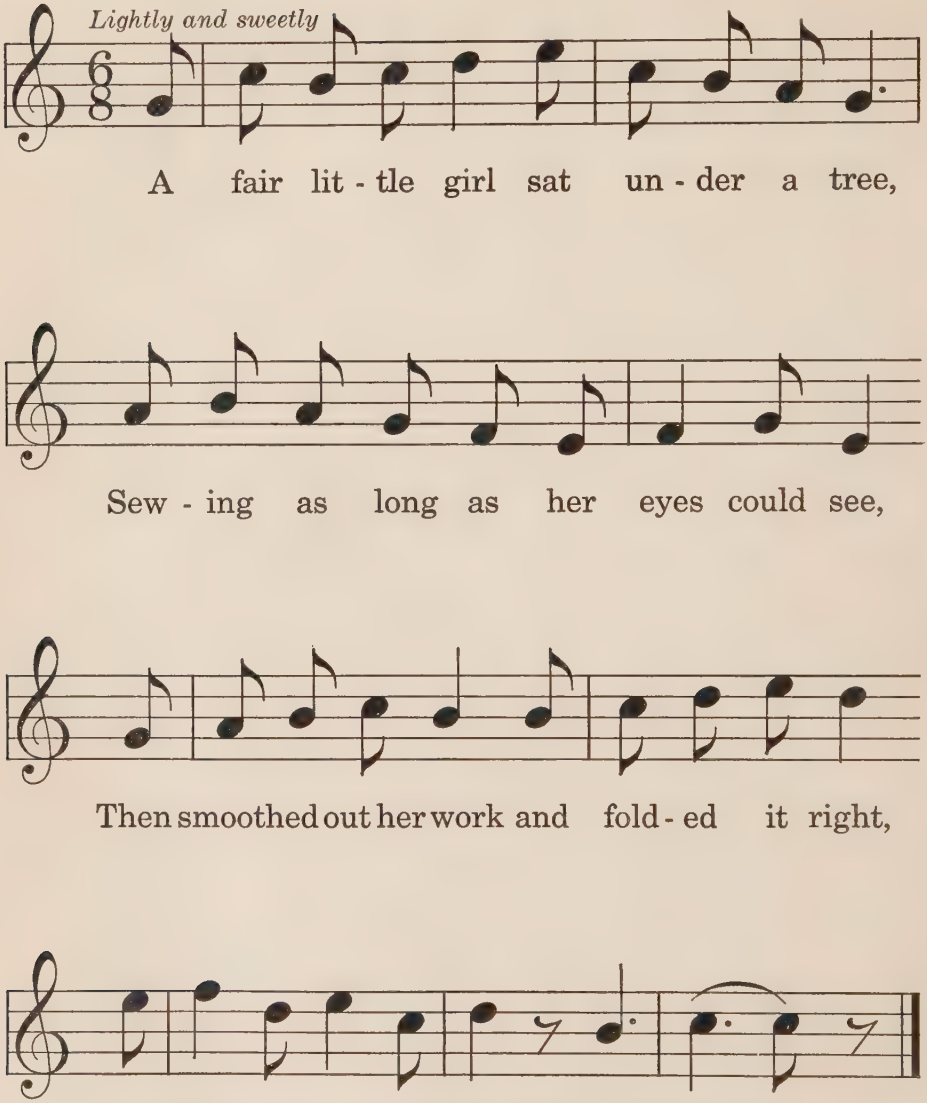


Yet what I can, I give Him;

Give my heart.

GOOD NIGHT

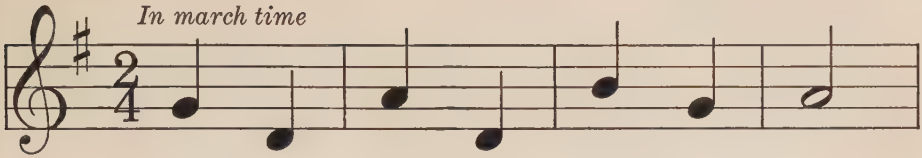
LORD HOUGHTON

HENRY F. GILBERT

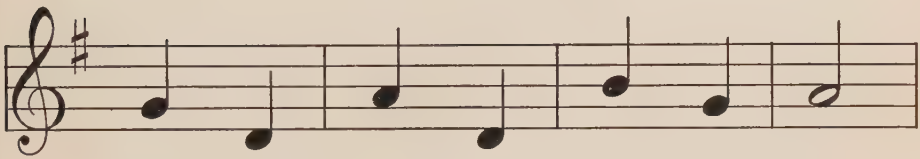

Lightly and sweetly
A fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree,
Sew - ing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed out her work and fold - ed it right,
And said, "Dear work, Good night, good night!"

CLEMENT DWIGHT RALPH L. BALDWIN

In march time



March - ing, march - ing, round and round,



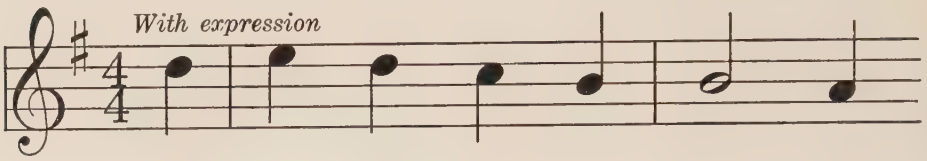
Fin - est sol - diers ev - er found;

Cap - tain Ted - dy leads the way,

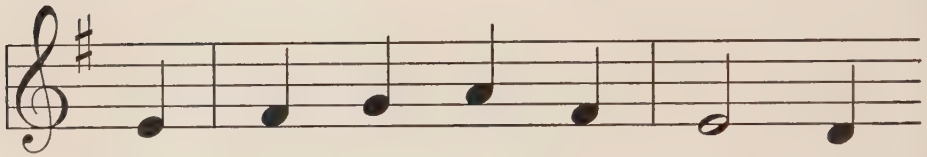
We must fol - low and o - bey.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS BELLS

ADELAIDE WALKER RAYMOND ELLIS

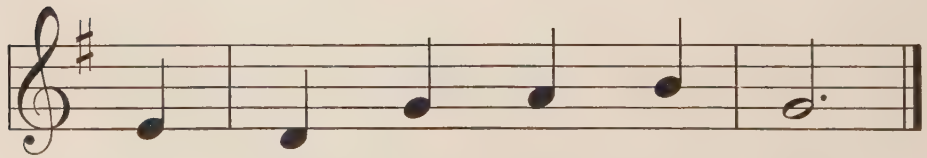


The Christ - mas bells are sway - ing,



Their mer - ry car - ols play - ing,

"O give! O give!" They're say - ing,

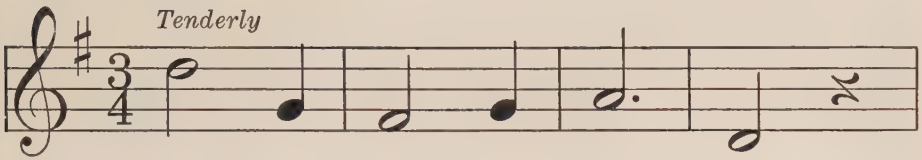


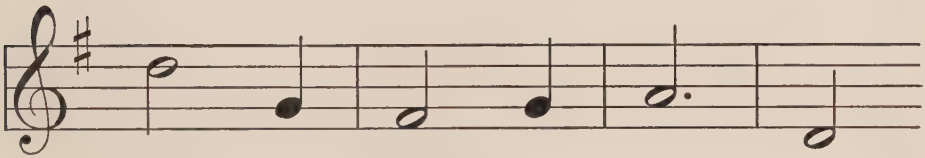
"For this is Christ - mas day."

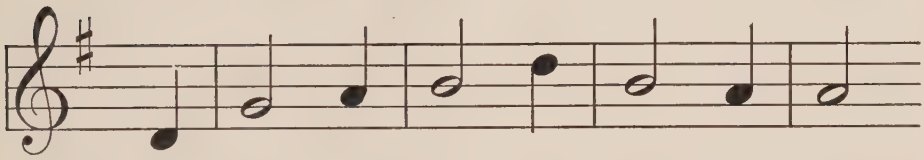
BYLO, BABY BUNTING

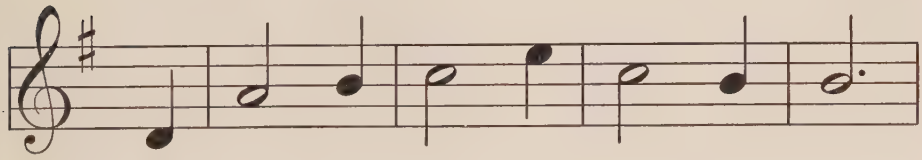
MOTHER GOOSE E. W. NEWTON

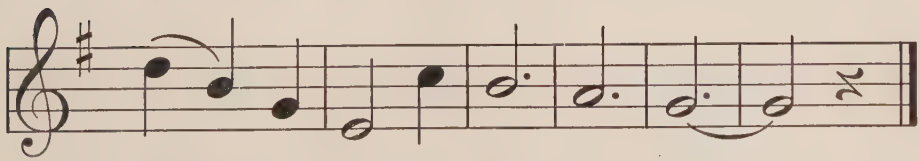
Tenderly







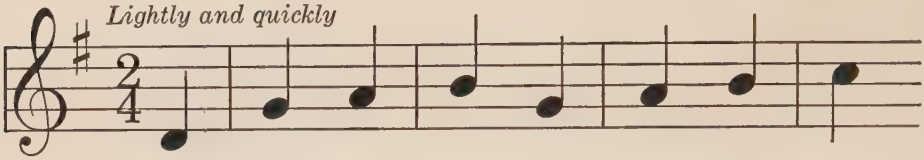




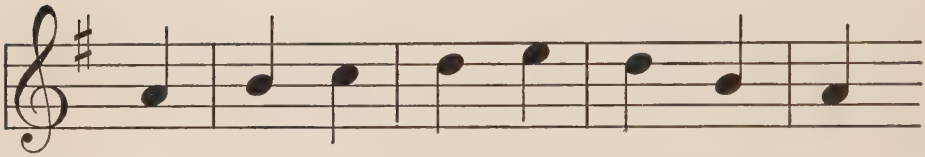
BREEZE OF SPRING

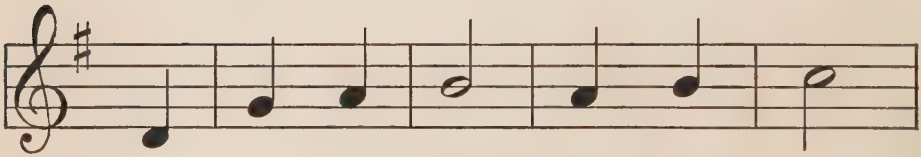
EDITH ROBBINS LAURA MASON

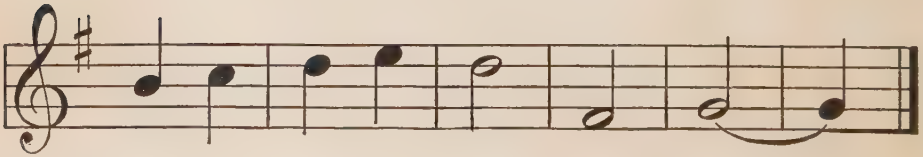
Lightly and quickly



The breeze of spring a - cross the hills



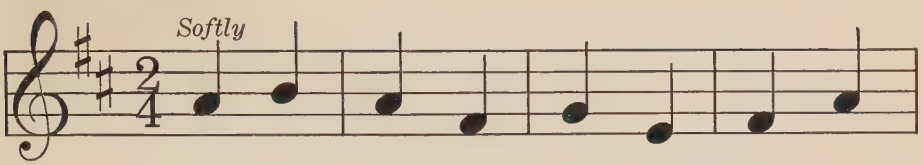
A - wakes the riv - ers, lakes, and rills,

While here and there, ev - 'ry - where,

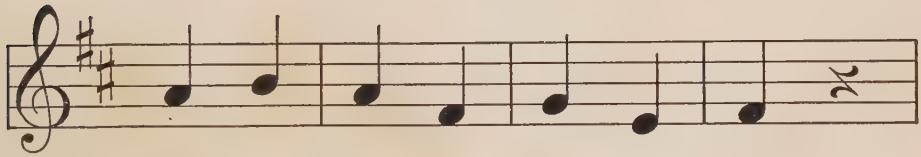


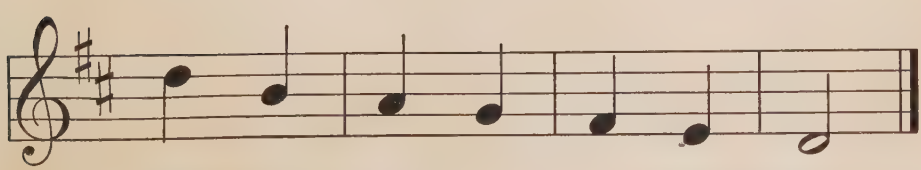
Spring-time fra-grance fills the air. . .

DANDELION

ANSTIS BARLOW — OLD TUNE





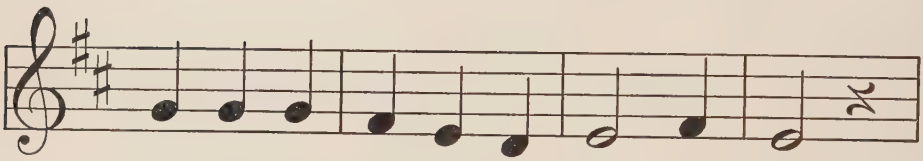


WOODPECKER

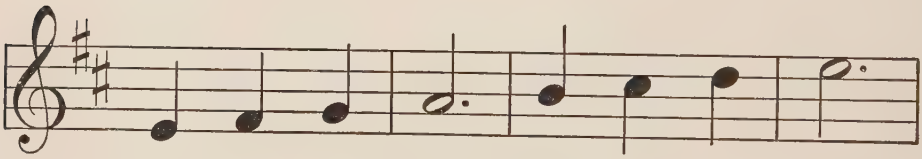
EDITH ROBBINS

FOLK TUNE

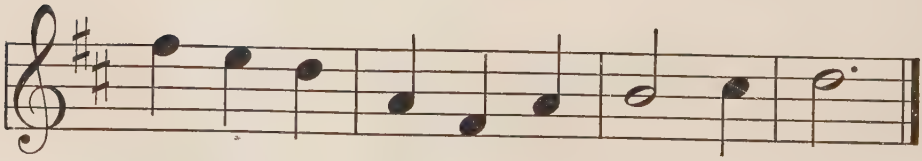
Wood-peck-er, wood-peck-er, peck-ing a - way;



Wood-peck-er, bus - y the live - long day,



Work - ing a - way, work - ing a - way,



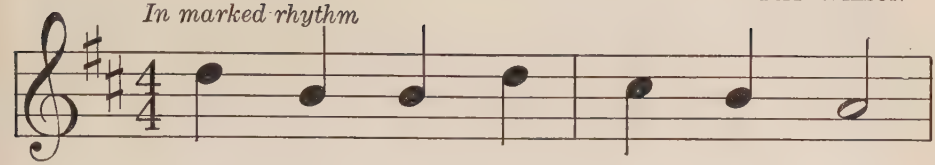
Wood-peck - er, bus - i - est bird in May.

THE ZEBRA

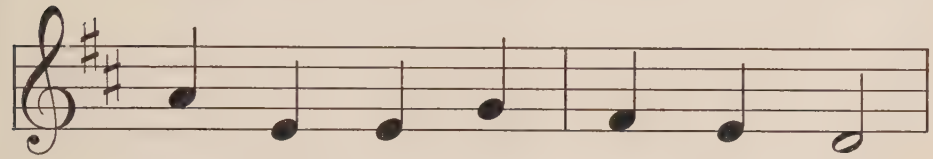
EDITH ROBBINS

FAY WILSON

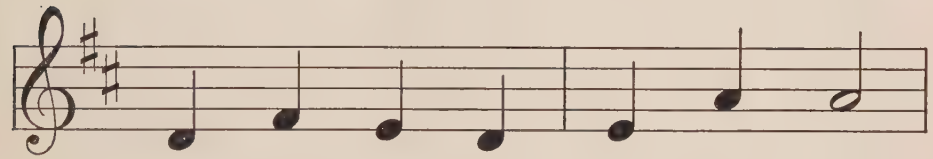
In marked rhythm



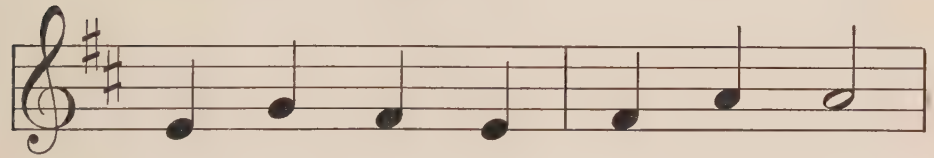
Zig - zag Ze - bra came to town,



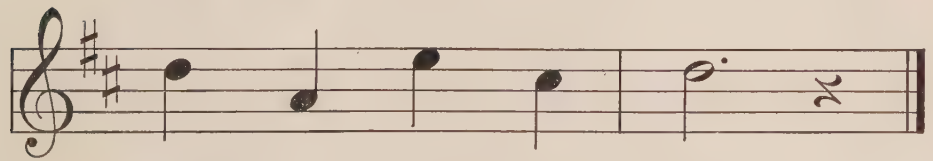
Striped all o - ver, up and down.



Poor old horse said, "I don't care,



All those stripes I would not wear;

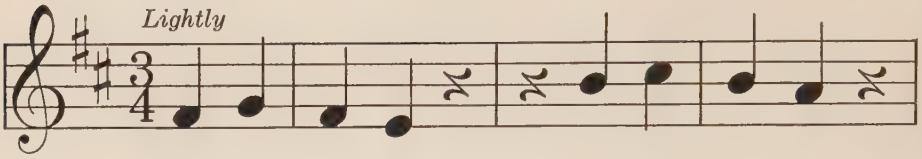


Stripes I would not wear."

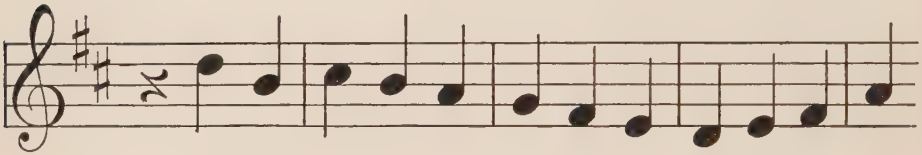
KITTY

CELIA STANDISH HELEN S. LEAVITT

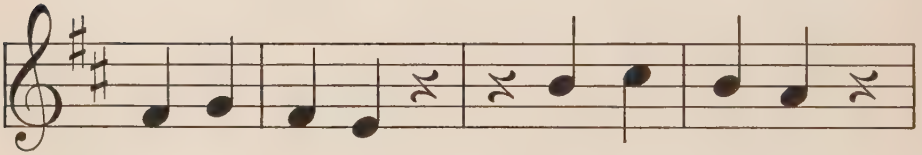
Lightly



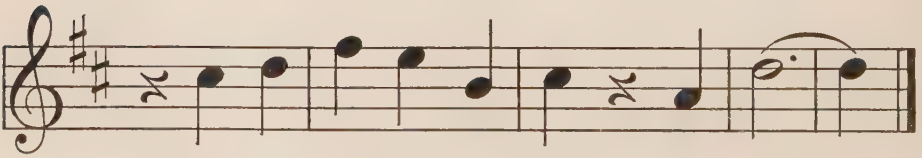
1. Lit - tle kit - ty, my gray kit - ty,
2. With your broth-er, your big broth-er,



Just a small down-y ball, ver - y fuzz-y and fat.
How you race, how you chase, how you frol-ic and play!



What a pit - y, what a pit - y,
But your moth-er, your poor moth-er,

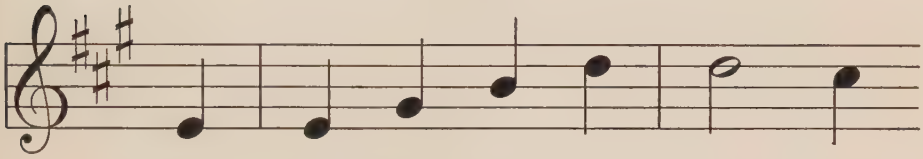


That you soon must be - come a cat!
Wants to lie in the sun all day.

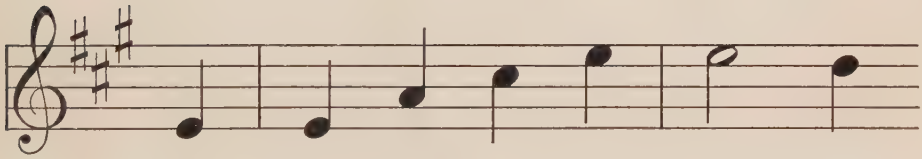
WHILE WE SLEEP

LENA DAY — FOLK SONG

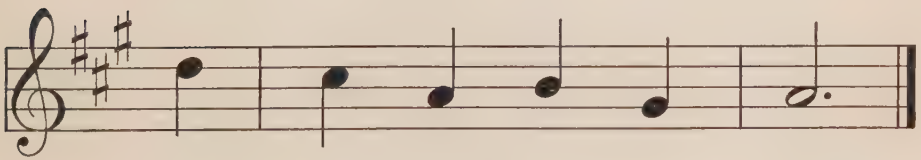
1. While chil - dren all are dream - ing,
2. Then ti - ny lights are glow - ing,



The sil - ver moon is beam - ing,
And ti - ny fac - es show - ing,



And stars of light are gleam - ing
Yet we sleep all un - know - ing



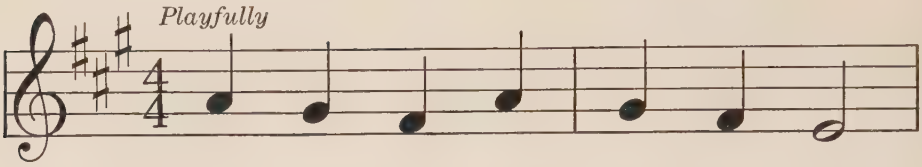
A - cross the dusk - y sky.
That fair - y folk pass by.

THE CHIPMUNK

ADELAIDE WALKER

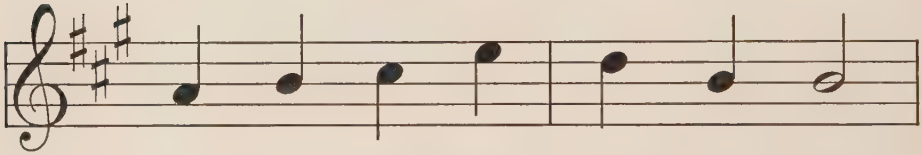
KENNETH STRONG

Playfully

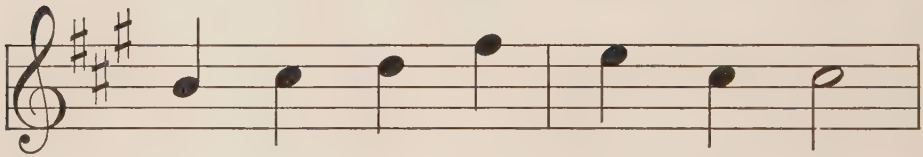


Lit - tle Chip-munk, seems to me

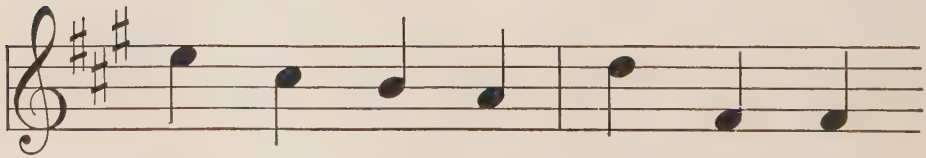
You're the queer - est friend I see.



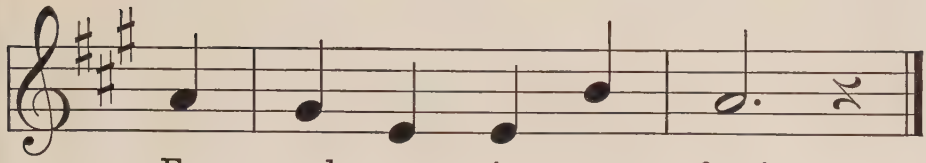
Pock - ets in your cheeks, I'm told,



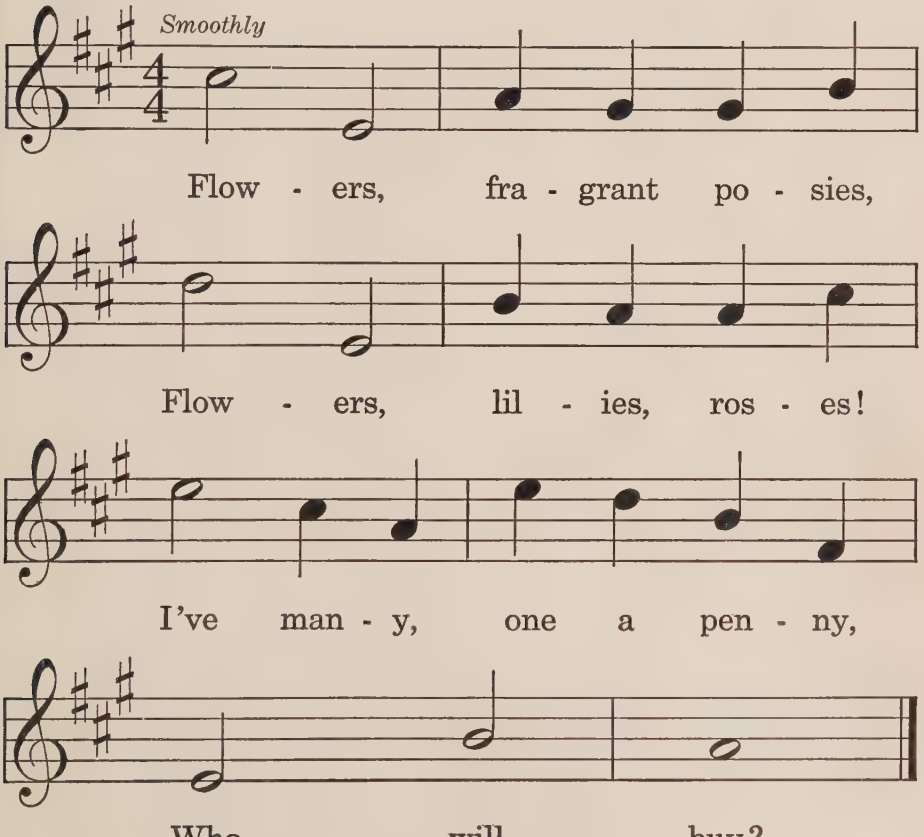
Nuts and oth - er things to hold;



Such a ver - y fun - ny place

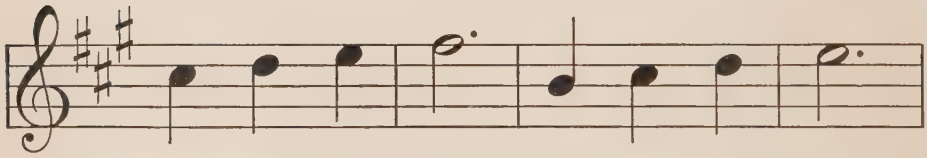


FLOWERS TO SELL

MARY WEBSTER RAYMOND ELLIS

THE WINTER MOON

ANSTIS BARLOW

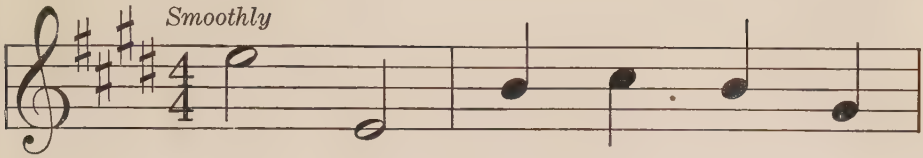
MELODY

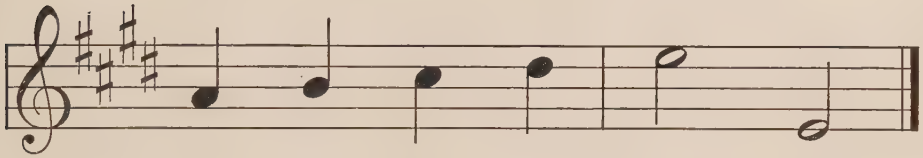


APPLES

WILL EARHART

WILL EARHART

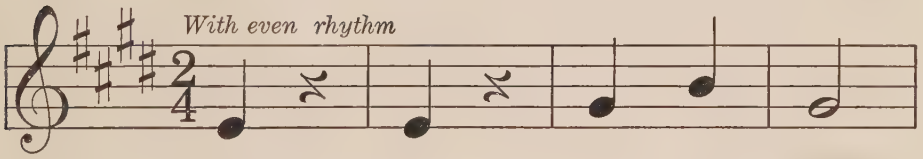


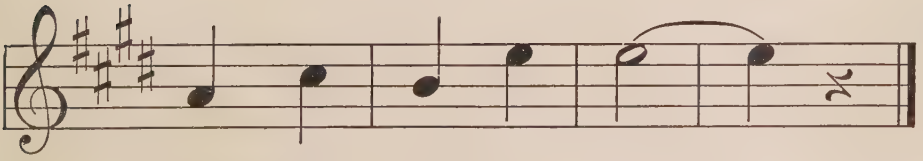


THE TRAIN

MARY ROOT KERN

MARY ROOT KERN

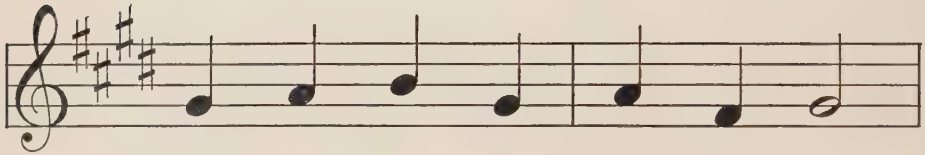




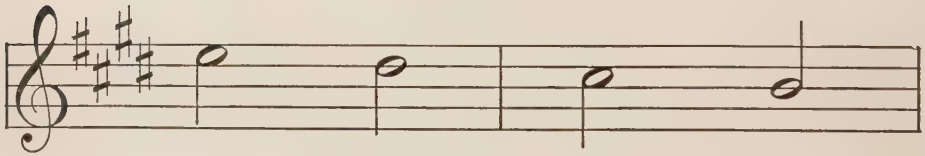
THE BROWNIES

CELIA STANDISH — FOLK TUNE

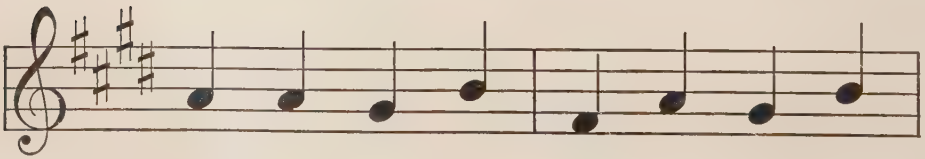
1. When the moon is rid - ing high,
2. Come the brown - ies rac - ing on;



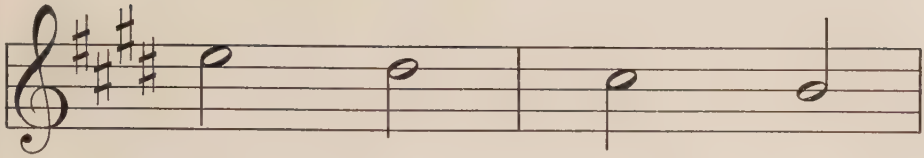
Through the wood - land sounds a cry:
All the world is theirs till dawn;



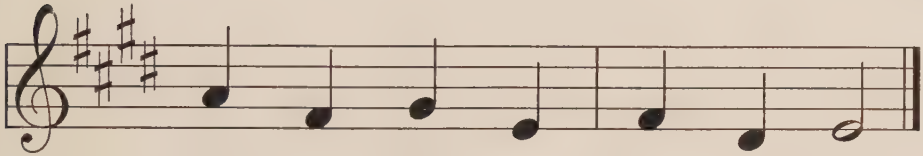
Ho - la! Ho - la!
Ho - la! Ho - la!



Ring - ing clear - er, com - ing near - er;
Skip - ping, pranc - ing, trip - ping, danc - ing;



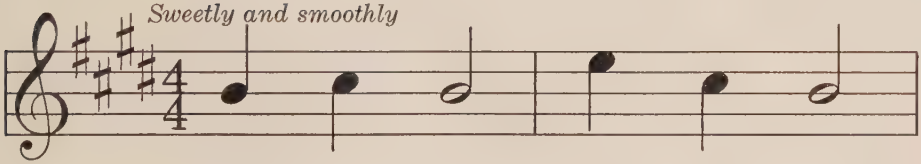
Ho - la! Ho - la!
Ho - la! Ho - la!



Faint and far, yet draw - ing nigh.
But at sun - rise they are gone.

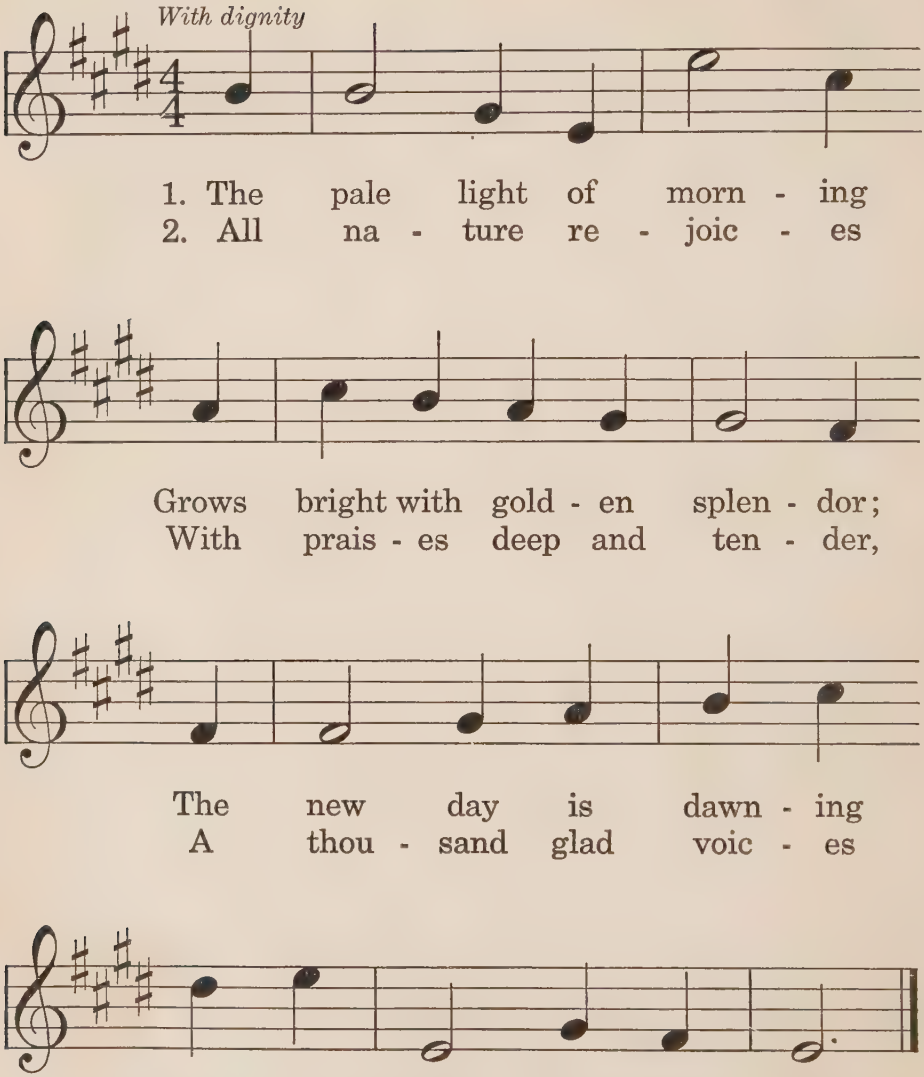
PIGEON BLUE

HELEN CALL HELEN CALL

Sweetly and smoothly

Coo - roo - coo, pi - geon blue;

Nod your head and how d'you do!

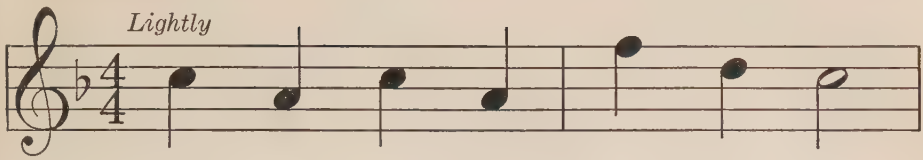
SUNRISE

AMELIA AMES — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

With dignity
1. The pale light of morn - ing
2. All na - ture re - joic - es
Grows bright with gold - en splen - dor;
With prais - es deep and ten - der,
The new day is dawn - ing
A thou - sand glad voic - es
Through the clouds' ros - y veil.
Fill the wood - land and dale.

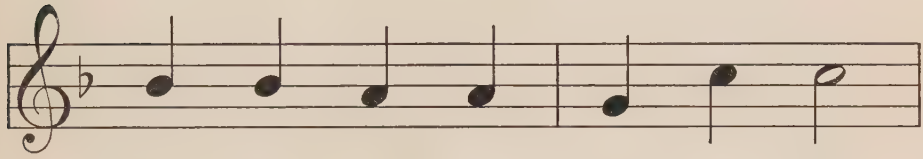
MOTHER'S COOKIES

LUCY ALLEN — FOLK TUNE

Lightly



1. Moth - er takes her roll - ing pin,
2. Cook - ies must not bake too fast;



Rolls her spic - y dough quite thin,
Moth - er takes them out at last;

Cuts the cook - ies out with care;
They are crisp - y, warm and sweet.

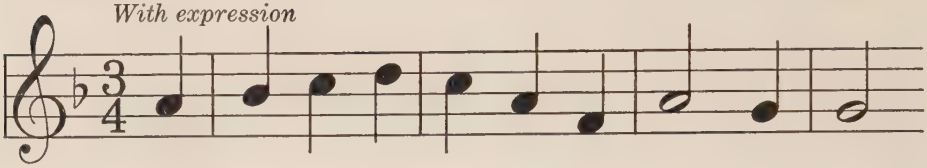
Some are round and some are square.
Oh, how good they are to eat!

THE SOUTH WIND

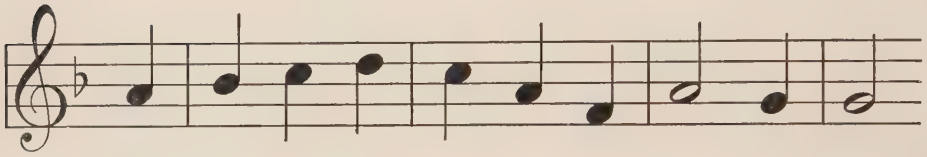
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

E. F. ST. DENIS

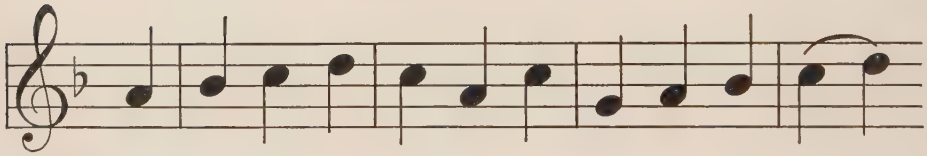
With expression



1. The south wind is bring-ing the sum - mer new,
2. The south wind is bring-ing us treas - ures rare,



With ros - es and lil - ies and skies of blue,
With blos-soms per - fum - ing the sum - mer air,



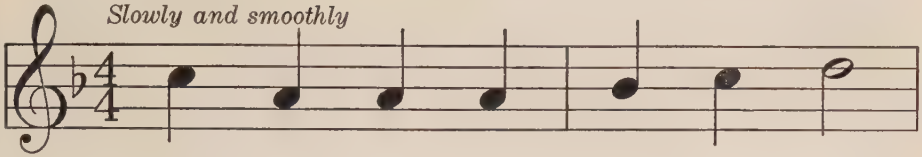
And o - ver the hills is a rap - ture that thrills
And won-der - ful things the kind sum-mer time brings,

And whis-pers the mes-sage to me and you.
Her sweet-ness and beau - ty are ev - 'ry - where.

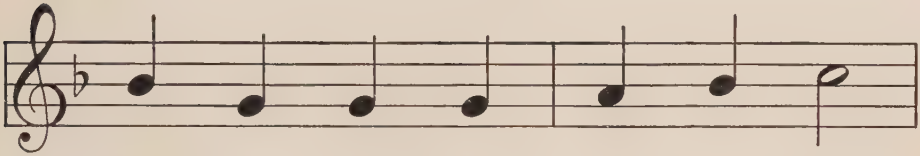
STARS AND FLOWERS

M. Louise Baum — Franz Schubert

Slowly and smoothly

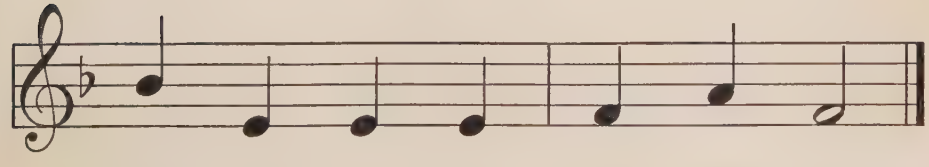


1. When the winds of eve - ning blow,
2. Stars are quite the oth - er way.



Then the blos - soms drow - sy grow,
They are all a - sleep by day;

Just as boys and girls, you know,
But at night they of - ten stay



Off to sleep at twi - light go.
Out of doors to dance or play.

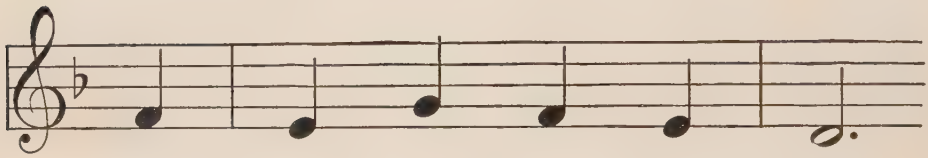
THE LOST KITE

MARY WEBSTER

RALPH L. BALDWIN

With feeling

1. Oh, once I had a splen - did kite,
2. It caught up - on a tree - top slim



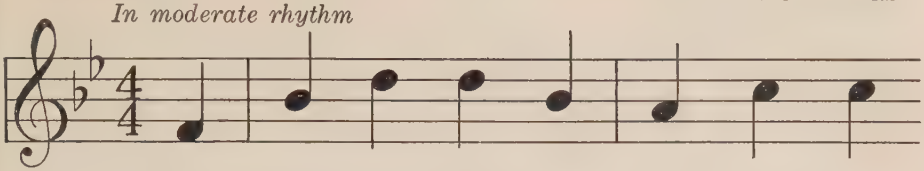
Its tail was ver - y long;
And there it chose to stay;

I took it out to fly one night
It wrapped its tail a - round a limb;

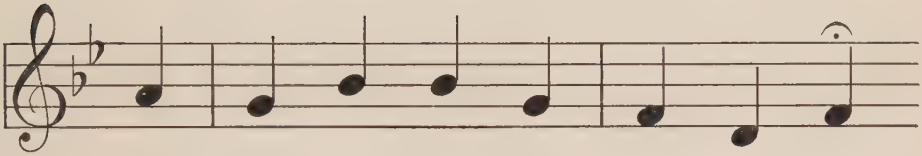
Be - cause the wind blew strong.
I saw it there to - day.

EDITH ROBBINS STEPHEN CHAMBERS

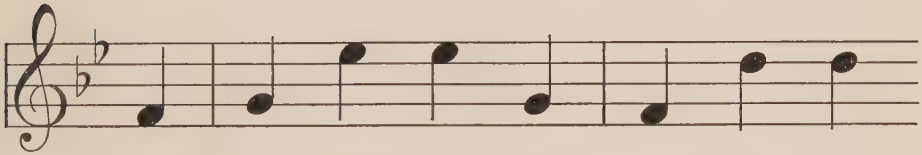
In moderate rhythm



Said Mis - ter Bug to Mis - ter Bee,



"You're al - ways bus - y, seems to me";



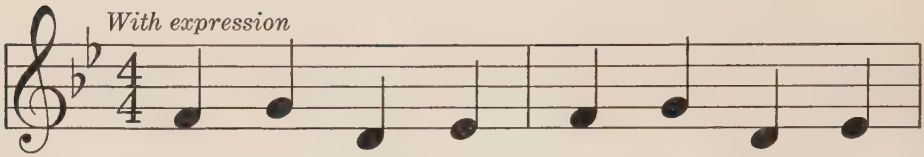
"Dear Mis - ter Bug," said Mis - ter Bee,

"I'm mak - ing hon - ey, don't you see?"

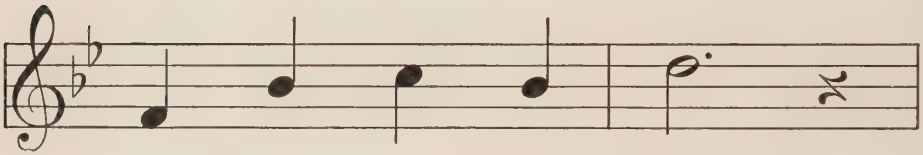
TO A HONEYBEE

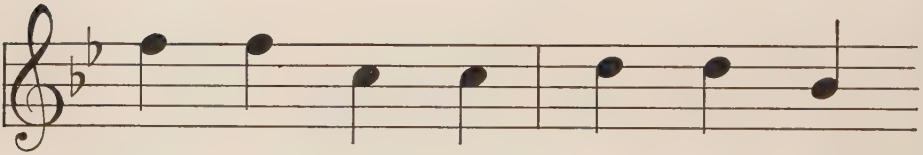
ALICE CARY

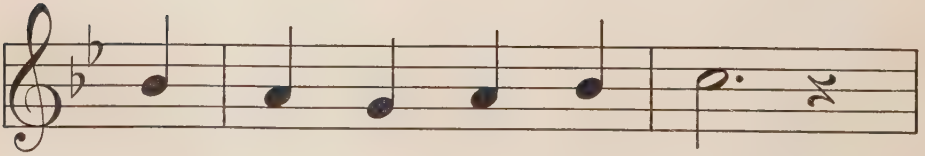
E. W. NEWTON



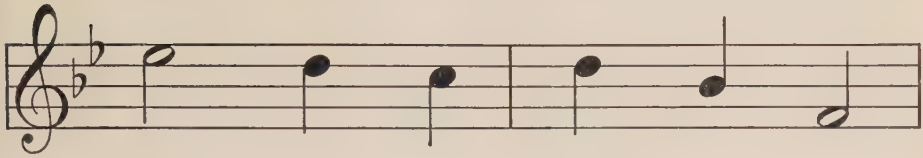
1. Bus - y - bod - y, bus - y - bod - y,
2. Now the day is sink - ing to the



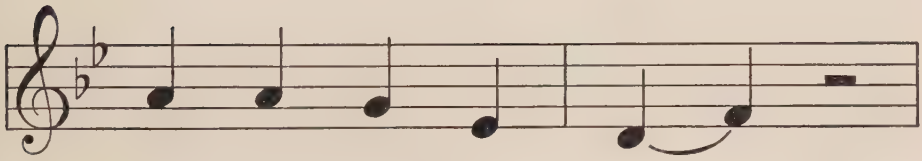
Al - ways on the wing;
Gold - en - est of eves;

Wait a bit where you have lit,
She doth creep for qui - et sleep



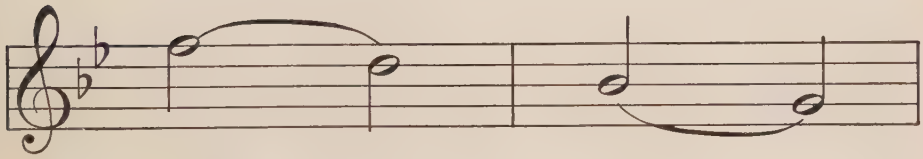
And tell me why you sing.
A - mong the lil - y leaves.



Come just a min - ute, come,
Come just a mo - ment, come,



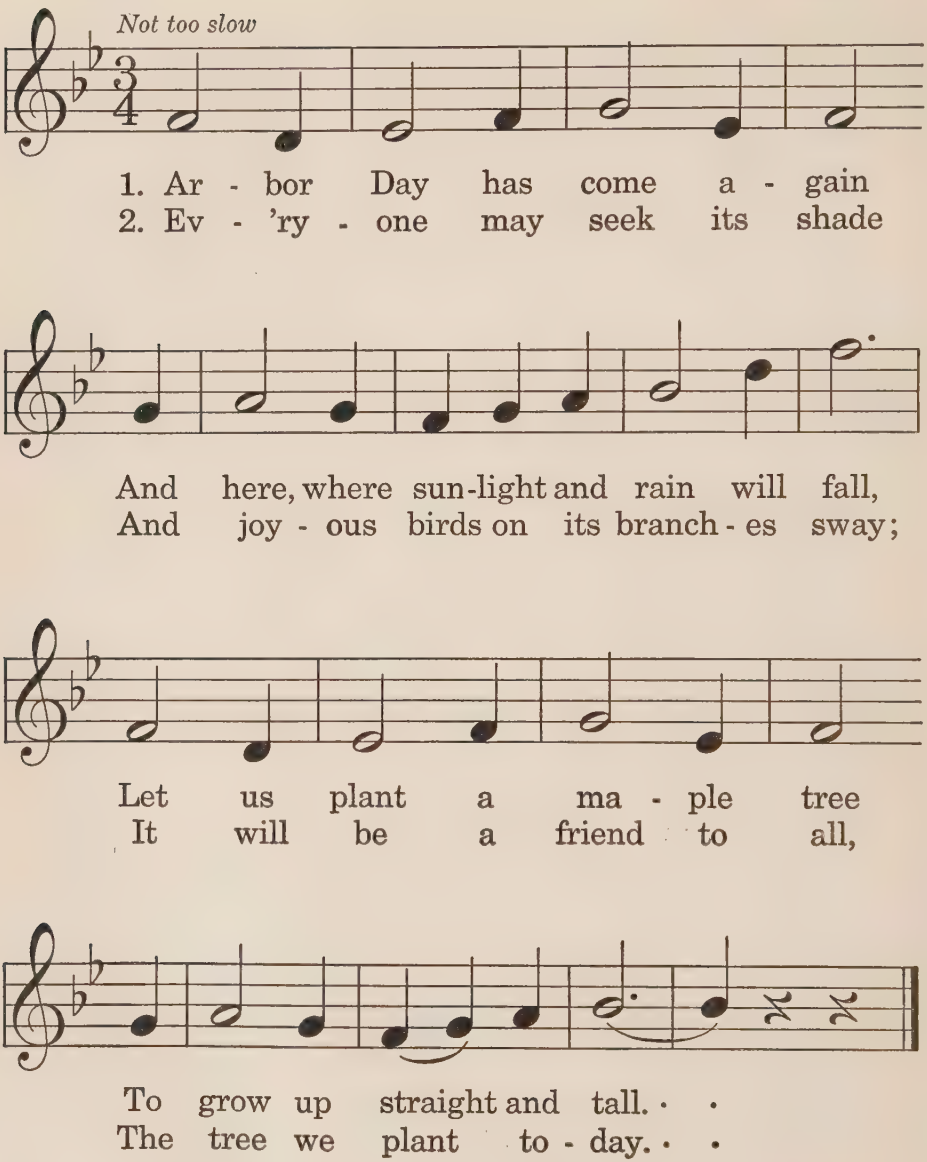
Leave your rose so red. . .
Leave your snow - y bed. . .



"H'm, . . h'm," . .
"H'm, . . h'm," . .

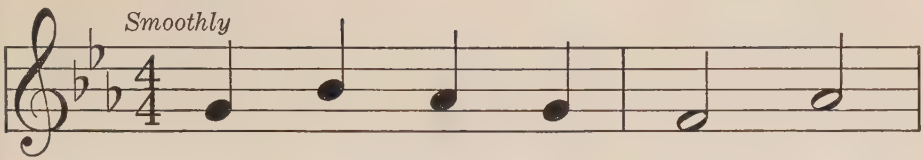
That was all she said.
That was all she said.

ON ARBOR DAY

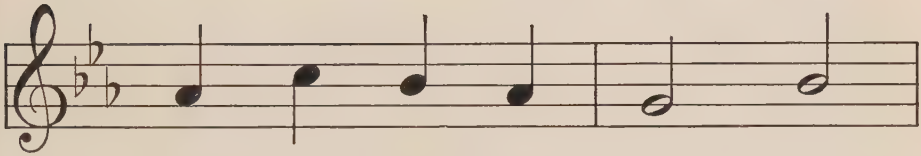
ROSE MILES — WILL EARHART

Not too slow
1. Ar - bor Day has come a - gain
2. Ev - 'ry - one may seek its shade
And here, where sun-light and rain will fall,
And joy - ous birds on its branch - es sway;
Let us plant a ma - ple tree
It will be a friend to all,
To grow up straight and tall. . .
The tree we plant to - day. . .

CHEER UP

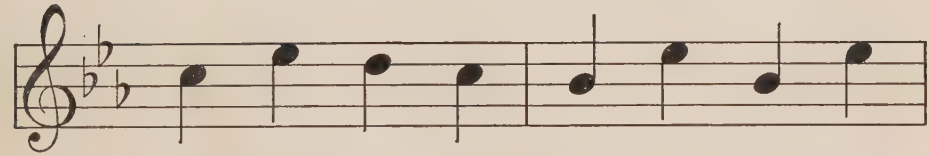
MARY WEBSTER LOUIS MEYER



Though the rain is fall - ing,



Rob - in still is call - ing;

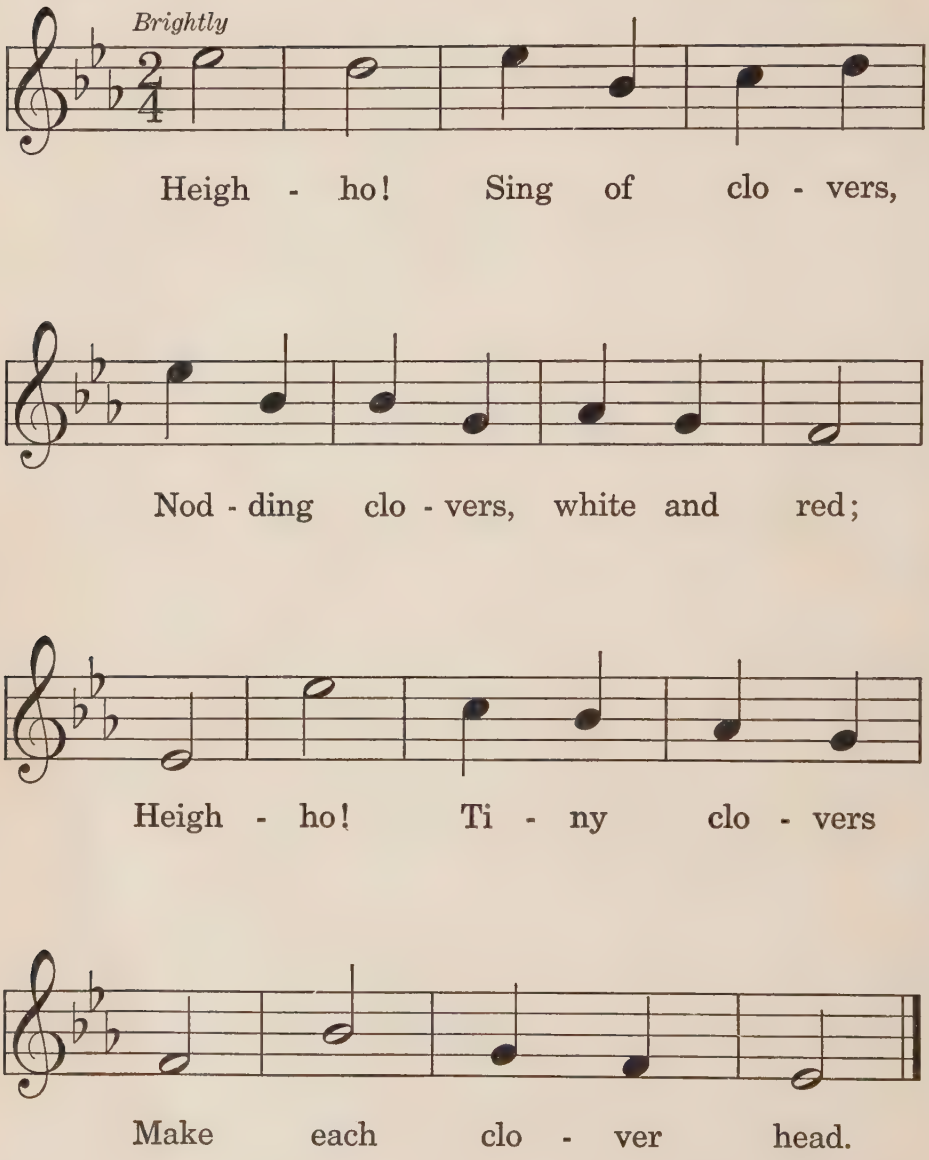


Gay - ly call - ing, "Cheer-up, cheer-up!"

All day long.

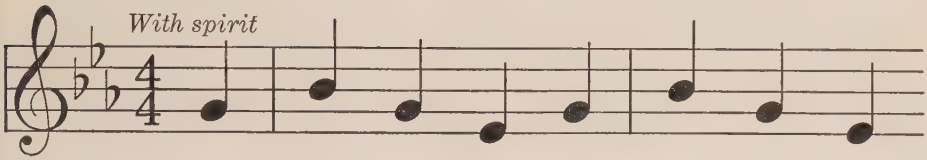
CLOVERS

LENA DAY E. W. NEWTON

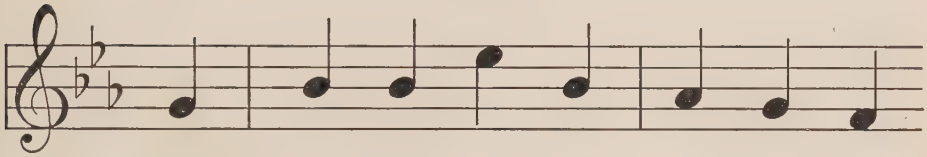


MY SODA SHOP

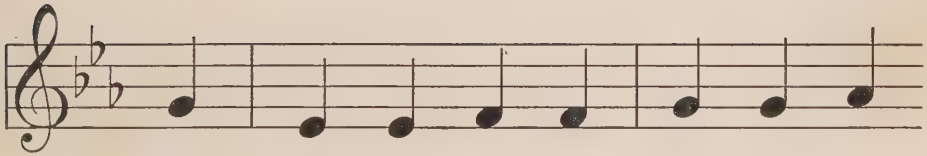
LUCY ALLEN OLIVE WOODMAN



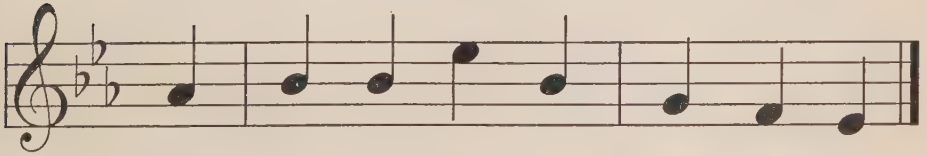
1. When I'm a man I may de - cide
2. The grown-up folk will come to buy,



To own an ice - cream - so - da shop,
To see my shop and chat with me;



And stand be - hind the mar - ble wide,
The price per glass will be quite high,

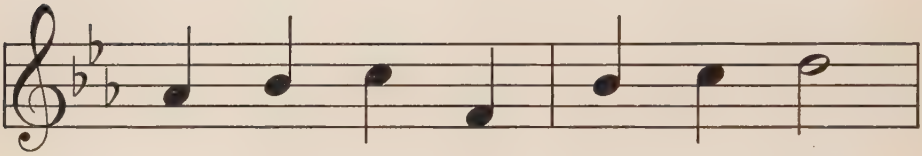


To sell root beer and gin - ger pop.
But ev - 'ry boy shall have one free.

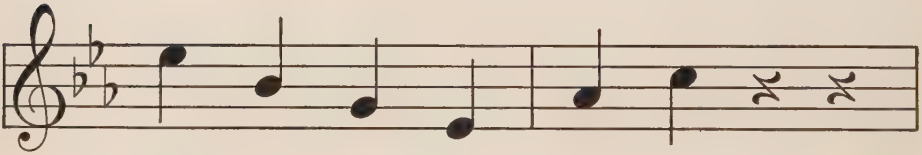
MOTOR CARS

M. Louise Baum — Estelle Cushman

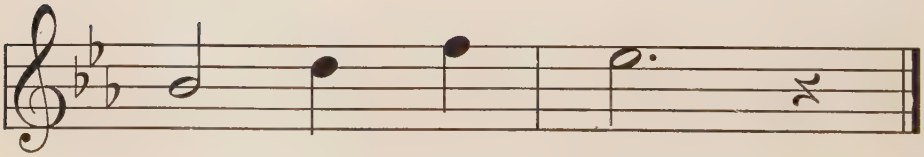
1. Mo - tor cars are fun - ny,
2. Of - ten they come glid - ing,



How they whir and chug and purr!
Eyes a - glare and horns that blare,



Fed with gas and mon - ey,
Fear - less of col - lid - ing;

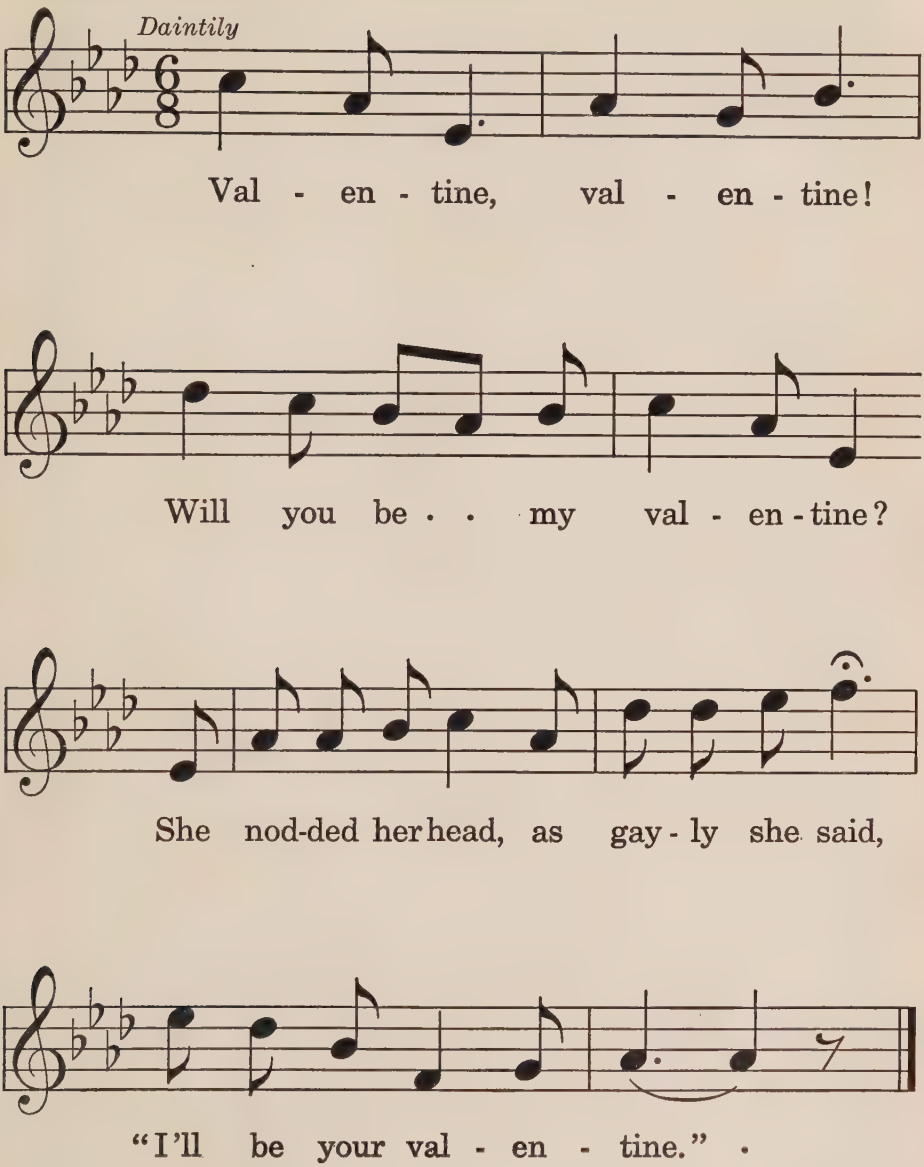


How they can go!
How they can go!

VALENTINE

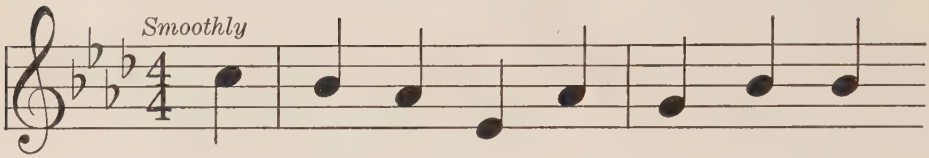
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN

ELIZABETH GRIFFIN

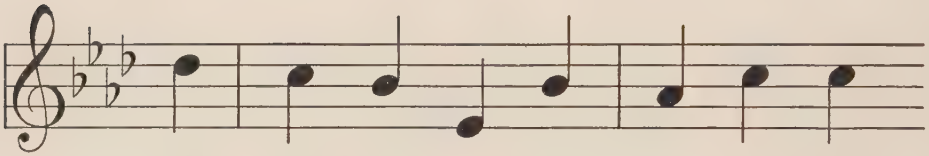


LINCOLN'S FACE

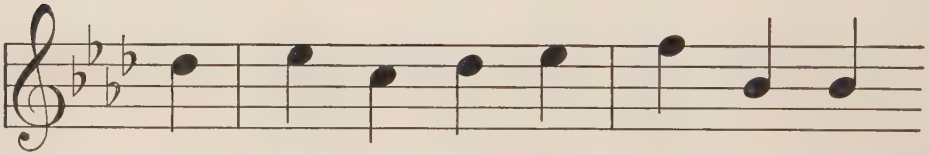
M. Louise Baum — Helen S. Leavitt



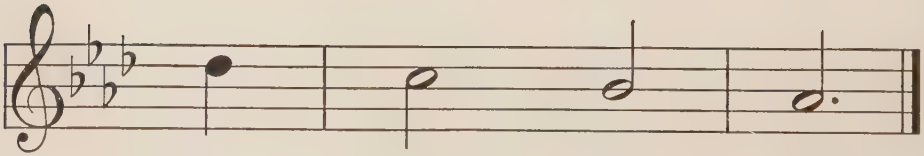
1. A pen - ny is not much, I hear,
2. A pen - ny is a com - mon sight,



Yet chil - dren hold it ver - y dear,
So brown and plain, so sel - dom bright,

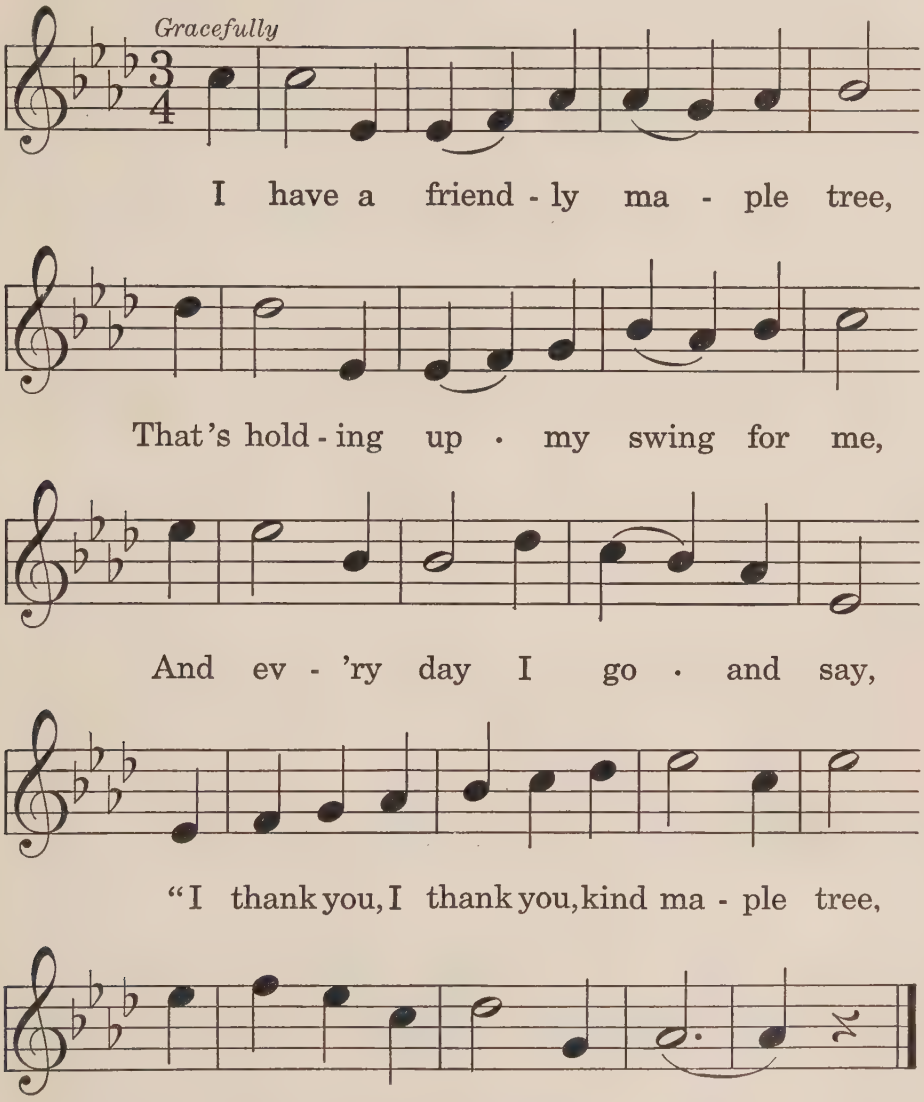


For look - ing from it, kind and clear,
And yet it sheds a shin - ing light



Is Lin - coln's face.
From Lin - coln's face.

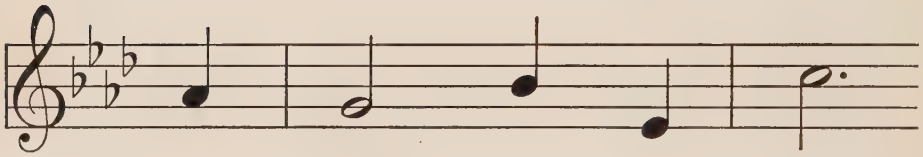
MY SWING IN THE TREE

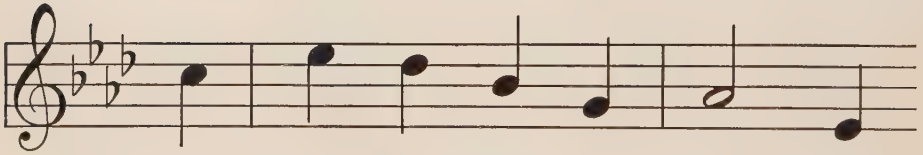
EDITH ROBBINS HENRY MAYER

Gracefully
I have a friend - ly ma - ple tree,
That's hold - ing up · my swing for me,
And ev - 'ry day I go · and say,
"I thank you, I thank you, kind ma - ple tree,
For hold - ing my swing for me.". ·

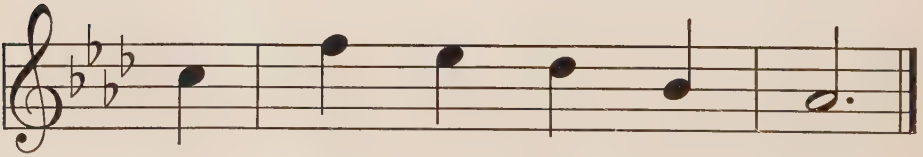
MEMORIAL DAY

M. Louise Baum

Will Earhart

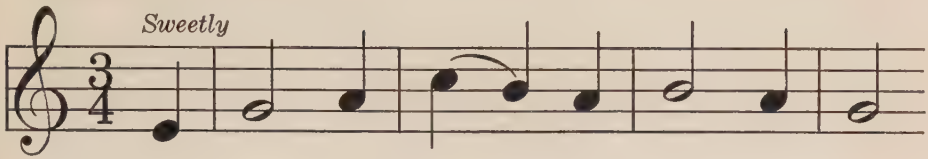
1. Sweet flow'rs that we are wreath - ing
2. We love to hear their sto - ry,

Our trib - ute shall pay,
Their cour - age to tell,

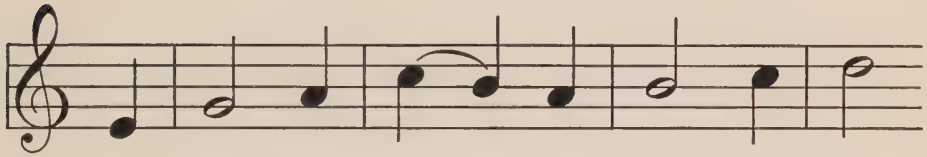
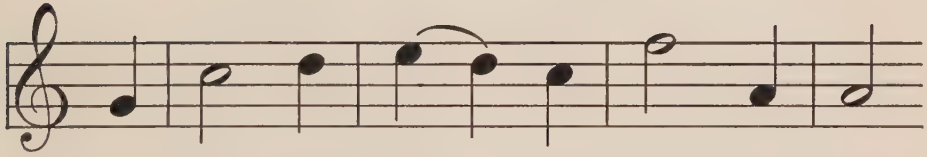


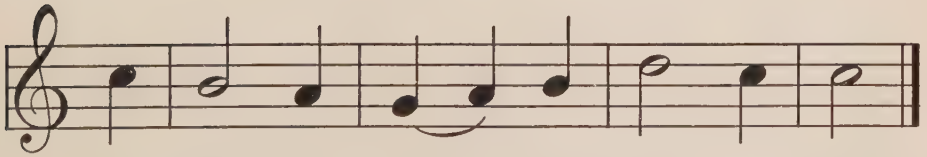
While ten - der songs are breath - ing
They share their coun - try's glo - ry

Our love and praise to - day.
Who love and serve her well.

THE MOON AND I

ANNETTE WYNNE FAY WILSON

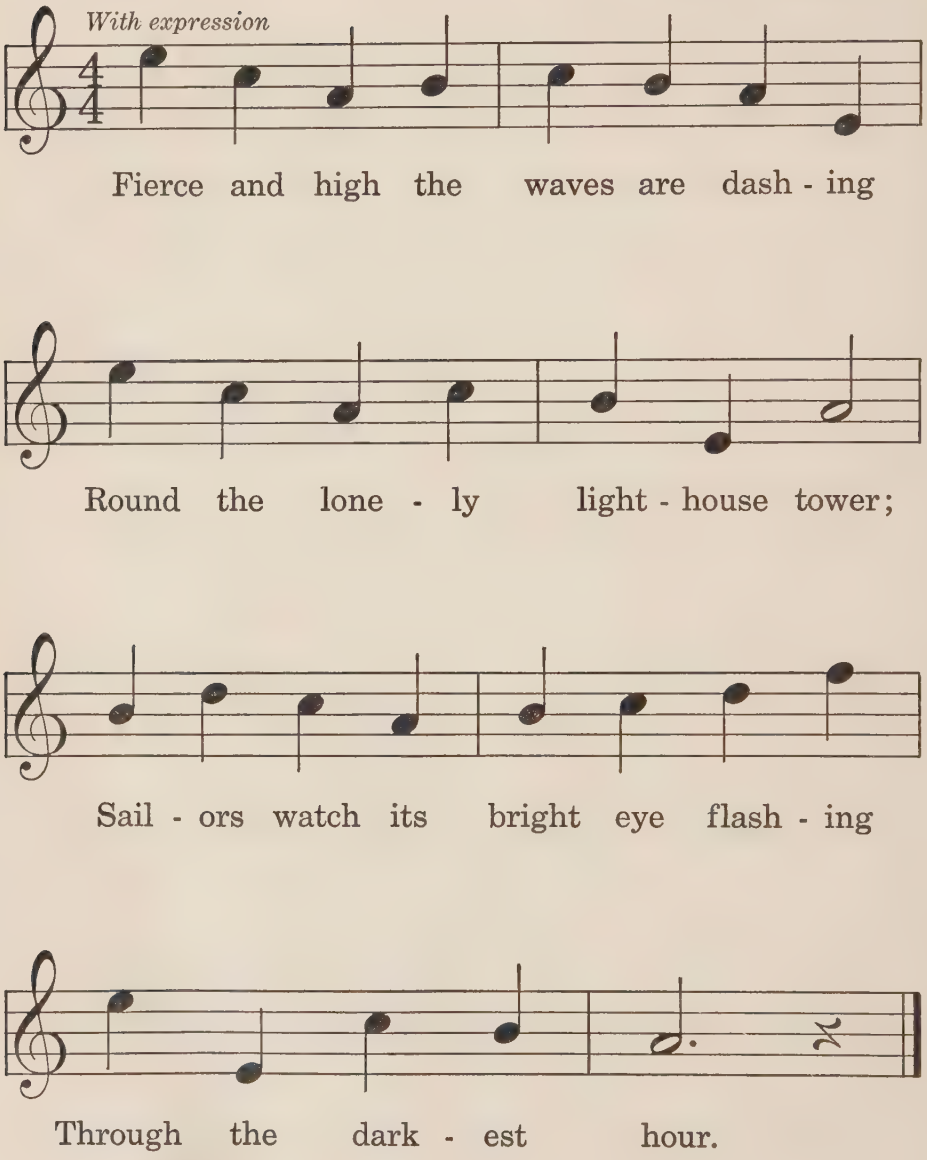






THE LIGHTHOUSE

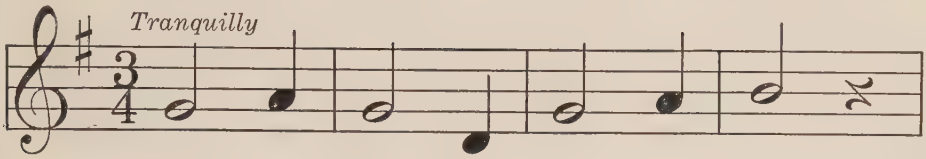
LUCY ALLEN RALPH L. BALDWIN

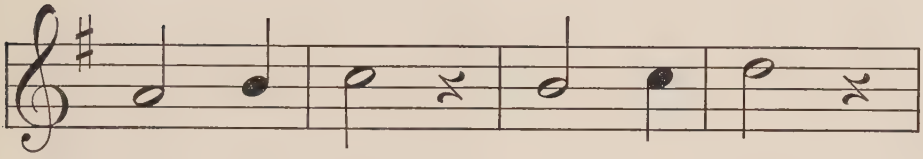

With expression
Fierce and high the waves are dash - ing
Round the lone - ly light - house tower;
Sail - ors watch its bright eye flash - ing
Through the dark - est hour.

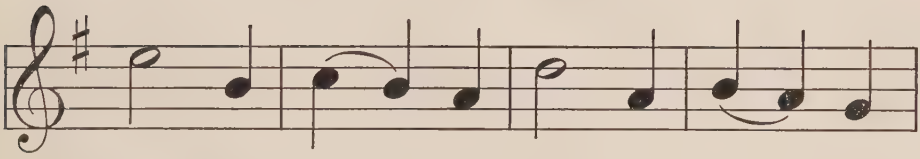
DRIFTING

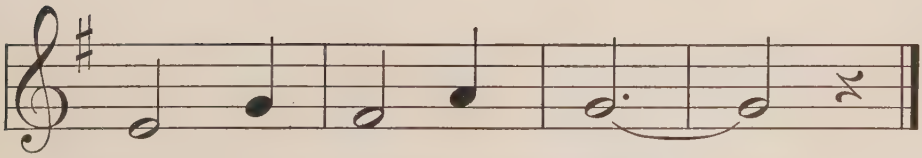
CLEMENT DWIGHT

WILLIAM CORWIN





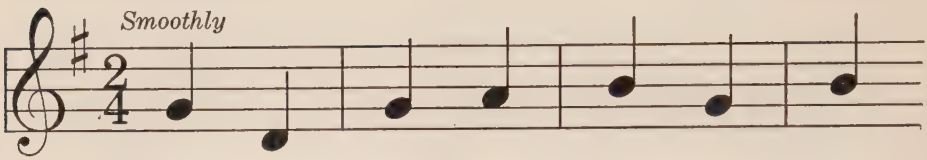


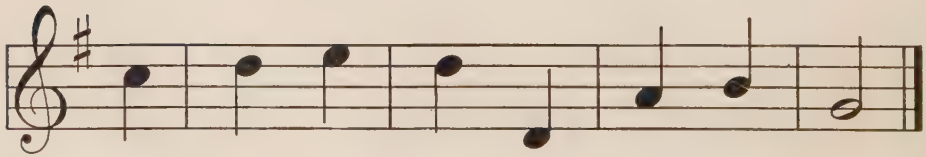


MELTING SNOW

ADELAIDE WALKER

OLD TUNE

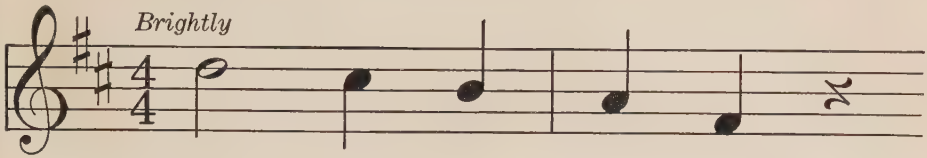


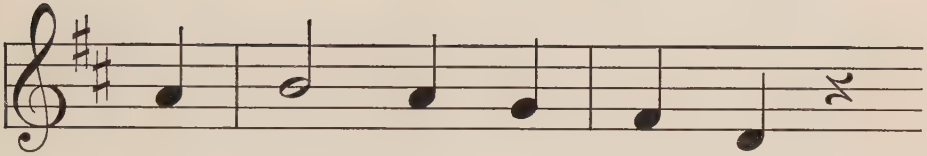


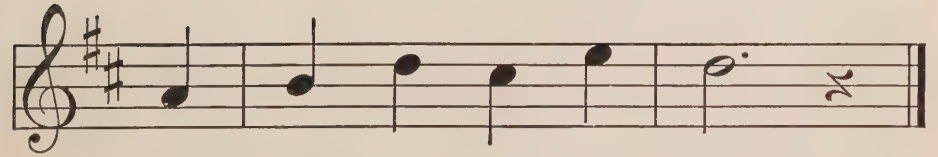
A JUNE SONG

NIXON WATERMAN

RUTH MAYNARD

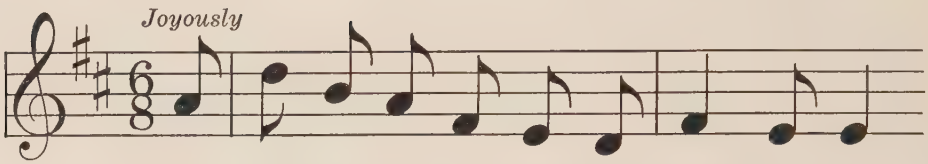




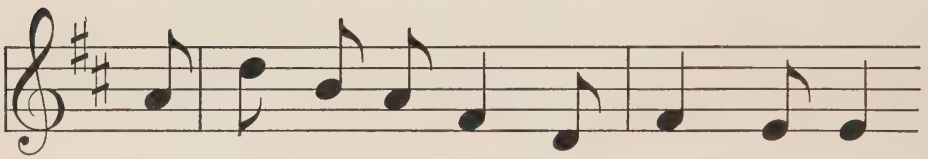


THE ELEPHANT

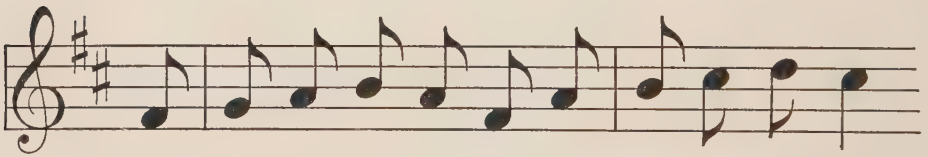
EDITH ROBBINS E. W. NEWTON



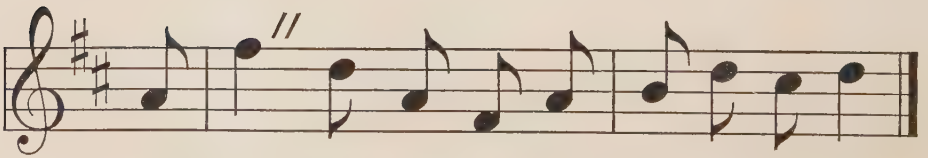
The el - e-phant came with his trunk one day,



The an - i-mals said, "Un - pack and stay!"



The el - e-phant laughed, and the el - e-phant said,

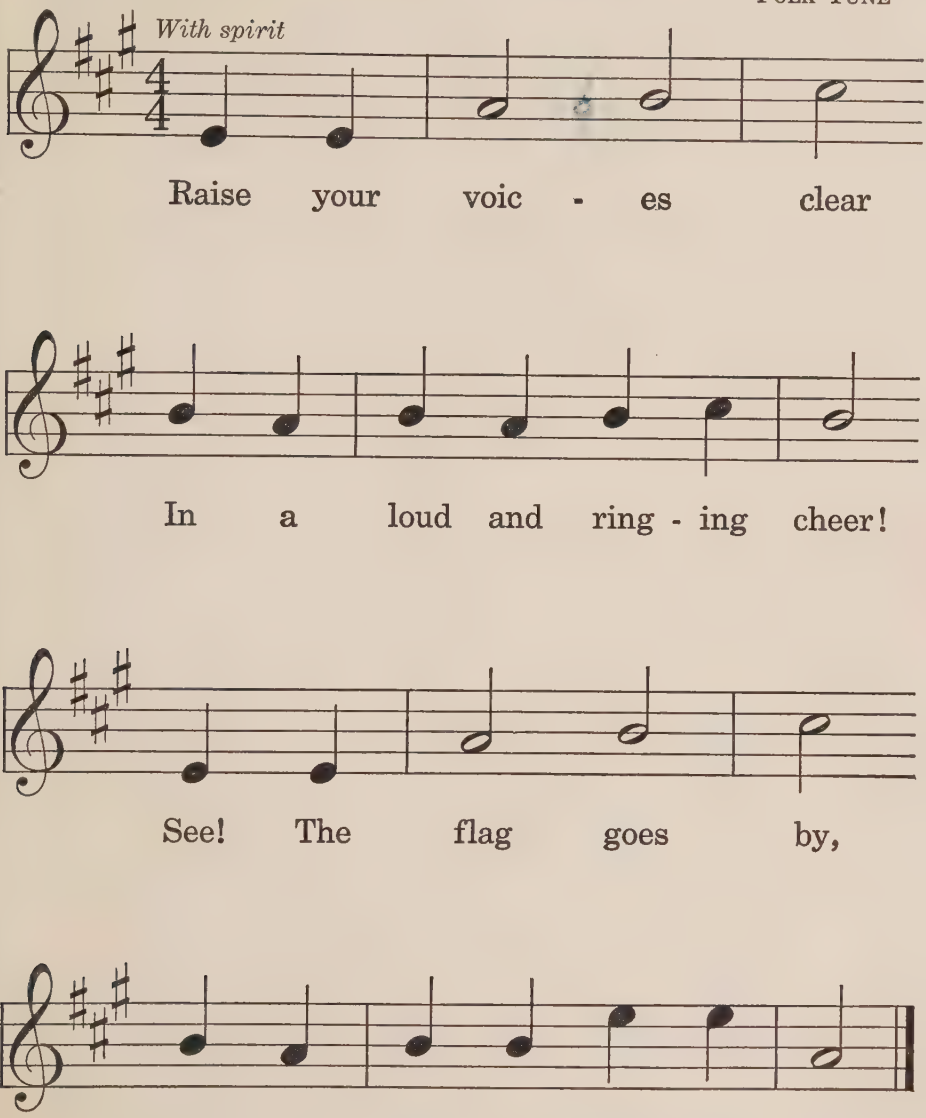


"I can't! My trunk is a part of my head."

A CHEER FOR THE FLAG

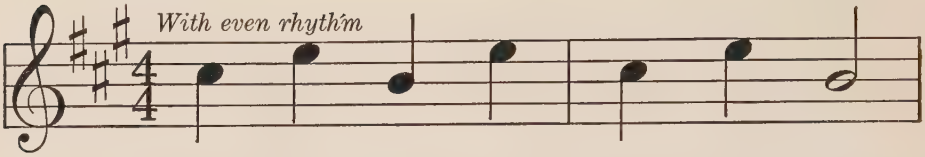
AMELIA AMES

FOLK TUNE

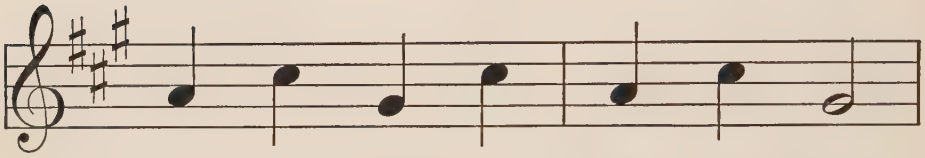


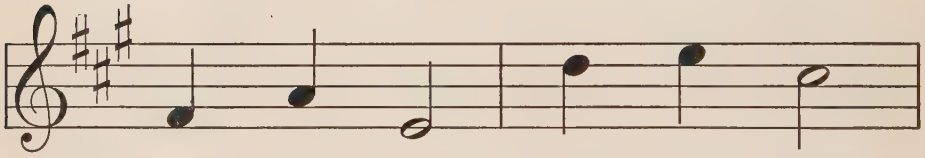
MISTER ROOSTER

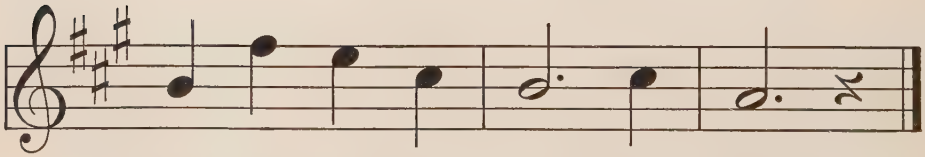
ANSTIS BARLOW MARTHA WHITE



1. Mis - ter Roost - er crows and crows,
2. Moth - er Hen just picks and picks,



Ev - 'ry - thing he thinks he knows;
Find - ing food for lit - tle chicks,

Struts and crows, thinks he knows,
Picks for chicks, picks for chicks,

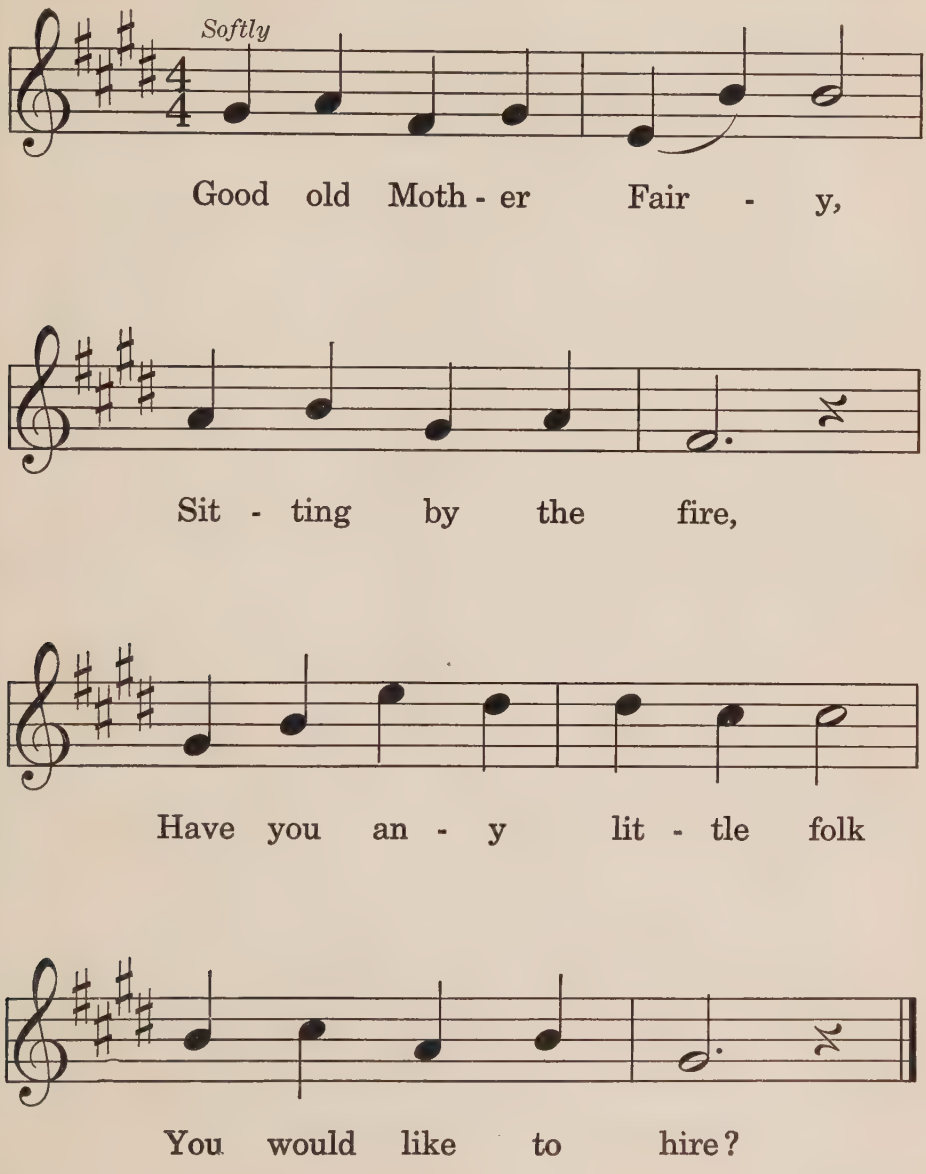


Crows and knows and knows and crows.
Picks and picks for lit - tle chicks.

GOOD OLD MOTHER FAIRY

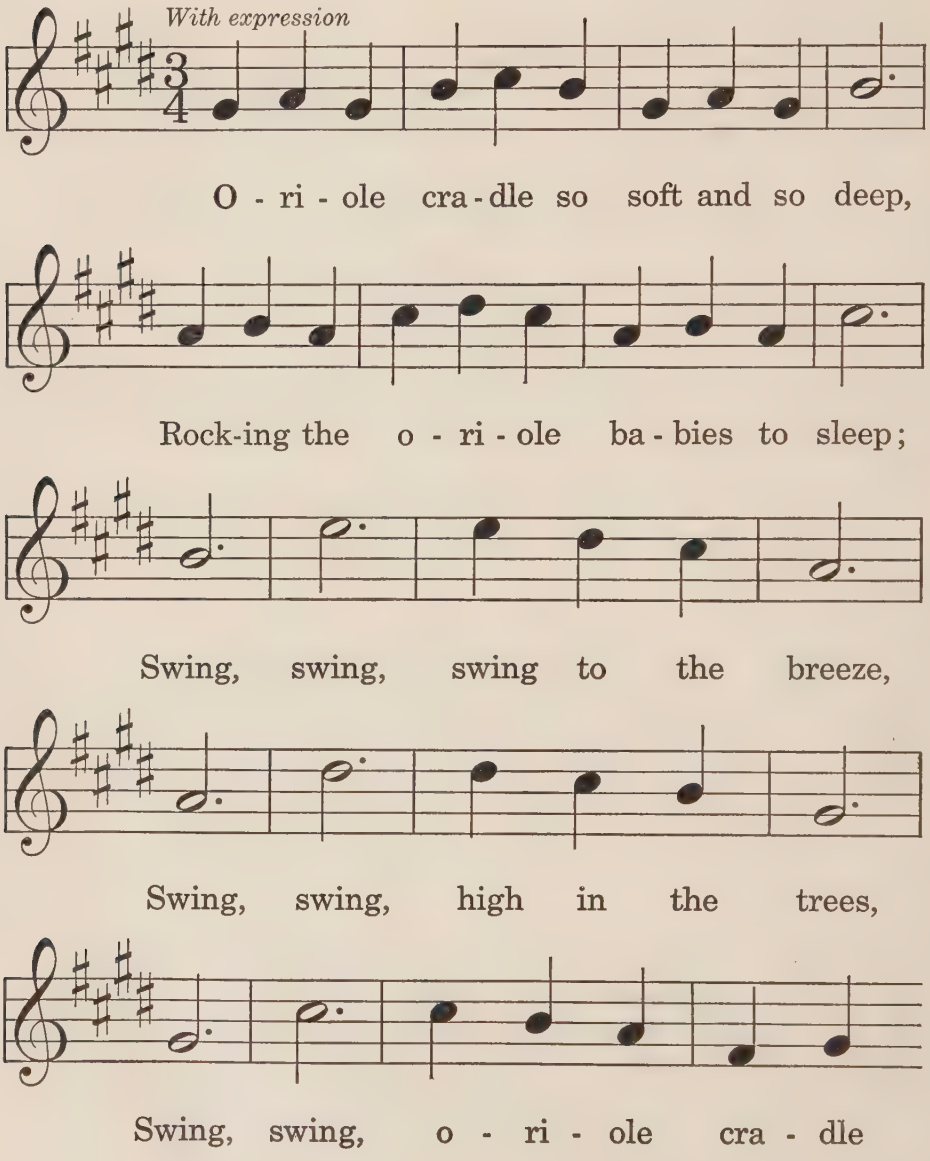
ALICE CARY

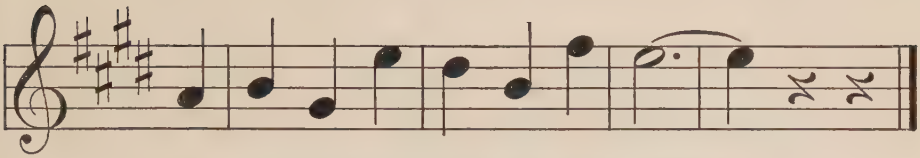
WILSON WHITE



THE ORIOLE CRADLE

EDITH ROBBINS HELEN S. LEAVITT


With expression
3/4
O - ri - ole cra - dle so soft and so deep,
Rock-ing the o - ri - ole ba - bies to sleep;
Swing, swing, swing to the breeze,
Swing, swing, high in the trees,
Swing, swing, o - ri - ole cra - dle

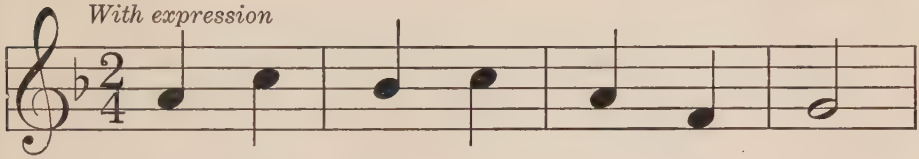


Of ba-bies so high in the trees. .

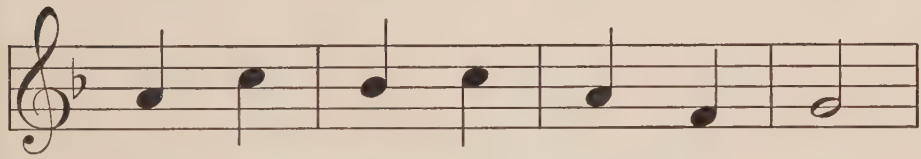
WAS THAT SOMEONE YOU?

ANONYMOUS LOUIS MEYER

With expression

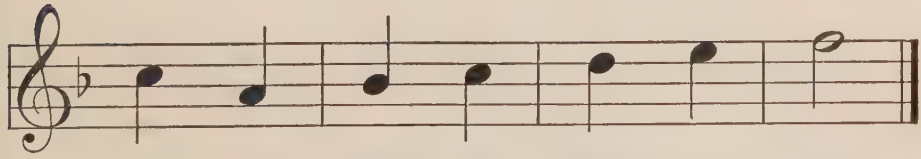


Some - one did a gold - en deed;



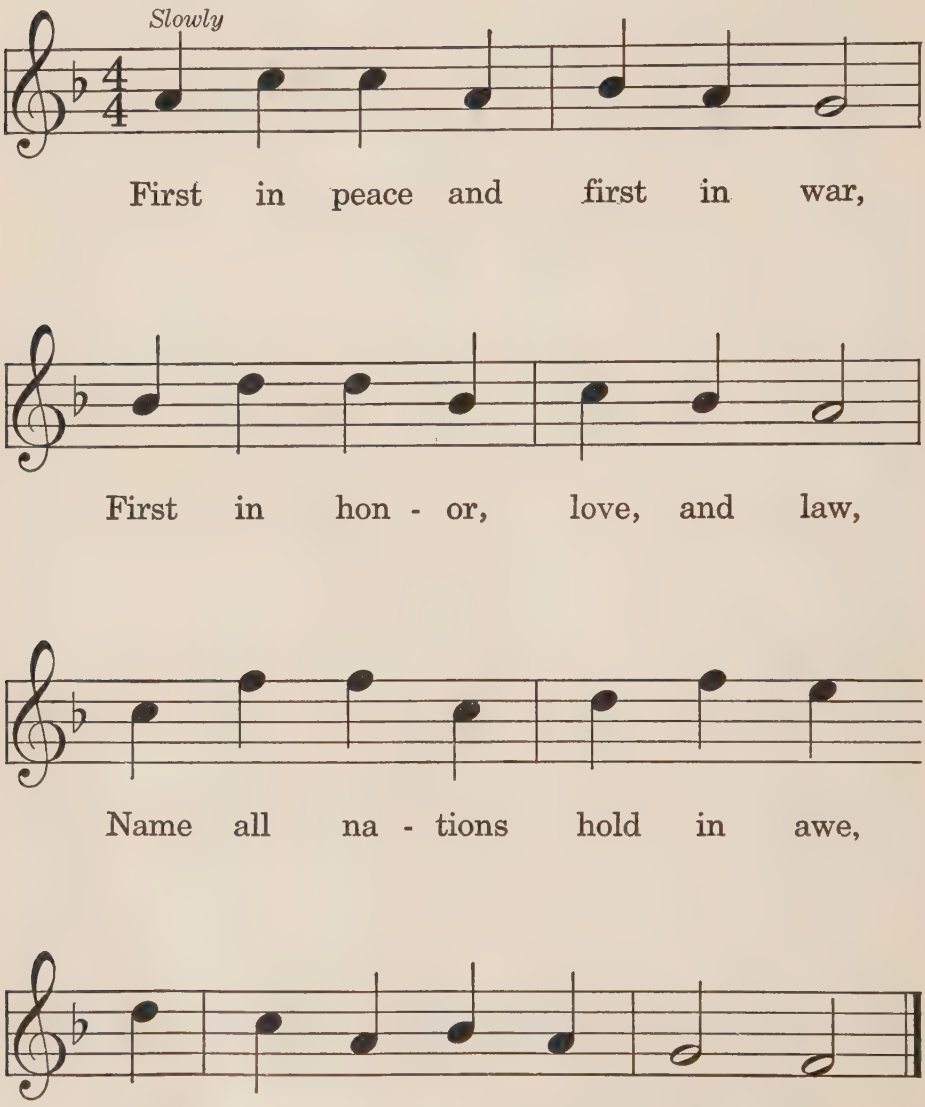
Some - one proved a friend in need;

Some - one sang a charm - ing song;

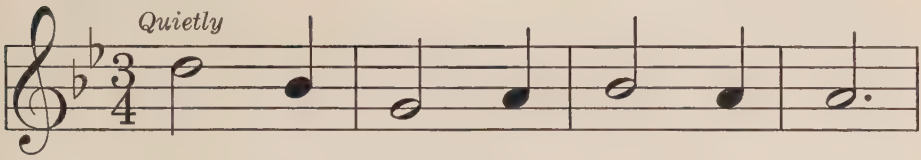


Some - one smiled the whole day long.

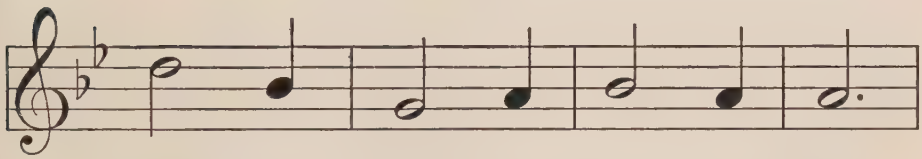
GEORGE WASHINGTON

LOUISE STICKNEY RALPH L. BALDWIN

RAINBOW GOLD

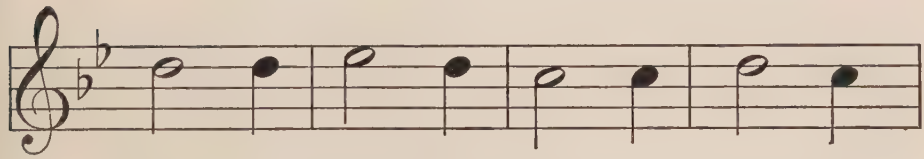
MARY STANHOPE LAURA MASON



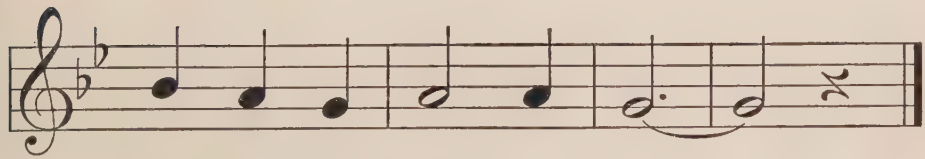
1. Just be - yond the rain - bow end,
2. So, when - e'er I see a bow,



Where to earth its arch - es bend,
Blue and red and green a - glow,



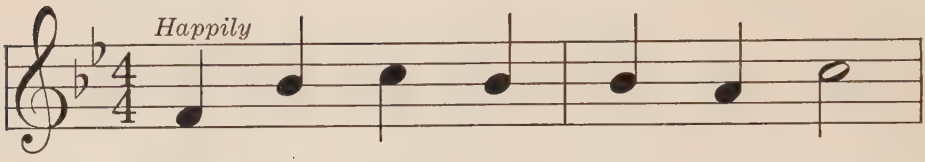
There's a treas - ure waits your pleas - ure,
I go search - ing where 'tis arch - ing,



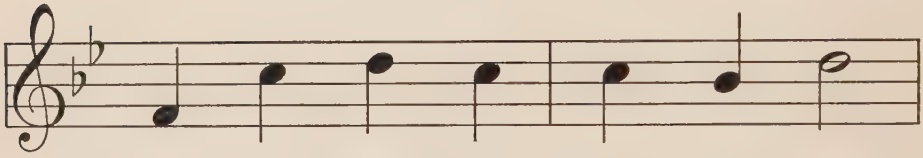
So is the sto - ry told. . .
Ah! but I find no gold. . .

THE RED SQUIRREL

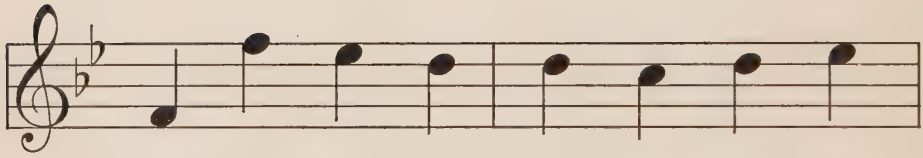
ROSE MILES NORA EVANS



Squir - rel red, they say of you



Man - y fault - y things you do;



Can't you be like your gray broth - er,

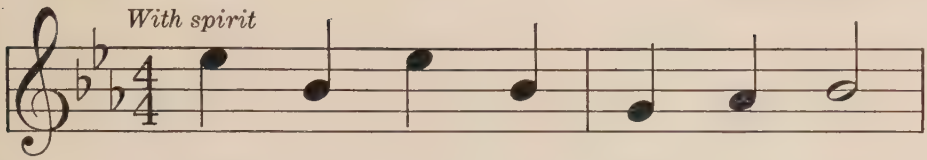
Good the whole year through?

COLUMBUS

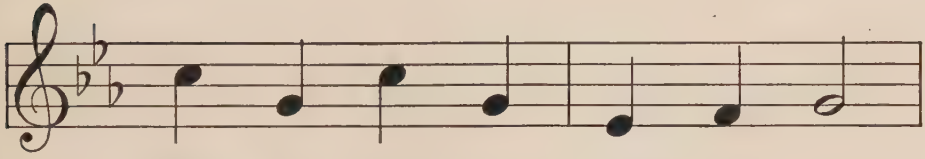
M. Louise Baum

Will Earhart

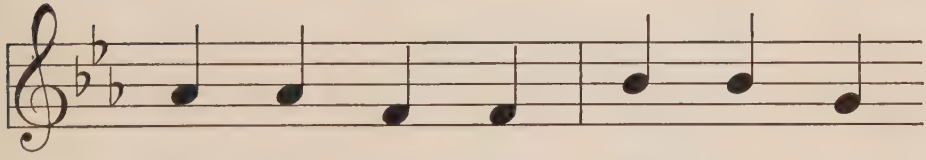
With spirit



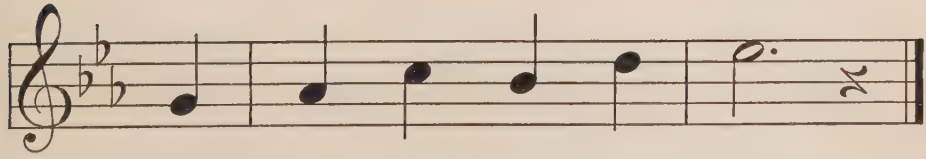
1. Brave Co - lum - bus said, "I know
2. West-ward as he sails and sails,



Where the sun goes, I can go;
There he meets with gales and gales,



West - ward bound, the world a - round,
Finds the shore, San Sal - va - dor

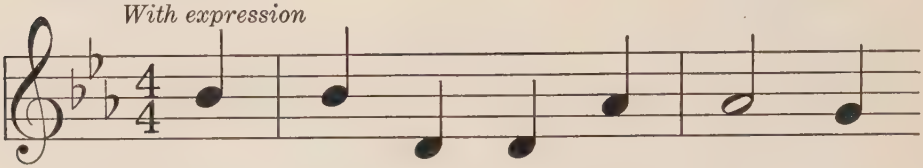


The path I mean to show."
Be - fore his cour - age fails.

WHEN MORNING COMES

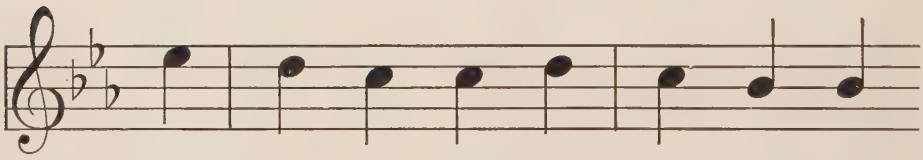
CELIA STANDISH — WILSON WHITE

With expression

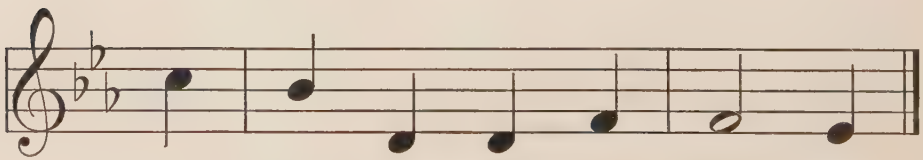


1. The sun peeps o'er the hill - top,
2. He shines right in my win - dow,

The world with gold a - dorn - ing;
I need no sec - ond warn - ing;



"Oh, wake from out your sleep!" he says,
So here I am all read - y now

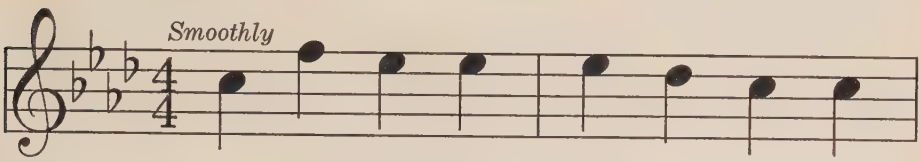


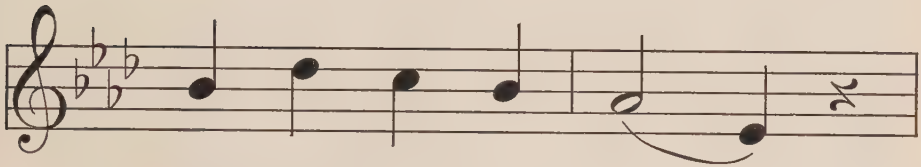
"I've come to say good morn - ing."
To wish you all good morn - ing.

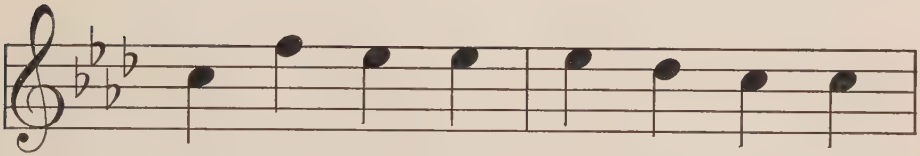
PRETTY NEARLY EVERYBODY

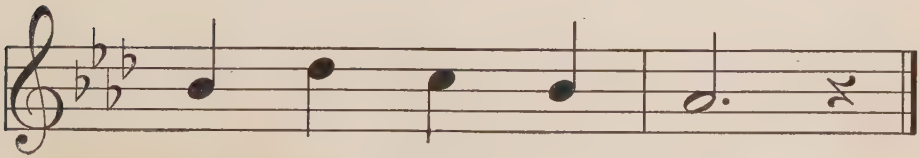
ANNETTE WYNNE

FRANZ SCHUBERT





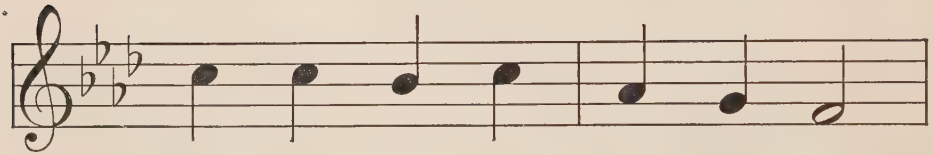


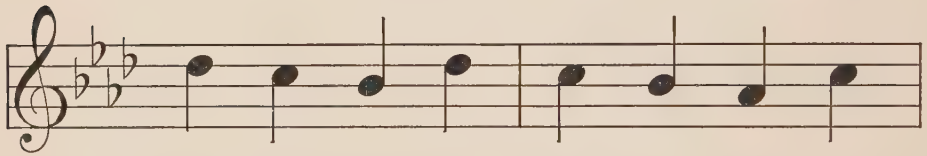


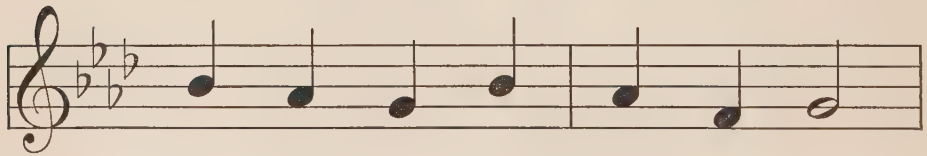
POLLY

EDITH ROBBINS MARY R. CARROLL

With expression

Pol - ly ate too much ice cream;

Pol - ly had the queer - est dream;



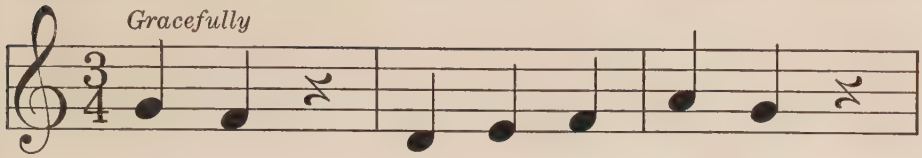
When the freez - er came to tease her

Pol - ly wak - ened with a scream,

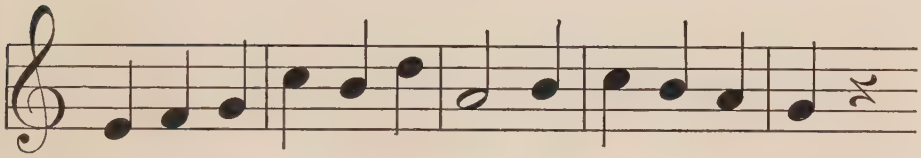
Glad to find it was a dream.

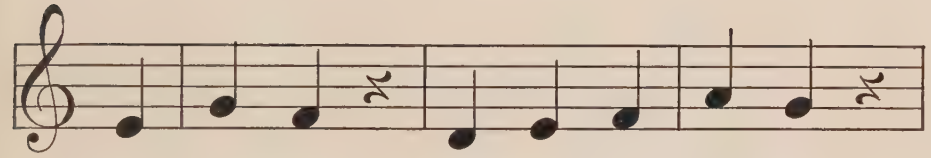
THE AIRPLANE

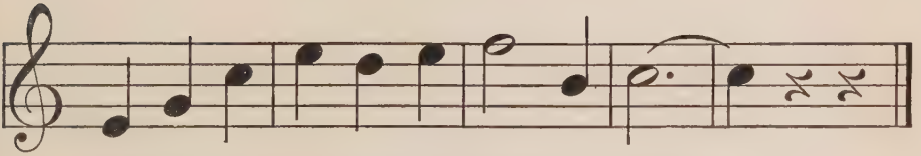
CELIA STANDISH HELEN S. LEAVITT

Gracefully



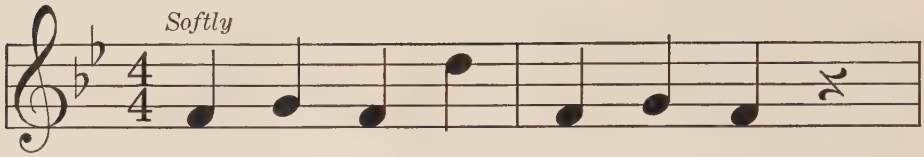


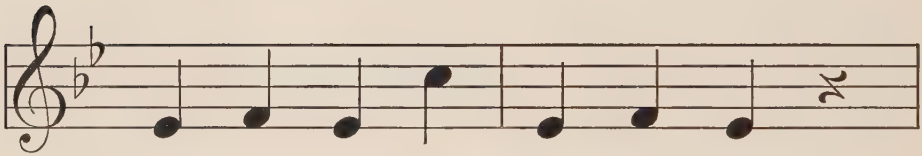


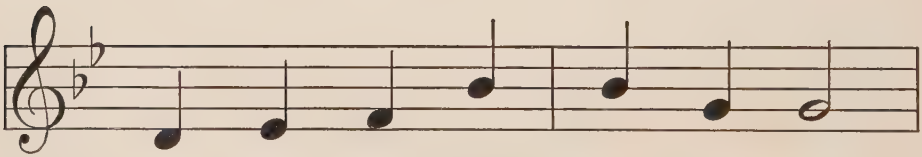


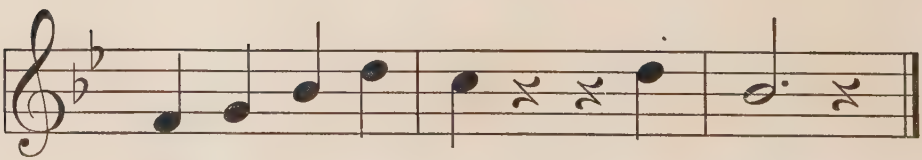
SPIDER

ADELAIDE WALKER RAYMOND ELLIS





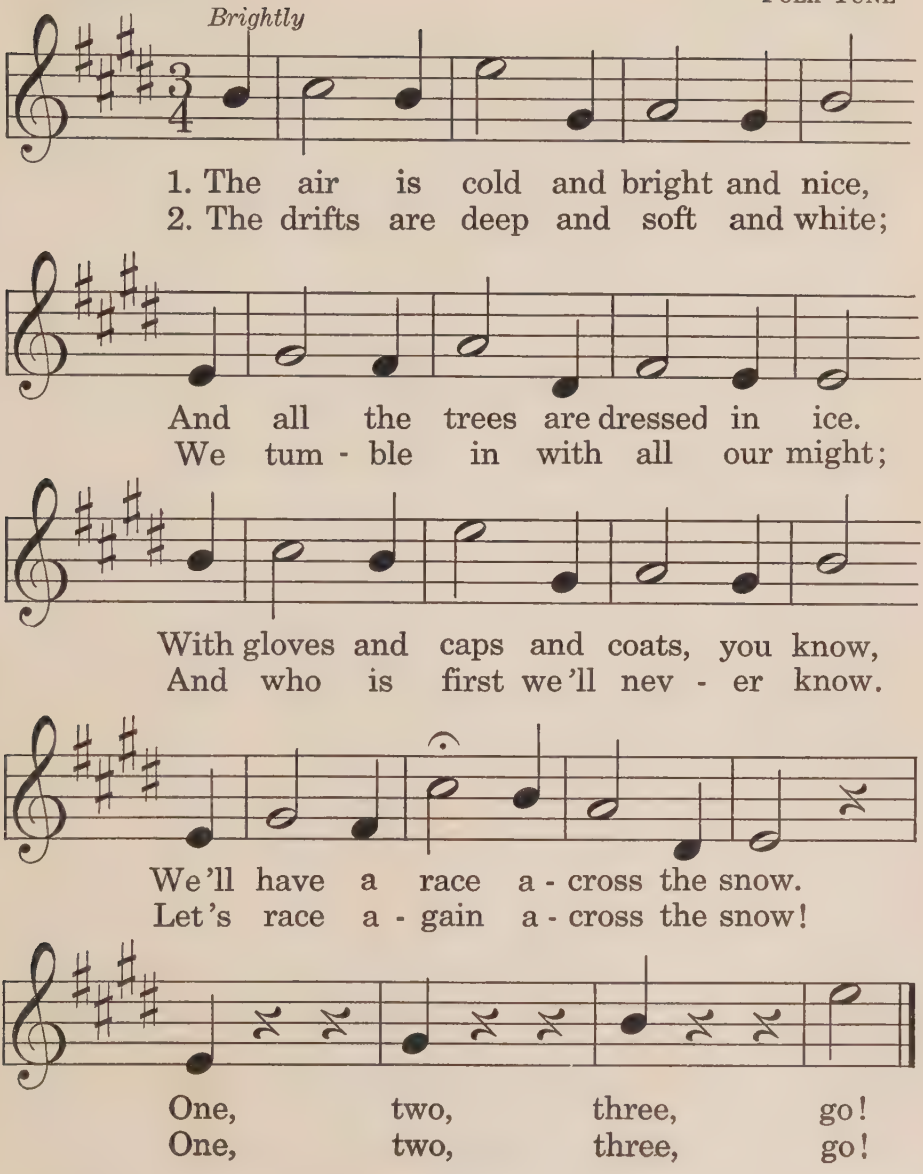




THE RACE

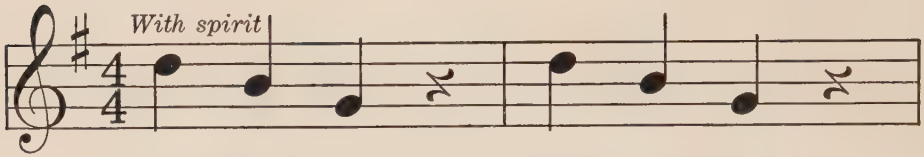
KATE FORMAN

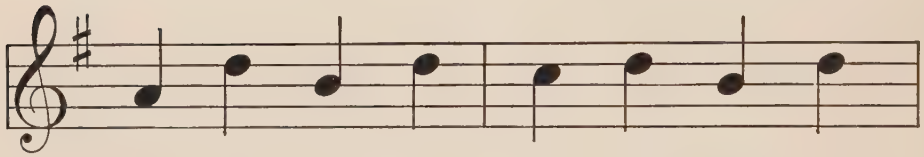
FOLK TUNE

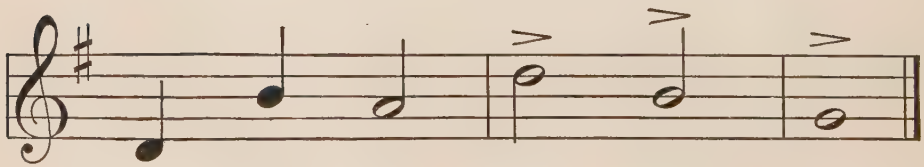

Brightly
1. The air is cold and bright and nice,
2. The drifts are deep and soft and white;
And all the trees are dressed in ice.
We tum - ble in with all our might;
With gloves and caps and coats, you know,
And who is first we'll nev - er know.
We'll have a race a - cross the snow.
Let's race a - gain a - cross the snow!
One, two, three, go!
One, two, three, go!

BREATHE FRESH AIR

ANSTIS BARLOW RAYMOND ELLIS



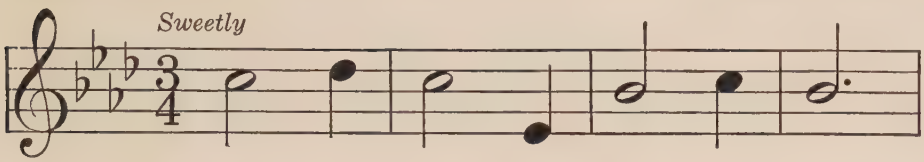




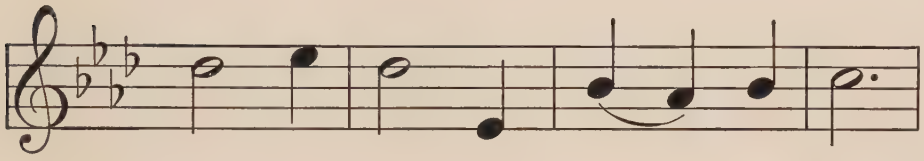
MOTHER

M. Louise Baum — Martha White

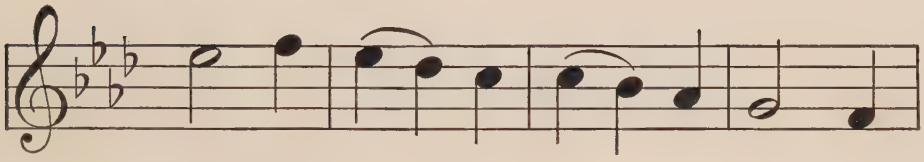
Sweetly



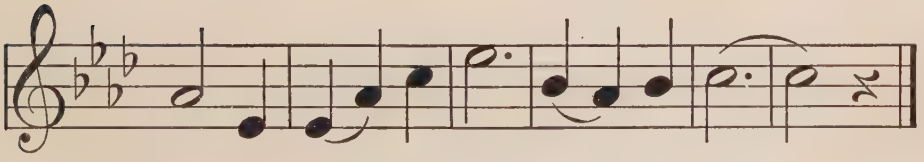
1. Moth - er's eyes are calm and bright,
2. Moth - er's voice I al - ways hear



Fair as stars a - bove . the night;
Soft as mu - sic, soft . and clear;



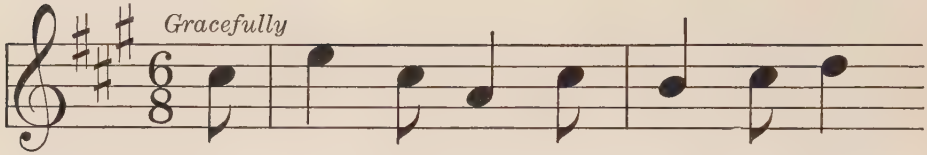
Moth - er's hair like rain a - drift - ing,
Noth - ing else on earth was ev - er

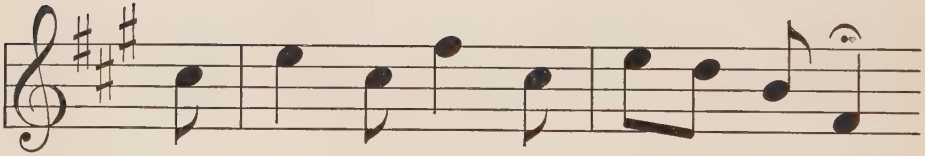


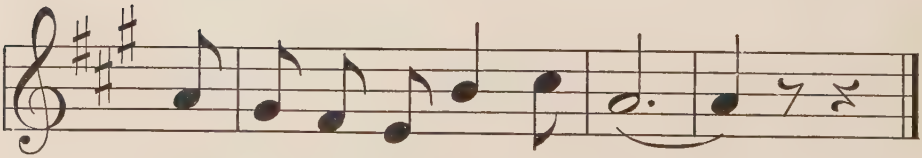
Flood-ed through with light, ten - der light. .
Half so kind or dear, half so dear. .

THE KING OF FRANCE

MOTHER GOOSE

A. EDGAR CLEARY

The king of France went up the hill

With twen - ty thou - sand men; . .

The king of France came down the hill

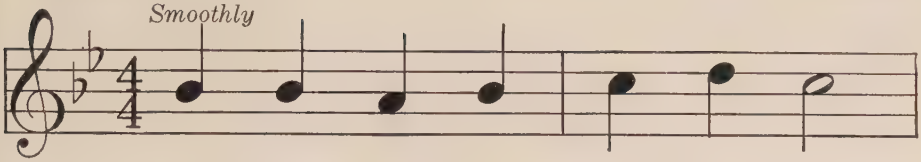


And nev - er went up a - gain. .

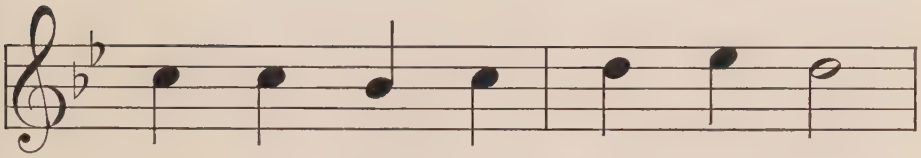
ANNETTE WYNNE

LAURA STREETER

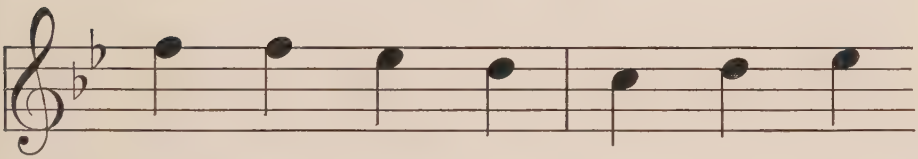
Smoothly



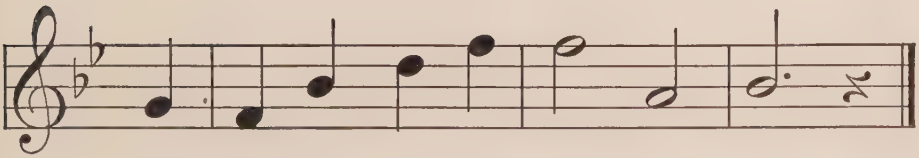
Wig - wams, ig - loos, nests in trees,



Pools for fish - es, hives for bees;



Cold or warm, and small or big,



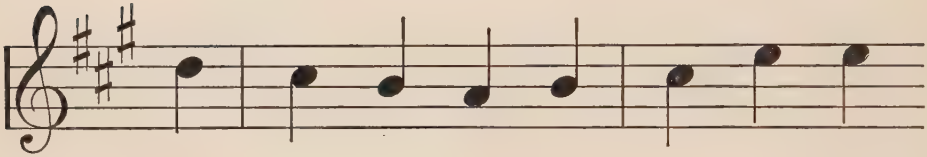
To make a home, build, sew, or dig.

IF

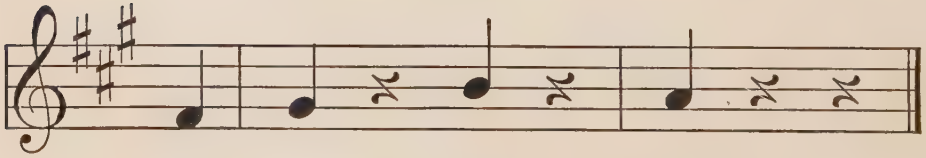
EDITH ROBBINS

G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER

If grass were red and trees were blue,



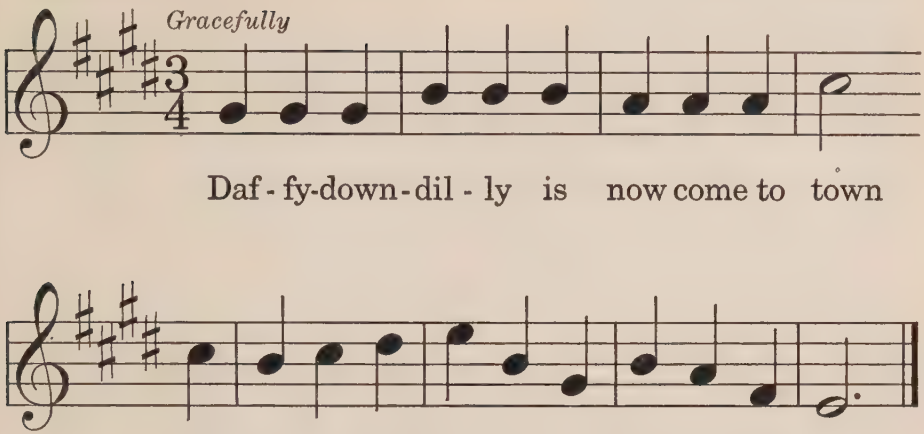
And snow were all bright col - ors, too;

Oh, no in - deed, it would not do!

It would not do.

DAFFODILLY

MOTHER GOOSE

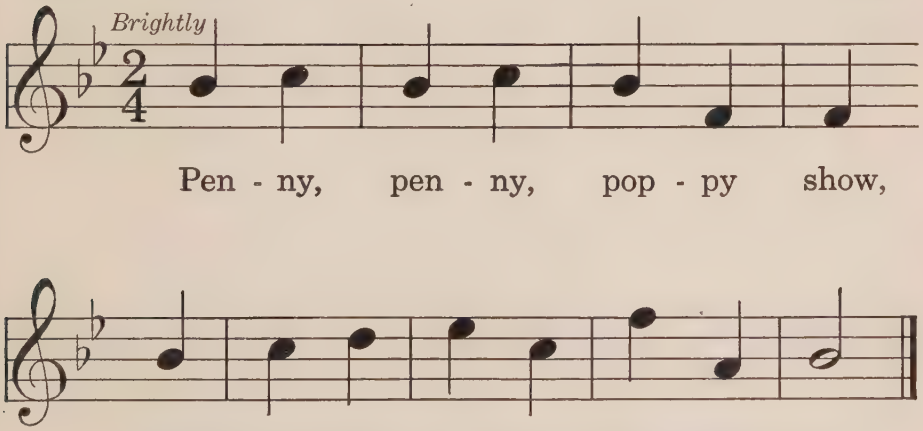
RALPH L. BALDWIN



THE FIRST CROCUS

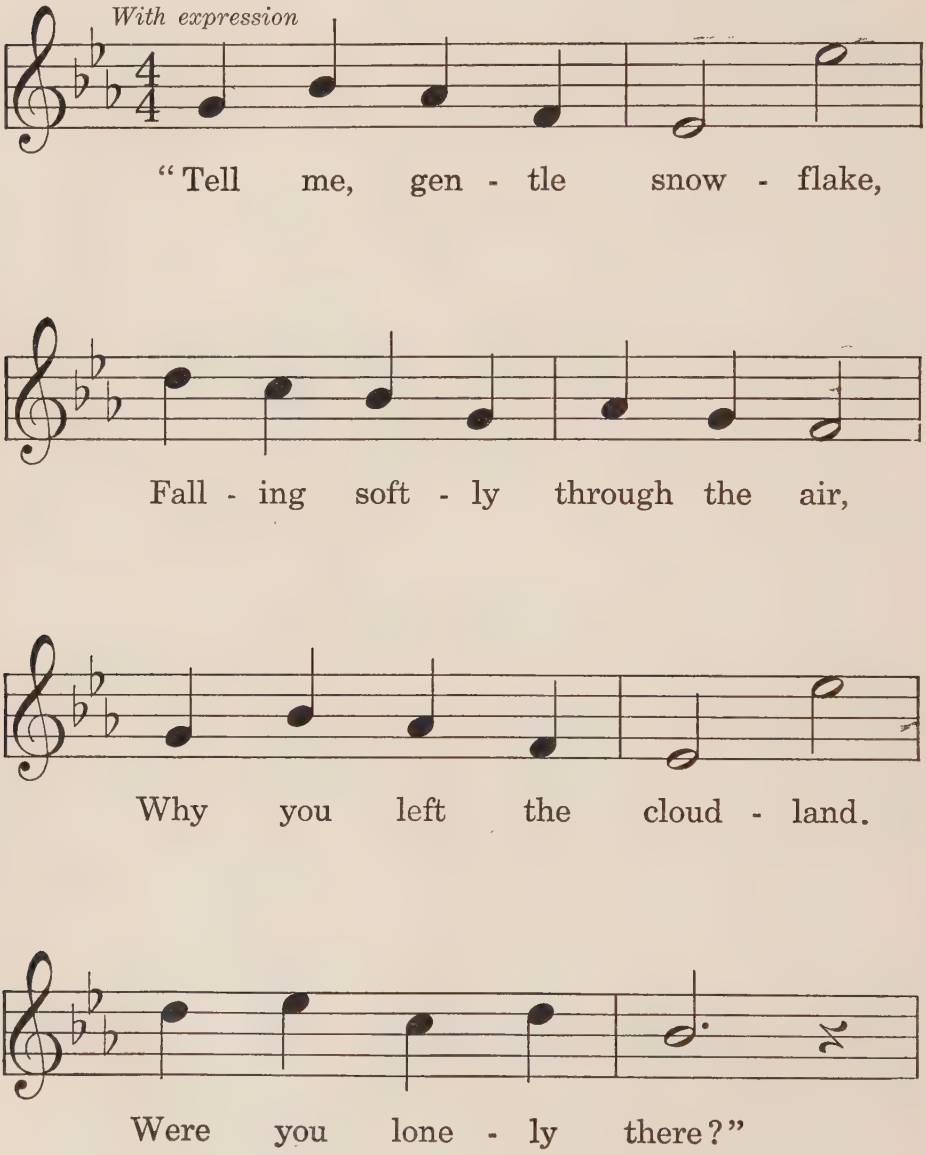
MARY ROOT KERN

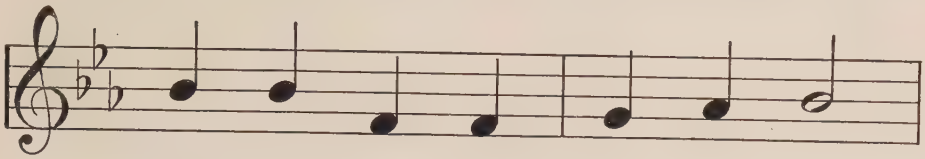
MARY ROOT KERN



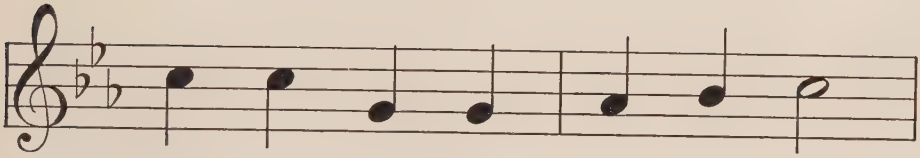
A QUESTION AND ANSWER

LUCY ALLEN E. W. NEWTON

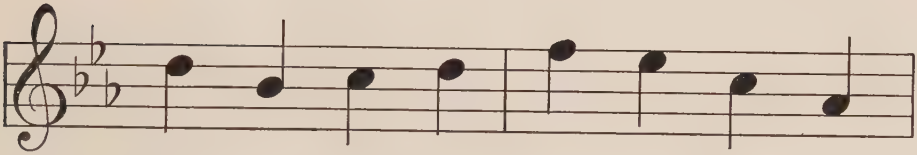

With expression
"Tell me, gen - tle snow - flake,
Fall - ing soft - ly through the air,
Why you left the cloud - land.
Were you lone - ly there?"



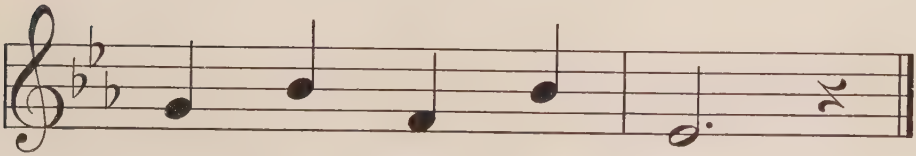
An - swered, then, the snow - flake small,



Paus - ing in its down - ward fall,



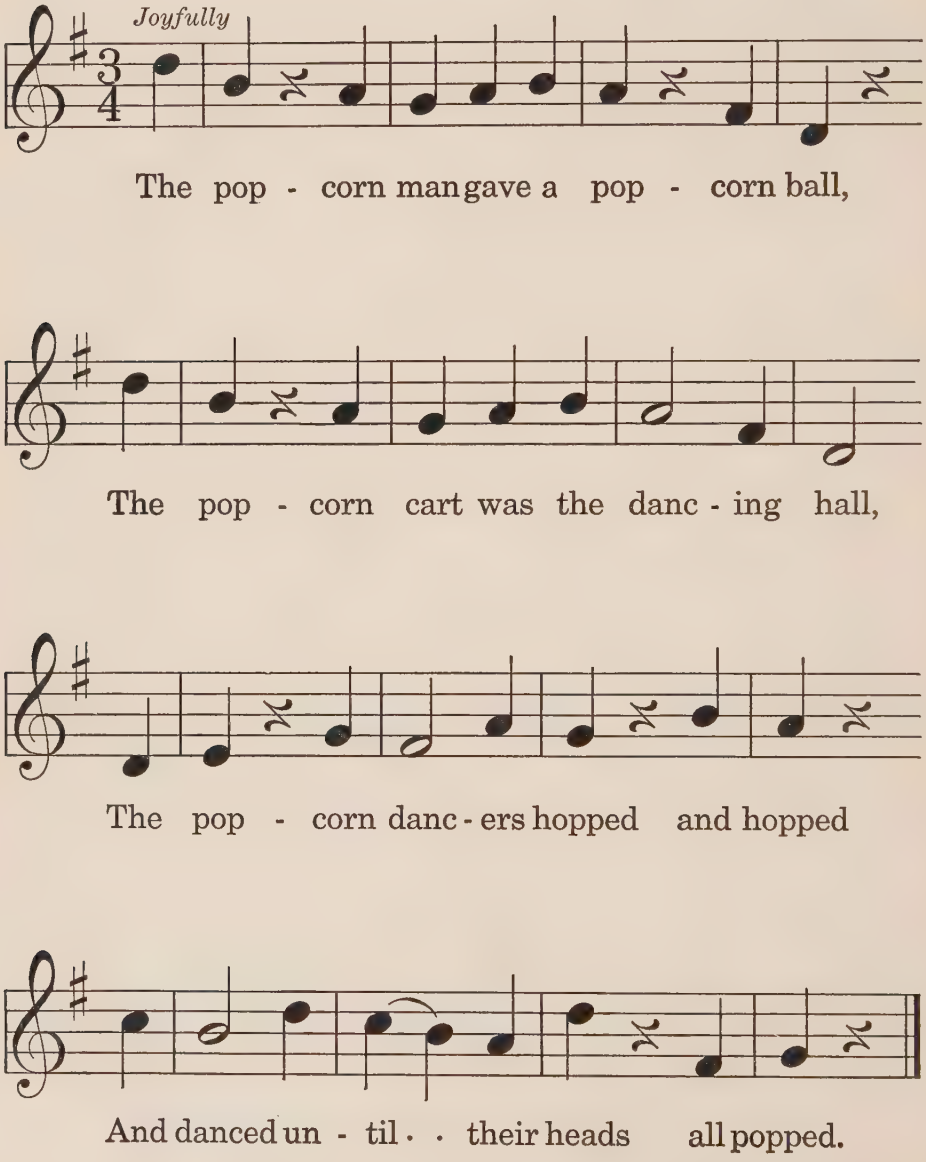
"When we hear the north wind blow - ing,



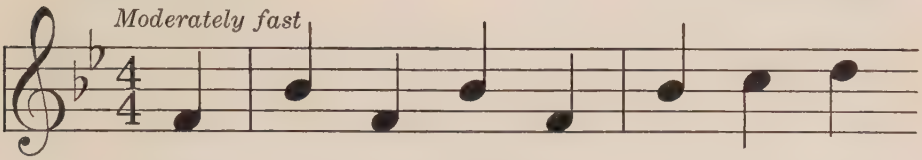
We must heed its call."

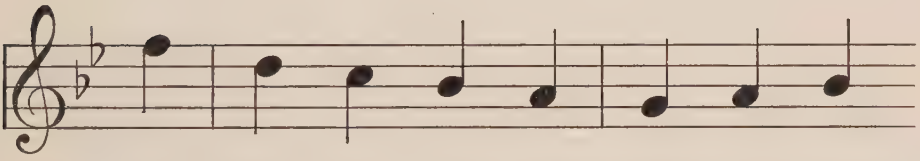
THE POP-CORN MAN

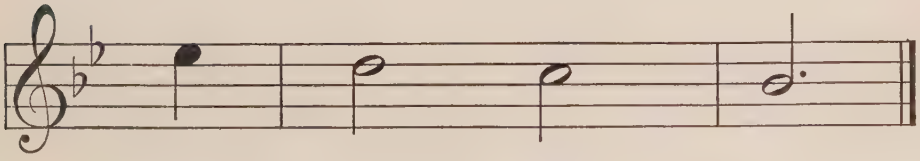
EDITH ROBBINS HELEN S. LEAVITT


Joyfully
The pop - corn man gave a pop - corn ball,
The pop - corn cart was the danc - ing hall,
The pop - corn danc - ers hopped and hopped
And danced un - til · · their heads all popped.

ADELAIDE WALKER CARL ENGEL

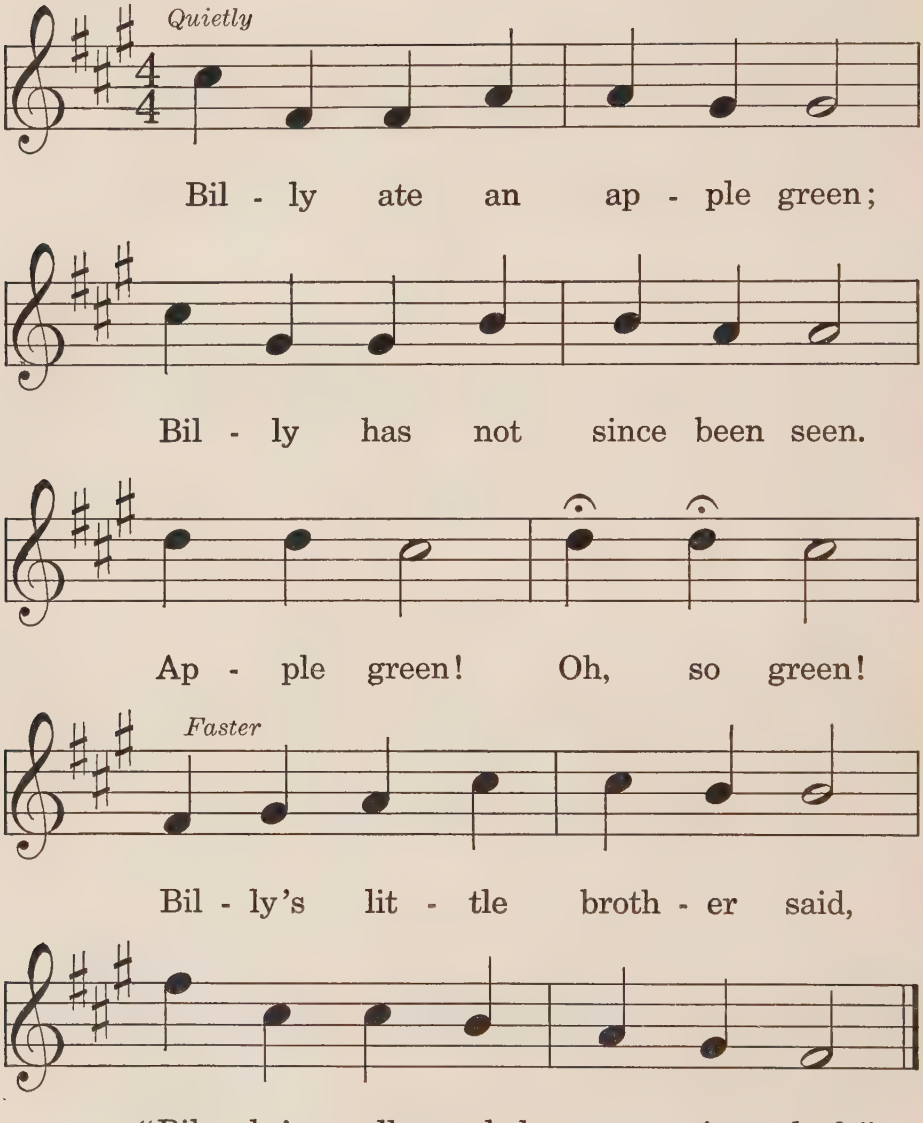




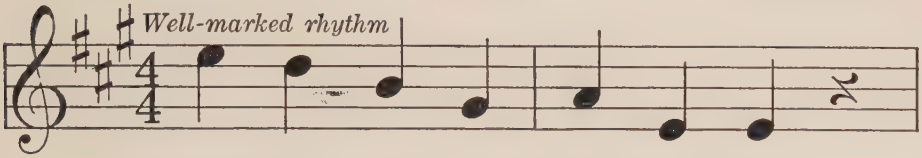


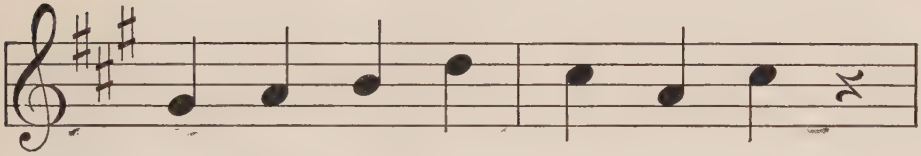
BILLY

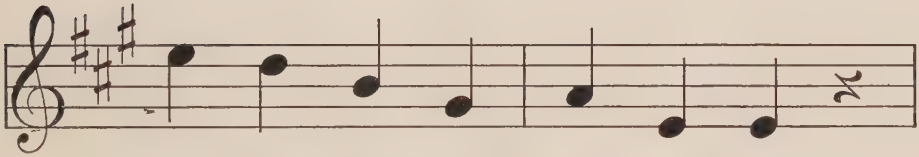
EDITH ROBBINS ALFRED M. TUFTS


Quietly
Bil - ly ate an ap - ple green;
Bil - ly has not since been seen.
Ap - ple green! Oh, so green!
Faster
Bil - ly's lit - tle broth - er said,
"Bil - ly's all curled up in bed."

NIXON WATERMAN OLD TUNE







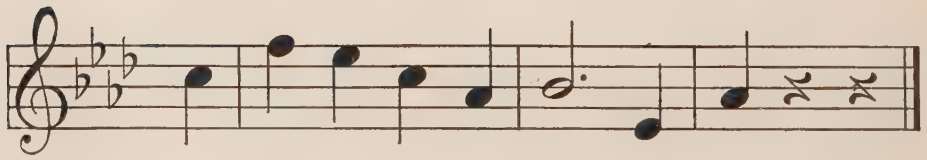
GOOD BEHAVIOR

MARIE CONDE HENRY PROCTOR

1. It's ver - y, ver - y hard for me
2. For some-how things I want to do

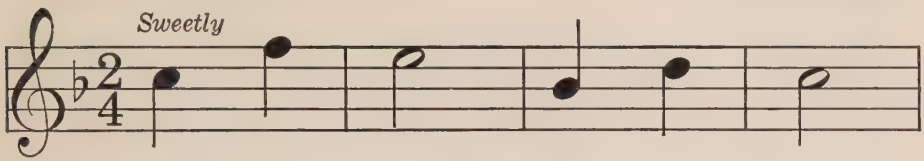
To be as good as I should be;
Are nice but of - ten naugh - ty too.

Yet be - ing bad is eas - y, quite,
When what is good is nice, dear me!

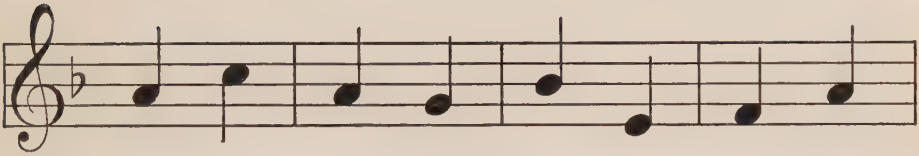


As fall - ing out of bed at night.
How eas - y be - ing good can be!

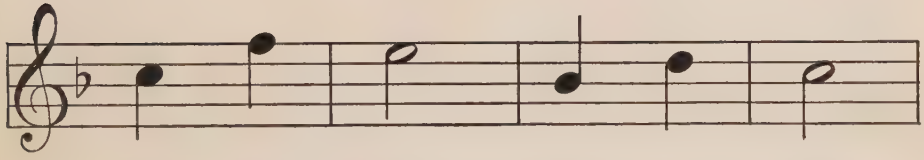
PHYLLIS MANNING FOLK TUNE



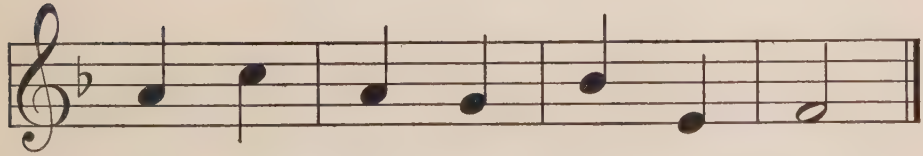
Do you hear, sweet and clear,



Tales of spring the birds are tell - ing?



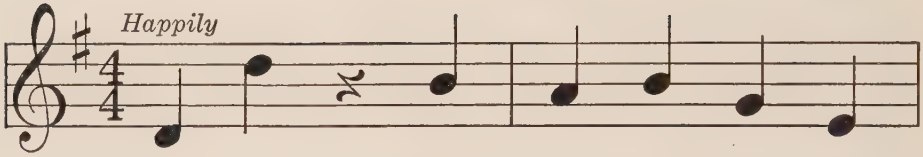
Ev - 'ry - where flow - ers fair



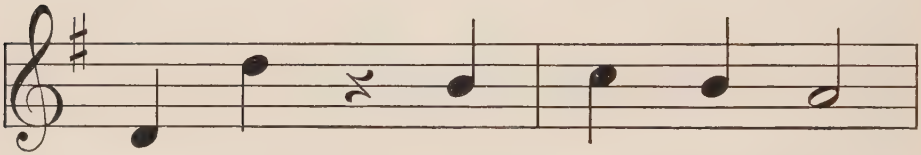
With their fra - grance fill the air.

MARY

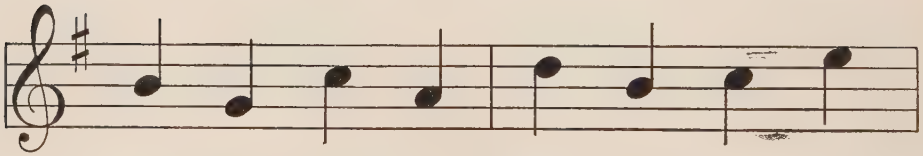
AMELIA AMES ESTELLE CUSHMAN



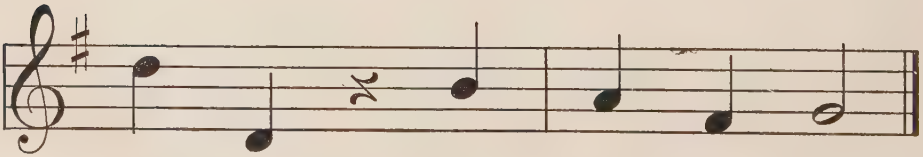
Ma - ry! The clock is tick - ing,



"Ma - ry," it seems to say,



"When your work in school is o - ver,



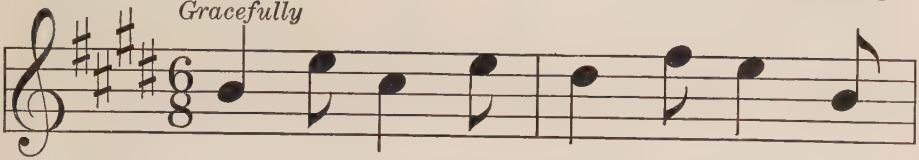
Ma - ry, 'tis time to play!"

LUCY LOCKET

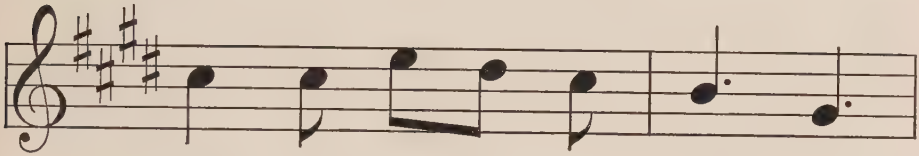
MOTHER GOOSE

Gracefully

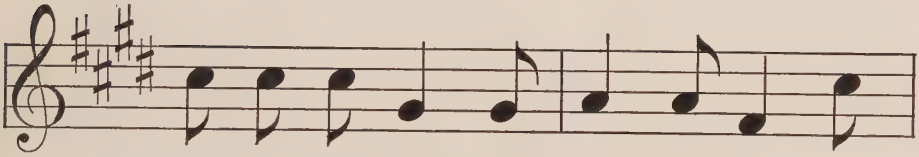
MELODY



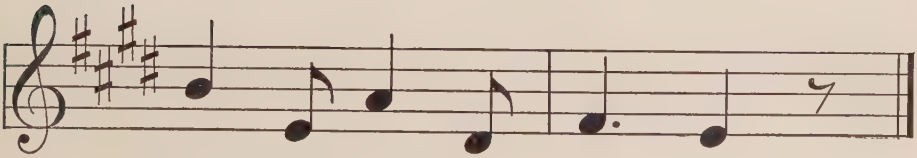
Lu - cy Lock - et lost her pock - et,



Kit - ty Fish - er found it;



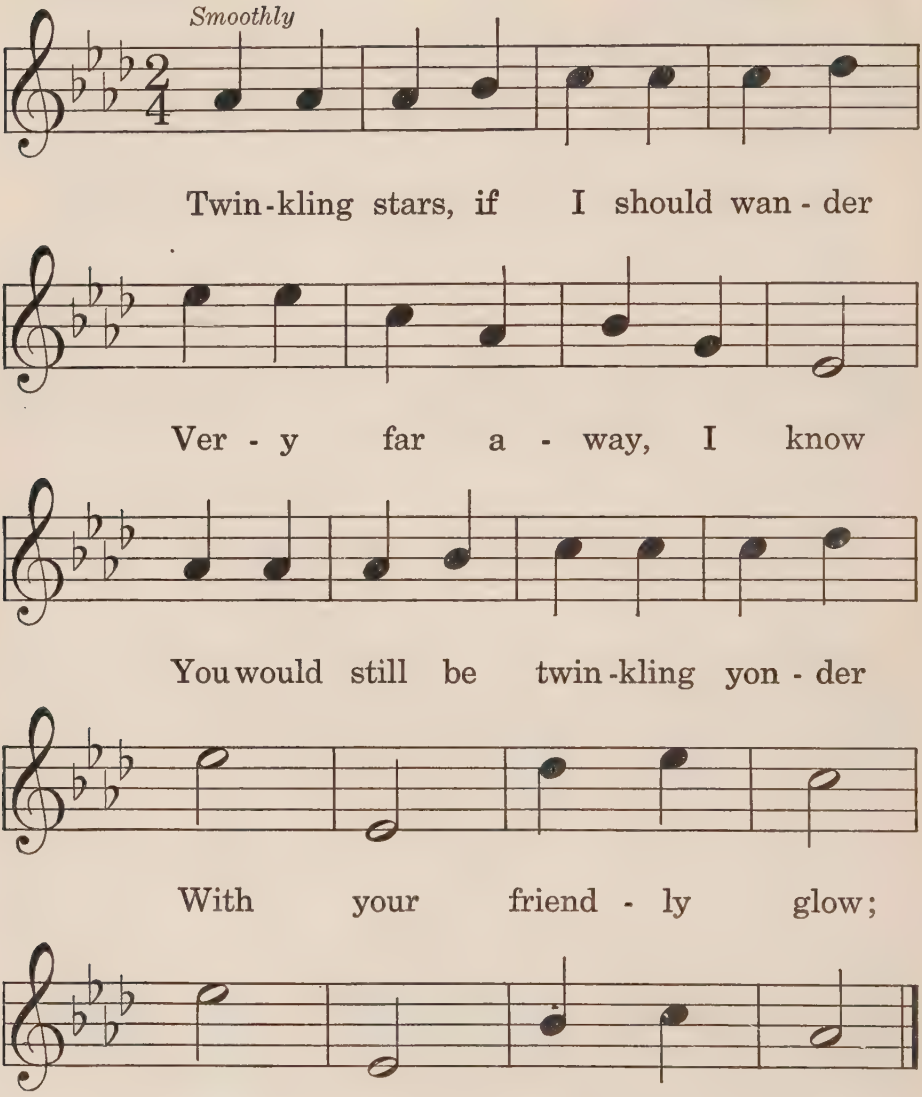
Nev - er a pen - ny was there in it,



Save the bind - ing round it.

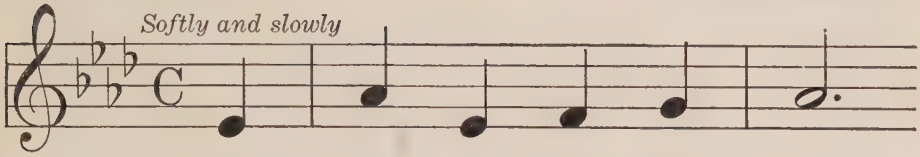
TWINKLING STARS

EDITH ROBBINS ALFRED M. TUFTS


Smoothly
Twin-kling stars, if I should wan-der
Ver-y far a-way, I know
You would still be twin-kling yon-der
With your friend-ly glow;
With your friend-ly glow.

A CHILD'S HYMN

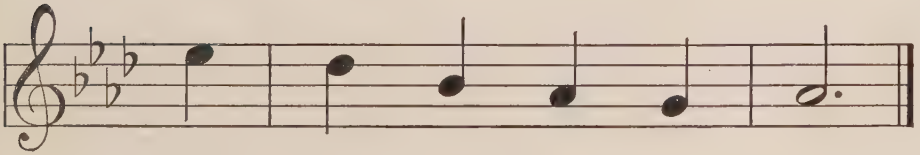
M. Louise Baum — Robert Schumann



1. The small - est chil - dren know
2. They feel His pres - ence sure,

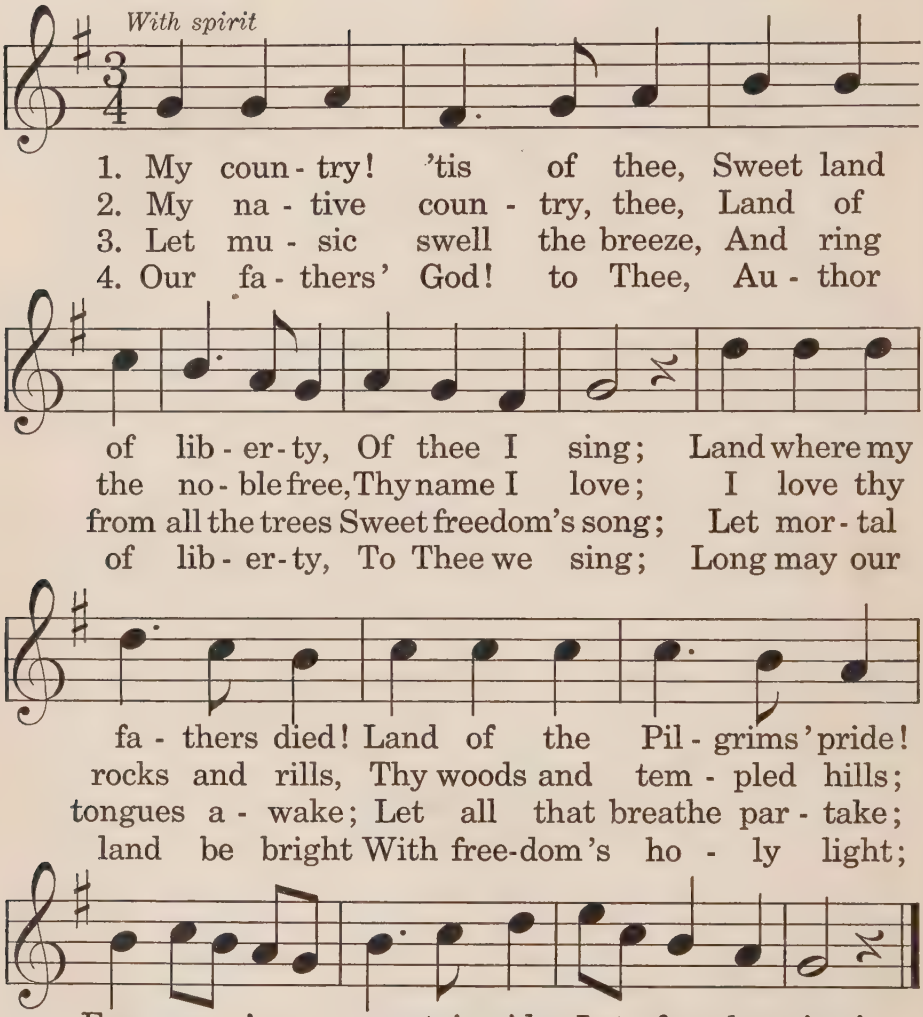
That God is ver - y near,
They trust in His great pow'r,

To help them all day long, to show
That keeps them gen - tle, fair, and pure



He holds them ev - er dear.
As an - y love - ly flow'r.

AMERICA

S. F. SMITH — HENRY CAREY

With spirit
1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor
of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light;
From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

INDEX

Airplane, The . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 153
America . . . . . *Henry Carey* 174
Apples . . . . . *Will Earhart* 115
Autumn Leaves . . *E. W. Newton* 16

Bedtime . . . . *Olive Woodman* 75
Bells . . . . . *Folk Song* 8
Bells, The . . . . . *Will Earhart* 76
Big Black Beetle . . *E. W. Newton* 82
Billy . . . . . *Alfred M. Tufts* 166
Bird's Nest, The . . . *Helen Call* 48
Bird's Swing, The *Ruth Maynard* 98
Blindman's Buff . . . *Nora Evans* 15
Bluebird, The . . . . . *Melody* 20
Bonfire, The . . . . . *Folk Tune* 96
Boy's Pockets, A . . . *Nora Evans* 10
Breathe Fresh Air *Raymond Ellis* 156
Breeze, The . . . . *E. W. Newton* 24
Breeze of Spring . . *Laura Mason* 106
Brownies, The . . . . *Folk Tune* 116
Bylo, Baby Bunting . *E. W. Newton* 105

Cheer for the Flag, A . *Folk Tune* 141
Cheer Up . . . . . *Louis Meyer* 127
Cheerfulness . . . . . *Melody* 43
Cherry Ripe . . . . . *Melody* 20
Child's Hymn, A *Robert Schumann* 173
Chipmunk, The . . *Kenneth Strong* 112
Christmas Bells . *Olive Woodman* 55
Clock, The . . . . . *Old Tune* 167
Clovers . . . . . *E. W. Newton* 128
Cobbler, The . . . . *E. W. Newton* 46
Columbus . . . . . *Will Earhart* 149

Daffodilly . . . *Ralph L. Baldwin* 161
Dandelion . . . . . *Old Tune* 107
Day's Close, The . . . *Fay Wilson* 36
Down the Stream . . . *Folk Tune* 58
Drifting . . . . *William Corwin* 137

Elephant, The . . . *E. W. Newton* 140
Evening . . . . . *Will Earhart* 11

Fairy Folk, The . *Laura Streeter* 29
Fairy Tales . . . . *Louis Meyer* 61
First Crocus, The . *Mary Root Kern* 161
Flower Seeds . . . *Martha White* 31
Flowers to Sell . . *Raymond Ellis* 113

George Washington
Ralph L. Baldwin 146
Going Nutting . . . . *Fay Wilson* 12
Going Skating . . . *Henry Mayer* 81
Goldenrod . . . . . *Will Earhart* 64
Good Behavior . . . *Henry Proctor* 168
Good Morning . . . . *Folk Tune* 59
Good Night . . *Henry F. Gilbert* 102
Good Old Mother Fairy *Wilson White* 143

Happy Town . *Ralph L. Baldwin* 22
Harvest Song . . . *Martha White* 14
Holly . . . . . *Mary Root Kern* 49
Homes . . . . . *Laura Streeter* 159
Honeybee . . . . . *Folk Tune* 43
Hop Toad . . . . *Mary Root Kern* 27

If . . . . . *G. A. Grant-Schaefer* 160
In the Morning . . . *Martha White* 74
In Winter . . . . . *Old Melody* 19

Jolly Song, A . . . . . *Melody* 32
June Song, A . . *Ruth Maynard* 139

King of France, The
A. Edgar Cleary 158
Kitty . . . . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 110

Lady Moon . . . . . *Old Tune* 50
Lighthouse, The *Ralph L. Baldwin* 136
Lincoln's Face . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 132
Little Boy, The . . *Henry Proctor* 32
Little Miss Etticoat
Ruth McConn Spencer 9
Little Miss Muffet . *Louis Meyer* 7
Little Seeds . . . . *Will Earhart* 60
Little White Chicken
William Corwin 76
Little Words . . . *Will Earhart* 73
Lost Kite, The *Ralph L. Baldwin* 122
Lucy Locket . . . . . *Melody* 171
Lullaby . . . *George W. Horne* 56

March Wind, The . *E. W. Newton* 71
Marching Soldiers
Ralph L. Baldwin 103
Mary . . . . . *Estelle Cushman* 170
May . . . . . *Melody* 37
Melting Snow . . . . . *Old Tune* 138
Memorial Day . . . *Will Earhart* 134
Mending Shoes . . . . *Folk Tune* 12
Message of Christmas Bells, The
Raymond Ellis 104
Mist, The . . . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 79
Mistakes . . . . . *Carl Engel* 83
Mister Bug and Mister Bee
Stephen Chambers 123

Mister Robin . . *Mary R. Carroll* 30
Mister Rooster . . . *Martha White* 142
Moon and I, The . . . *Fay Wilson* 135
Moonlight . . . . . *Will Earhart* 87
Morning Greetings *Laura Streeter* 13
Morning Thought, A *Mary R. Carroll* 99
Mother . . . . . *Martha White* 157
Mother Love . . . *Laura Mason* 52
Mother's Cookies . . . *Folk Tune* 119
Motor Cars . . . *Estelle Cushman* 130
My Balloon . . . . . *Melody* 80
My Dog . . . . . *Helen Call* 75
My Pansies' Tears . . . *Old Tune* 17
My Soda Shop . . *Olive Woodman* 129
My Swing in the Tree *Henry Mayer* 133
My Valentine . *Stephen Chambers* 93

New Year, The . . . . *Folk Tune* 70
Night . . . . . *Folk Tune* 10
Night and Day
Ludwig van Beethoven 18
Night Wind . . . *Ruth Maynard* 36
Nighttime Song, A . . *Folk Song* 29
November and December . *Melody* 11

October . . . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 66
On Arbor Day . . . *Will Earhart* 126
Oriole Cradle, The *Helen S. Leavitt* 144
Our Flag . . . . . *Old Tune* 35
Over the Wall . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 50

Petition, A . . . . . *Fay Wilson* 48
Pigeon Blue . . . . . *Helen Call* 117
Policeman, The . *Alfred M. Tufts* 38
Polliwog . . . . *Mary Root Kern* 23
Polly . . . . . *Mary R. Carroll* 152
Pop-Corn Man, The *Helen S. Leavitt* 164
Postman, The . . . . *Folk Tune* 53
Pretty Fir Tree . *Raymond Ellis* 85
Pretty Nearly Everybody
Franz Schubert 151
Pussy . . . . . *Nora Evans* 33
Pussy Willow . . . . *Folk Song* 25
Puzzle, A . . . . *Kenneth Strong* 62

Question and Answer, A
E. W. Newton 162

Race, The . . . . . *Folk Tune* 155
Rainbow Gold . . . *Laura Mason* 147
Raindrops . . . . . *Folk Tune* 78
Red Squirrel, The . . *Nora Evans* 148
Runaway, The . . . *Wilson White* 28

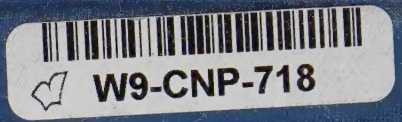
Santa Claus . . . *Ruth Maynard* 69
Secret, A . . . . *Alfred M. Tufts* 47
September . . . . . *Fay Wilson* 63
Shepherdess, The . . . *Folk Song* 67
Shoppers, The . . . . *Folk Tune* 94
Silver Moon . . . . . *Folk Tune* 68
Skylark . . . . . *E. W. Newton* 97
Sleep, Little One, Sleep *Folk Song* 88
Sleigh Ride, The . *Laura Streeter* 54
Smile, A . . . . . *Melody* 15
Smiles . . . . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 89
Snowflakes . . . . . *Folk Tune* 84
Song of Morning, A
Mary Root Kern 91
Song of Sleep, A . . . *Folk Tune* 41
South Wind, The . *E. F. St. Denis* 120
Spider . . . . . *Raymond Ellis* 154
Spring . . . . . *Mary R. Carroll* 51
Squirrel, The . . *Arthur Targett* 72
Squirrel's Clothes, The *Carl Engel* 165
Squirrel's Nest, The . . *Folk Tune* 40
Stars, The . . . . *Louis Meyer* 26
Stars and Flowers *Franz Schubert* 121
Story Time, The . . . *Folk Tune* 90
Strange Sights and Sounds
Alfred M. Tufts 65
Summer Clouds . . . . *Melody* 57
Sunrise . . *Ludwig van Beethoven* 118
Sunset . . . . . *Will Earhart* 34

Tales of Spring . . . *Folk Tune* 169
Telltale Tracks . . . *Wilson White* 92
Thanksgiving . . . . *Ethel Wood* 13
Thistledown . . . . . *Fay Wilson* 57
Tick Tock . . . . *Mary Root Kern* 44
To a Honeybee . . . *E. W. Newton* 124
Train, The . . . *Mary Root Kern* 115
Try Again . . . . *Laura Mason* 27
Twinkling Stars . *Alfred M. Tufts* 172

Valentine . . . . *Elizabeth Griffin* 131
Voice of the Wind . . *Folk Tune* 95

Was that Someone You?
Louis Meyer 145
What Can I Give Him?
Mary Root Kern 100
What we Like to Do *Laura Mason* 42
When Morning Comes *Wilson White* 150
While we Sleep . . . . *Folk Song* 111
Wind . . . . . *Helen S. Leavitt* 39
Wind, The . . . . . *E. W. Newton* 86
Winds of March . *Henry Proctor* 37
Winter Moon, The . . . *Melody* 114
Wise Bee, The . . *Alfred M. Tufts* 21
Woodpecker . . . . . *Folk Tune* 108

Zebra, The . . . . . *Fay Wilson* 109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